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"To know one's-self is, according to a Milesian sage, the only wisdom. I doubt if there be a man living, who so truly knows himself, that of himself he can deliver a true opinion. And yet one man hesitates not, to pronounce concerning the state and character of another man, of whom he must necessarily know still less than of himself; nay, your *Traveller* presumes to frame and deliver opinions about whole nations, in which work, the chances against truth of opinion, are multiplied some fifteen or twenty millions of times."—*De La Fronde.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

M.DCCC.XXXVIII.

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PASSAGES IN FOREIGN TRAVEL.

I.

AU GRAND VATEL.

'When the Britons, Germans, Cimmerians and Scythians broke into France, they brought with them a rare voracity, and stomachs of no ordinary calibre. They did not long remain satisfied with the official cheer which a forced hospitality supplied to them. They aspired to *more refined* enjoyments, and in a short time, the Queen City was little more than an immense refectory.'

M. BRILLAT SAVARIN.

IN the highest category of Parisian Restaurants, I class seven; the Café de Paris—Grignon's—the Trois Frères—Very's—Vefour's—the Rocher de Cancale, and the GRAND VATEL. Among these is reputed to tower supreme, the Rocher. It stands in the same relation to the others, as stands Taglioni with respect to Julia, Noblet, Alexis and Leroux; or rather as stands Shakspeare with respect to Shirley, Johnson and the other second rate dramatists of that age. Therefore, does your Parisian epicure, if he like dancing and dramatic

poetry exclaim,—'Time has thus far beheld *one* Shakspeare, *one* Taglioni, and *one* Rocher de Cancale.' For myself, I cannot altogether accede to this general reputation. In classing such establishments, I am guided by five elements, to wit;—cookery, expense, service, company, and apartment. Now, in cookery, the Rocher is unequalled. In each of the remaining elements, it is inferior to some one or other of its competitors. Without going into laborious comparisons, I at once declare that I give a preference to that restaurant, over whose entrance are inscribed these monumental words,—Au Grand Vatel. The Rocher may be patronized on special occasions;—the Grand Vatel I prefer, as a regular daily dining house. The former is the Johannisberg of your gourmet; the latter his Chambertin.

The Café de Paris stands on the Italian Boulevard. Its rooms are spacious, with ceilings of most aristocratical loftiness. Its furniture is rich. Its table-linen is of snowy whiteness. Its floor is polished into mirrors. Its garçons have clear complexions, and its dame-du-comptoir looks mellow, as if just bathed in cream. Indeed, no gentleman should enter those elegant rooms, unless lately from a bath, and in genteelest vestments. He will see a company around him, of fashionable ladies and gentlemen. Such is the public of the Café de Paris. It is one sphere for the first bringing out of an elegant fashion. Counts, marquises, and bucks dressed for the opera, like to dine at the Café de Paris. It is, however, in the midst of

noise and motion. Those tranquil epicures who would not have digestion molested by street shouts, and rattling of carriages, will seldom patronize this restaurant. I have sometimes taken breakfast there. Its omelettes are beyond all praise. I remember them with some emotion. The Café de Paris is one of the most expensive restaurants in Paris. Gentlemen are pleased to pay for the renown of dining there.

If you would escape the outer world tumult near the Café de Paris, go at once to Grignon's. It is on the second floor, and its entrance is up through a broad staircase, in the Passage Vivienne. Grignon's is an immense establishment, with its twenty large and small dining apartments. The private rooms are often ordinary. Its public hall, however, has an air of lofty elegance, and well-bred quiet that much impresses you at first. Its thick and heavily folded window-curtains look almost baronial; and when gas-illuminated, the room is very brilliant. The quiet of Grignon's public, too often degenerates into mere stiffness and silence. There is moreover, much staring at entrances and exits. When last dining there, I counted six Americans at various tables, and a still greater number of English. There was of course, thus far, an absence of French *abandon*. The spirit of the various company, seemed to be narrowed and cramped by fastidious ideas of propriety. A transition from Grignon's to a characteristical French Café, is an emancipation indeed. In the one is all freedom; in the other all chains. The service at Grignon's is extremely

slow,—a feature in which it approximates to the gentility of the Rocher. Of its cookery, I remark in general, that the *entrées* are too highly seasoned for my taste. The *entremets* and *hors d'œuvres* are unexceptionable. I confess frankly, however, that I am not partial to Grignon's. I have sometimes been discomposed by unpardonable anachronisms, if so they may be called. Hockheimer has been introduced without the properly-colored glasses; and it has not been deemed fit to repeat a dinner there, since my *coquille de volaille* was served up in a silver imitation, instead of the veritable *shell* from the sea.

The *Trois Frères Provençaux* is situated in the northern extremity of the Palais Royal. You enter between two statues, whereof one is Hebe holding her emblems. The rooms are not very spacious. They are numerously adorned with arched mirrors, between which are refreshing pictures of landscape. You may there dine, looking out into the gardens upon one of the gayest summer scenes in Europe. A barometer is suspended near the door, whereby those sensitive in digestion, may regulate their diet with reference to any indicated change of the weather. The dame-du-comptoir is to be looked at, as an image of Mademoiselle Mars. Moreover, she will say more good things in one half hour, than any other dame-du-comptoir can say in two. Old gentlemen of wit, in the intervals of their courses, are happy to leave their seats, and exchange merry sallies with her. Many dislike the Trois Frères, for that its tables are con-

tinuous; they should be isolated. Also its carte is in the shape of a large sheet of paper, instead of a conveniently bound volume. The first time I entered the restaurant, I beheld there dining a vivacious old gentleman, whom, the summer before, I had known at the springs of Baden, as an accomplished epicure. I sat down at table No. 3, with much confidence. You pay pretty smartly for your cookery at the Trois Frères;—but *such* cookery!!

Very's is but a few steps from the Trois Frères. Old Very was long ago, a renowned restaurateur. He now rests in one of the Parisian cemeteries. The man who served so many banquets in his day, has at last *become* a banquet. No epicure ever visits Paris, without placing an amaranth upon his tomb. There may you read;—

J. B. Very.
Died at Paris, 21st January, 1809.
A good brother, a sincere friend;
His whole life was consecrated to the Useful Arts.

That he should have been a good brother and sincere friend, were inevitable consequences of his professional education; and when I consider the influences of diet upon the body, and through the body on the heart, and mind and character, I call his art not merely a useful, but likewise a *spiritual* one. 'Tell me what a man eats,' said Charles V. 'and I will tell you what he thinks.'

Very's salon of the first, like that of the second

floor, is magnificent. Taken by itself, it perhaps is not the most extraordinary room in the world; but taken with all its multiplications through twenty immense mirrors, it may safely be pronounced so. It is to restaurants, far more than what Veron's fine salon is to cafés. Its floor is of purer marble. Its chandeliers are more gorgeous. Its mirrors are larger and more numerous. Its gilding is more rich, and its arabesques are more lovely. Entering it for the first time, when illuminated, I doubt not you will pause, in a sort of rapture and astonishment. No palace from the lamp of Aladdin, could have ever arisen to your fancy, in the splendor and dazzling brilliancy of this fifty times reflected scene. The apartment will accommodate eighty epicures. The plate is in excellent order, and the carte is not only bound into a handsome volume, but also fortified with brass, like those old tomes which are reputed to contain the rarest treasures of human thought. The two dames-du-comptoir are magnificently apparelled, thus harmonizing with the gorgeousness around them. They possess not the quick wit of the lady at the Trois Frères. Indeed they have not the like foils to keep it active and elastic. Heavy Englishmen go much to Very's. Very's is said to be degenerating, and a prevailing idea is now embodied in the following formula;—'the English have *spoiled* Very's.'

Vefour's is next door to Very's. Strange proximity!—distracting with doubt the unaccustomed. The window at Vefour's, so surpassingly rich in game and

fruits, often wins away from Very's. Its rooms, though smaller, are gilded and painted into like dazzling and fanciful brilliancy. You perceive them half full of hungry Englishmen, therefore abandon it at once and proceed to the Rocher.

Au Rocher de Cancale! The rock which gives the finest oysters to Europe, gives its name to this restaurant. It is situated rather obscurely, at the meeting of the Rue Mandar with that of Montorgueil. There is nothing pleasing about its exterior. Entering a sort of anteroom, about which are fancifully arranged fruits and game, a lady at the counter salutes you. There is nothing here, like the Vefour and Very splendor, you have just left. At the Rocher, is good cooking. At the Rocher, is no magnificence. From that anteroom, you pass up winding stairs, meeting here a mirror and there a mirror, and every where outleading narrow avenues into private dining apartments. There is ever something of mystery to me in those narrow avenues. They seem redolent of intrigues. They have been threaded by millions in the widest contrasts of sensual life;—hunger and satiety. Were there no other history of human nature than what those walls might write, a very significant and comprehensive volume would the world possess. The winding stairs lead you to the salon, in the third story. That salon is too ordinary for description. It accommodates but fifteen diners. The Rocher generally entertains private parties. For their reception, it has fifteen cabinets. Some will contain four, six and ten;

while others are for twenty and thirty persons. The Rocher garçons are excellent. They catch your slightest whisper. Nothing can be worse, than a half-deaf garçon. They are moreover of marble-coolness and tranquillity. Nothing can be more unpalatable to the eye, than a perspiring garçon. The carte of the Rocher is abundant beyond all comparison. Every great restaurant has its *crack* dish. That at the Rocher in 1837 is, *Sole en matelotte Normande.* The genius which conceived out that delicious combination, may be pronounced *creative*, in any comprehensible sense of the word. You wait long for courses at the Rocher. In their intervals, strive to fathom the depths of its multifarious carte. I have one, at this moment, before me. As a curiosity, would you like to contemplate its contents? Narrowed to that meagre strip of a Bill of Fare, at the first hotel of New England, you may be pleased for a moment to revel, though but in imagination, through the Bill of Fare at a first rate restaurant of Paris. As the opening question of the garçon is about wine, turn to the last page of the carte and make your choice among *thirty-seven* red, thirty-one white, and twelve foreign wines. Of soups, there are thirty-four different kinds. This is enormous; but look at the piscatory column. Behold *one hundred and twelve* different modes of serving up twenty or thirty kinds of fish! The German notion of Shakspeare's many-sidedness, is totally lost in this amplitude of a French cook's idea of the many-sidedness of an epicure's piscatory palate. But look at the

beef column,—*thirty-seven* modes of cooking ox and cow, whereof nineteen are beef-steaks *à la* this, or *à la* that. And yet the offspring beats the parent out and out, for lo! *fifty-two* modes of serving up veal! And still your fowl, though considerably smaller, beats them all, since of fowl, the Rocher professes seventy-two different styles in the cooking. Of game, it likewise has fifty; and this, moreover, is quite independent of fowl and game *rôtie*, whereof are thirty-five additional forms. 'Strange multitude of combinations this,' you exclaim, and when I tell you that one style of serving up a chicken's leg is called *à la diable*, you may also exclaim that ingenuity is devoutly put to it, for their designations. Moreover, here is mutton in thirty-six forms; and its offspring, lamb, in twelve. Thus far, I have but spoken of the *entrées*. Behold the *entremets*. Fifty-six forms of vegetable,—twenty of eggs,—ten of coquillages,—fourteen of salads,—and forty-three of entremets sweet. There are also of hors d'œuvres, forty-four kinds. Your dessert may be selected from forty-two different delicacies, and the dinner may be concluded by tasting one among thirty kinds of *liqueur*. Here is some breadth and expansiveness of invention, with minutest ingenuity. The combinations which, in so few moments, I have enumerated, are results of many thoughtful years, many thousand experiments, and many disappointing efforts. A first rate French dish may not, like a first rate inspiration of poetry, music, or painting, be gleamed forth in a sudden instant.

Time and toil are indispensable, and I never look upon *Sole en matelotte Normande*, without reflecting that, if such dish were at once to be obliterated from the memory of cooks, and the Almanach des Gourmands, perhaps an age might pass away, before in all its present perfection, it could be re-created.*

* * * * *

And now I know no better resting-place, after our long walks among the Parisian Eating Houses, than a seat at table No. 6, in the Grand Vatel. My reader must certainly have heard of Vatel,—Vatel the cook, the Artist—the *great* Vatel;—how he was engaged to prepare a dinner for the royal fête at Chantilly; how the sea-fish (*marée*) had not arrived at 8 o'clock A. M., and how for that reason, retiring to his chamber, he stabbed himself to the heart, preferring death to even the possibility of disappointing a royal palate. The account may be read in Madame de Sévigné's letter of April 24th, 1671, wherein the writer, not without some pathos, thus conjectures: 'Songez que la marée est peut-être arrivée comme il expiroit.'†

* M. Henrion de Pensey, late President of the Court of Cassation, wrote thus to MM. La Place, Chaptal, and Berthollet:—'I regard the discovery of a dish, as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star; *for* we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes, and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honored, or adequately represented amongst us, until I see a Cook in the first class of the Institute.'

† Madame De Sévigné has devoted two letters to the character and death of this renowned culinary Artist. She speaks of him as of one fit to administer a government;—'cet homme

Fitly was this restaurant consecrated to his memory. 'Au Grand Vatel.' The words have to me a monumental and a melancholy interest, and seldom do I pass beneath them, without half-denouncing the *marée* whose tardy arrival brought that martyr to a suicidal end.

d'une capacité distinguée de tous les autres, dont la *bonne* tête étoit capable de contenir tout le soin d'un Etat; cet homme *que je connoissois;*'—pluming herself thus upon his acquaintance. His melancholy fate seems, for a time, to have entirely absorbed her thought. Concluding one of the letters, she says, 'M. De Menars is about marrying Mademoiselle de la Grange-Neuville, but I know not how I have courage to talk to you about any one but Vatel.' It seems there were many presentiments, or rather pre-events, bodeful of his coming destiny. On the evening before the fatal Friday, there was a Royal *souper*, and at several tables, the *roast* was lacking. Vatel was exceedingly troubled, and many times was heard to exclaim in bitterness, 'I am lost. I am honor-lost;' 'je suis perdu d'honneur; voici un affront que je ne supporterai pas.' To Gourville he said, 'my brain reels,' 'la tête me tourne,' imploring of him aid in the giving of orders. Gourville, like another Crito, often repeated consoling words, but the memory of the *rôti qui avoit manqué*, was ever returning. One of the Royal Princes visited the disconsolate cook in his chamber, telling him that nothing could have been finer than the *souper* of the King. 'Monseigneur,' replied Vatel, 'vôtre bonté m'achève; je sais que le *rôti a manqué* à deux tables.' 'Point du tout,' answered the Prince, 'ne vous fâchez point; tout va bien.'

At four of the clock, on Friday morning, April 24th, 1671, Vatel arose. All rested in sleep but a solitary purveyor, who was bringing in two loads of *marée*. 'Is that all;'—'est-ce là tout?' asked Vatel quickly. 'Oui, Monsieur.' Vatel had sent to every port in the kingdom. Vatel waited long, but no

You approach the restaurant, beneath those words, through a narrow staircase. Opening the door, and returning the recognition of a dame-du-comptoir on your left, walk at once around to No. 6. It is a little table for a party of two, behind which rises an immense mirror, and from whose point, you get a very complete visual range of the entire company. On your right hand is a table for six, and on your left, another for four. The large apartment will easily accommodate one hundred and fifty persons. There are, moreover, private cabinets, where you may be retired with your

more *marée* arrived. 'Sa tête s'echauffoit.' He sought out Gourville, and said to him, 'I will not survive *this* disgrace.' Gourville dubiously smiled. Instantly Vatel rushes to his chamber; places his sword against the door, passes it towards his heart, makes two efforts in vain, a third is fatal, and he falls dead. In the mean time, the *marée* arrived from all quarters! They sought Vatel to take charge of it; went to his chamber, burst open the door, and found him bathed in blood. 'M. le Prince fut au désespoir. M. le Duc *pleura;*' for it was upon Vatel that depended his newly-proposed jaunt into Burgundy. The Prince, with much feeling, (fort tristement) announced his death to the King. 'On dit que c'étoit à force d'avoir de *l'honneur à sa manière;* on le loua fort; on loua et blâma son courage.' The grief of the Court for Vatel, was temporary as it was violent, and from Mad. De Sévigné, one learns with sad astonishment, that as if nothing had happened, the fête went merrily onward to its close. Who could have anticipated such quick forgetfulness of the great Artist, and martyr to his fame *à sa manière*, as that revealed in the following narration?—'On dîna très-bien, on fit collation, on soupa, on se promena, on joua, on fût à la chasse; tout étoit parfumé de jonquilles, tout étoit *enchanté*.'

friends, and where the service is similar to that of the grand hall, except that therein enter no *half* bottles of wine.

As the hour of five has not arrived, very few diners have made their appearance. Here and there may a chair be seen, leaning against a table, to indicate that already such places have been reserved. Six or seven garçons in clean, white aprons, and polished hair, looked silently out at the crowds in the garden, or whisper something among themselves. Here, as in all the restaurants, stands a middle-aged gentleman by the side of the comptoir. His complexion is a little florid. His hair is brushed up with careful precision. His white cravat is painfully high. His dress-coat is of deep snuff color. His stomach is advancing into embonpoint, and his polished boots are strapped. You might perhaps take him for a visiter, were it not for that official napkin thrust under his left arm. He is the proprietor of the establishment, its Amphytrion, and is there stationed to look at garçons, and see that all marches well.

Suspending your hat and surtout from loops behind, you take a seat, and the garçon, depositing by the side of your plate,—whereon rest the usual napkin and large roll of bread,—a knife, fork and spoon, presents you the carte, and at once puts the question 'quel vin desirez vous, monsieur?' Looking through that part of the carte, which contains at least forty-eight different kinds of wine, you resolve, as the dinner is to be an ordinary one, on Macon. The Macon of the Grand Vatel

is altogether the finest I have tasted in Paris. It is, however, much inspirited by an intermingling of eau-de-seltz, a bottle of which you likewise order.

Each individual has certain predilections and associations, which render one style of dinner more dear to him, than any other. That all persons should be similarly impressed by the same meal, is as absurd as that all persons should be similarly impressed by the same style in poetry, music, or painting. I almost fear that my reader,—whom I now most respectfully invite to dine with me, on the opposite side of the table,—may neither approve my choice of dishes, nor the order of their succession. And yet, I trust he will rub his hands in assent, when I call first for a dozen of Cancale oysters. 'Garçon, une douzaine.' They immediately enter, heaped up in their natural shells, upon a large plate, in company with a lemon. The Cancale oysters have often an unpleasant taste of copper. They lack, moreover, as do all French oysters, the exuberant richness of those to be enjoyed in New York. And yet, impregnated with that lemon juice, they constitute a very excellent hors d'œuvre.

Soup after oysters is exactly comme-il-faut, and suppose it now be tried. There are eighteen different kinds of soup, in the carte of the Grand Vatel. My reader may select that which best pleases him. I venture to suggest *Creci aux croûtons*. It is a soup delicious in itself, and it is rendered more delicious by its relation to the preceding dish. Those oysters seem to have prepared the palate for that soup. To speak

figuratively, the oysters have planted the elements of the soup's success. I may here say that unless cognizant of your dishes, you are not always safe in making choice. Experimenting upon that vast mysterious carte before you, like all experimenting, is expensive and dangerous. It is not every Columbus, that discovering a new world, thereby contributes to his own worldly happiness. Hoping to make some valuable discoveries, I once abandoned my usual soups, and called for *riz à la Turque*. The *name* looked relishable enough, but the dish, the soup itself!—surely neither Turk nor Christian could possibly have relished *that*:

Soup completed, the palate instinctively longs for fish. The carte of the Grand Vatel reveals to you seventy-six different forms of cooking fish. Very's having ninety-one, of course surpasses it; but it beats Vefour's by twenty-four. I doubt not, that dining at Havre, immediately after your arrival in Europe, you pronounced fried sole the most delicious piscatory dish that ever had been served before you. At the Grand Vatel, however, do not, *do* not fling yourself away on fried sole; call at once for *Turbot à la crême*. It is a combination mild as moonbeams, and can only be fitly spoken of in poetry. I think you may not find its name down in the carte. To say truth, the cartes of the Rocher and the Grand Vatel, do not disclose their best treasures. As Raphael doubtless had sublimer visions in his secret soul, than ever he revealed on canvass, so the secret repertory of a first rate French cuisine, possesses dishes altogether superior to those enumerated in

its carte. The *turbot*, as it is *au gratin*, requires the cook's ingenuity for some twenty or twenty-five minutes. During that time, the company has begun to thicken.

To you, an American traveller, one great beauty in the company of the Grand Vatel is this,—it is not only European, but Continental. Few Americans find their way thither, and still fewer English. Among the consequences of this absence are, comparative cheapness in bills, French civility in garçons, and French ease and liveliness all about you. I have become familiar with several of its *habitués*. One ancient gentleman interests me exceedingly. He wears the red ribbon, and on entering, salutes not only the Amphytrion, and the dame-du-comptoir, but likewise his garçon. When seated, he slowly unfolds his napkin, and passes it twice or thrice over his plate. Then taking his glass, he deliberately rubs that, holding it finally up to the light to see if it be clean. Then his knife, fork, and spoon, undergo the same cleansing process, and then he tucks one corner of his napkin into the bosom of his buttoned coat. By this time the garçon, who perfectly comprehends his palate, has placed before him wine and soup. His subsequent dishes are always ordered, without visible reference to the carte. He knows that carte by heart. This gentleman is a retired tradesman, of moderate income. He patronizes the Grand Vatel and the Théâtre Français. He is an *habitué* of both. At a little distance from him, stands another table, whereat are a Frenchman, his wife and three children. Farther

on, behold two *petits-maitres* in long black curls, with champaign ice-struck before them. Still farther on, a gentleman pours out Beaune to one, who *should be* his wife. And now arrive deputies, and proprietors, and gentlemen of fashion, and ladies, and young people, and old people, and Germans and Italians; throngs promiscuous, differing in ten thousand points, and resembling in two;—they are all hungry, and they are all conversational.

I have said, that in England are no restaurants. There are very distant approximations to them. There are public eating houses, under the miserable name of *chop-shops*.* Fearing, however, that in such establishments, gentlemen might perhaps too nearly approach each other, they are generally divided off into narrow compartments, by unsociable screens. Behind these compartments, John Bull sulkily sits himself to drink ale, eat roast beef, and to blush in solitude. If the English have no restaurants, neither have they the anti-domestic state of feeling and habits, which the existence of such establishments implies. Those persons who deem the hearth of home one richest nursery of private, and in their developement, of public virtues, will pronounce them in this respect far better off than the French. Whatever moralists

* An English epicurean Poet thus coarsely classifies these establishments:—

'But I love what is good,
When and where be my food,
In a *chop-house* or Royal Pavilion.'

and John Bull may think of this feature, no Frenchman could possibly, for a moment, think of making an exchange. To him, such publicity of life is indispensable to its enjoyment. He must take his dinner in public, and his coffee in public. He must read his newspaper in public, and promenade hours each day, in the public places of his metropolis. Such wish was implanted in him when a child, and has become a part of his man's character. If its gratification be hostile to the birth and growth of many substantial household virtues, it tends, at least, to make a frank, a graceful, a conversational, and an accomplished people. He pronounces the gratification of an opposite wish selfish, unsocial, aristocratical, narrowing, and prejudice-begetting. There might perhaps, be an intermediate course, capable of gathering to itself, the best features of either extreme, and whose pursuit would be attended by a preferable state of private and public society. Such course, a young and flexible nation might enter upon. The social system of France is in harmony with her past habitudes, her other national features, and her existing institutions. No man, in his senses, can at present wish to have over here the English social system, as no man could possibly desire to see this French social system, transported across the channel. They are totally unlike wheels of two totally unlike instruments. Each revolves well in its place. Neither can perform the office of the other.

The healthy developements of a people, like those of an individual, are always natural, and generally

harmonious. That one nation may avail itself of certain institutions in another, to *develope* (not *thwart*, or *change* the radical character of) *itself*, is reasonable enough. Any other availment than this would be unsalutary, and ridiculous; to say nothing of its unpatriotic character. There is much of query among travelling Americans, as to what of Europe might profitably be conveyed across the Atlantic. At first, broad questions may seem to arise. The more I look and reflect, the narrower grows the sphere of choice. As there is very little in American institutions, that at this moment would be feasible, or even desirable in Europe, so there is still less of Europe, that I would wish to see translated into the United States. I state my thought distinctly, disguising not its repulsiveness. My reason for it is this:—the beauty, and harmony, and originality, and dignity and strength of a nation developed forth into all its features, under *its own* institutions, and through *its own* influences. I would wish to see American heart and mind developed, not into European perfection, but into their own natural completeness, by the appropriate means. Therein do I seem to see human nature forth-coming into new forms, and forms as interesting as any witnessed by the past, or by the present. Those who like to contemplate the peculiar manifestations of man in Greece, and Rome, and Venice, will appreciate my thought. Any imported institution, or custom, or style of feeling and thinking, that might run counter to such natural manifestations, should be chased back to its cradle and

home in Europe. 'America is extremely provincial yet,' said lately an American gentleman, long resident in Paris. 'You should try to perfect yourselves upon models in the old world.' Risking the charge of narrowness and bigotry, I think that such models are, by us, to be looked up to, with very suspicious devotion. I would rather see society developed into imperfect originality, than into a perfect imitation. If there could be one safe transplantation across the Atlantic, you might suppose it of European works of art. Conversing once with Bartolini of Florence, and regretting that we had no statuary in the United States:—'You are better off without it,' said the sculptor. 'Would to Heaven I had been born in America. Why don't you do as did the Greeks? There's nothing new under the sun, because people are always studying models, instead of acting out their veritable selves. Do you know that I have never been to Rome? What's more, I don't look at the sculpture in the Ducal Gallery, but once a year.' In Bartolini's remark, may perhaps be something ultra, bordering on purism. The spirit of it, however, seems to me, unexceptionable. That spirit,—would to Heaven it might prevail in every department of American action. Instead of aping Europe, let us occasionally *use* her. She may furnish us, here and there, a hint. If we permit her to do more, depend upon it we shall *always* be provincial. We shall be strapped and twined into petty resemblances. We shall be America Europeanized. We shall have no original character, no

speaking forth of our true selves; in short, no vigorous and imposing developement of what Thomas Carlyle might term the National Ego,—the Ineradicable Moi.

This *Turbot à la crême*, which the garçon has now brought in, you, after a short time, pronounce an airy and a graceful combination,—a very Taglioni of piscatory dishes. Words cannot well express its sportive delicacy. Perhaps it is one of the gayest achievements of the French culinary art. It is to other dishes, what the La Gazza Ladra is to operas, or the arabesque of the Alhambra to architecture. It is only well composed at the Rocher, and the Grand Vatel. Grignon makes it wretchedly, and one garçon at Very's, when the dish was ordered, actually did not know what it was. Englishmen, and even Americans, have been known to inhabit Paris weeks, nay months, without having tasted it. Such are among the consequences of going exclusively to Englishized French restaurants. I think you often may be made very cheerful, by the sportiveness of this marvellous dish. I have a friend who, in some moments of despondency, has half resolved to starve himself down into the merest sketch or skeleton of a man, and then forthwith to volume and body forth his bones upon *Turbot à la crême* alone. A psychological experiment this, which, I doubt not, might lead to some very curious, and perhaps very useful truths.

After Turbot, order a beefsteak à l'Anglaise. Order it, merely to assure yourself that the French cannot cook a beefsteak. England is the only country for

that simply flavorous dish; and in England, mine host John Jennings of the 'Lion,' at Canterbury, is much to be recommended. His hot steaks exhale an indescribable aroma. The beefsteaks of France are unworthy the name. The dish is too simple for French ingenuity. It is only in intricate combinations that these cooks succeed. However chaste and classically simple may be their standard literature, their cookery is quite the reverse. A man of one idea is not to you more detestable, than is a dish of one idea to a Frenchman's palate.

While you are waiting for *aspergès aux petits pois*, that is, for an entremets of asparagus got up with peas, the garçon deposits before you a silver case of tooth-picks. 'What do you think of French vegetables?' asked I of a travelled American. 'Excellent, very excellent are they,' was his reply. 'What do you think of French vegetables?' asked I of another travelled American. 'Damnable, damnable,' replied he. The fact is, the French serve up the worst, and the best vegetables that grow. The dish just ordered has an amiable mirthful taste, but as for asparagus, or peas, their characteristics are quite swallowed up and lost, among the numerous ideas intermingled with them.

Ask now for an entrée of patisserie,—a *vol-au-vent à la financiere*, for instance. It is a gentle delicacy, in the midst whereof you discover a cockril's comb. The word *vol-au-vent*, typifies it exactly. It seems *flying to the wind*, so mild and feather-like is its course to its

destination. We may now go on, if we please, calling and still re-calling for any score of additional dishes. So Frenchly cooked, have been those already enjoyed, we are unburdened as before commencing. Herein is one beauty of a French meal. You are not sluggish after it, and have none of that old, transatlantic, bloated, blowzy after-dinner sensation. You are conversational, nay, rather amiable, and if an enemy in the world have a favor to request, now is his moment to present himself. Happy influences these, and haply to be remembered, when all other influences of foreign travel have passed away!

French cookery addresses much the palate, but still more the stomach and constitution, and through them the entire man. When a scholar at Hofwyl is fretful or peevish, Fellenburg does not give him a chastisement, he gives him a warm bath. Fellenburg wisely knows what moral ameliorations, such physical agent can bring about. Diet is a tremendous agent for spiritual ends. I like to fancy society, moral, intellectual and political, under the old image of a ship, at whose helm however, I seem to see a fat man, in white apron, and white tasseled cap, with ladle in hand.

The merely physical ends of eating are threefold. There is the simple and exclusive end, of gratifying those few square inches of gustative superficies, denominated the Palate. This is a narrow, base and a sensual end, proposed to themselves by *gluttons* alone. There is then the end of not only gratifying the pal-

ate, but likewise of pleasing the stomach, and thus diffusing for a time throughout the frame, much balmy and aromatic enjoyment. This end is certainly higher than the first-named, and lies within the daily endeavour of all *gourmands.* And now we come to the third and noblest end, proposed to himself by none save your accomplished and philosophical epicure. This end has three constituent parts, whereof each harmonizes with the other:—the securing for your palate, its largest possible quantity of present gratification; for your stomach and general frame, the greatest amount of present enjoyment; and for your constitution, the best materials of its permanent strength and activity. To accomplish this triply-divided and most comprehensive end, is labor of deepest difficulty. Not only must good *digestion* wait on *appetite*, but *health* on both. What pleases the palate may much offend the stomach, or the constitution; and what benefits the constitution may not be most relished by the palate, or even the stomach. The labor though difficult is not impossible; and when achieved, like all difficult labors on this earth, bears forth the finest fruits. In successful pursuit of this, as of a more spiritual aim, each one must be his own teacher, and his own guide. The means which bless one man, may curse his neighbor. Hence appears the daring quackery of those lecture-books which prescribe the same dietetic system for all mankind;—lengthening or shortening all mortal palates and stomachs, to their one Procrustean bed. Strangely presuming lectures!—striving to teach the

unteachable. Let him who would not shorten his days, or more properly to speak, diminish the number of his earthly meals, beware of them.

Americans pay little attention to cooking. Americans have dyspepsia, and its consequences,—world-hating, cracker-and-water-regimen, with much kneading of the stomach. The French have good cooking, and they know little or nothing about that disease. Moreover, from the highest to the lowest, they take their meals very slowly. Such health-promoting practice, is profoundly scouted at by multitudes of a people, intent only on mighty destinies in the future, towards which they wildly rush, and with whom, what in other lands is called *dining*, can only be expressed by that indigestible phrase, *gobbling down*. Herein do we act out certain inconsistencies. Anxious to the extremest point about our moral diet, we totally neglect that physical aliment, whereupon so much of efficacy in the heart's food depends. We sustain a corps of dyspepsia doctors; we laugh at the art which might render dyspepsia impossible.

An *omelette soufflé* may well precede your dessert. An omelette 'blown up!'—a type is this of the vapoury lightness in all French dishes. To the eye, it presents an ample exterior. It is, however, but a zephyr, and with ease may be compressed into a maiden's thimble. When vanished away over your palate, you pronounce it stuff unsubstantial as infant's dreams. But nothing can be more delicate. The delicacy, half-musical, of

nightingale's tongues served up at that banquet of a Roman epicure, might *perhaps* compare.

For the dessert you have a choice among thirty-nine articles. Bewildering is this. Take a *meringue à la crême*. It will prepare your palate for the forth-coming coffee. This beverage, however, is usually sipped at some café. The Moka of the Grand Vatel is excellent. Before introducing it, the garçon deposits before you the bowls of *perfumed* water. After coffee, imitate the French lady opposite, and swallow a little glass of *liqueur*. You may however, not care to disturb the agreeable impression, wrought through French coffee, by taking any thing subsequent thereunto. Indeed, frequently arise difficulties and doubts in determining upon the true pausing point, in the courses of a Parisian dinner. I should not be surprised were you to stop at once with *turbot à la crême*, resolved to run no risk of annihilating, or in any manner of confusing the one-ness, and tranquil delicacy of its impression. Whoever has seen Macbeth last embodied by Kemble, Siddons, and those other mighty spirits now passed away for ever, and who has resolved not to have marred the memory thereof, by witnessing another representation, will, I trust, appreciate this anxiety of an epicure to preserve unruffled the mirror of his dream. Unto him, if in his usual benevolence, it is no cheerful employ, to note among carelessly-dining friends around him, one positively pleasant gustatory impression broken in upon by others less worthy; the satisfactory completeness, for instance, of *queue de mouton*

à la purée, shattered into fragments by *haricots* and *artichauts;* the music of one full finely-falling wave thus jangled, as it were, by the splash and splatter of quick-successive wavelets. If for him there be one other contemplation still less cheerful, it is perhaps the sight of those who are pretending to dine, and alas, dine not; who *dwell* not on separate courses of the banquet; who perform a sort of palate-service, while their hearts are far from them. No man expects to see, without sending his soul to his eye; or to hear, without sending it to his ear; or to meditate, without sending it to his brain; and yet there *are* those who pretend to dine, without sending it to the palate, or even to the stomach, which latter indeed by an antique Thinker, was deemed its legitimate cradle and dwelling-place. I am thoroughly convinced that from frequent neglect of such important mission, injuriously-huge quantities are often devoured, where healthily-small portions would have sufficed; the stomach and constitution possessing quite sufficient for their purposes, long before the palate is in any wise satisfied; the former exclaiming 'hold, enough,' the latter blindly shouting out 'come on.' I was recently dining with two English friends. After soup, I took my *poularde en bas de soie* and *charlotte russe*, with that silent, close attention, becoming one who had often besought a preservation of the 'kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time, he might enjoy them.' I was satisfied, and felt conscious that I had dined. My friends, however, continued still to call upon the garçon, and

actually consumed four meat and game courses, after my *charlotte russe* had, so to speak, squared the circle of my appetite. The explanation of their unsatisfied, still-devouring state, was in the fact that during the entire meal, they had been rather warmly engaged in discussing the abstract question, whether or no the French could, in strictness, be called an *economical* people. The mind of each was of course active within his brain, instead of being where should, for the time, reside the mind of every diner; their palates could no more notice and be gratified by the passing flavors, than could, by their ears be noticed, the striking clock; and when they took leave of the dame-du-comptoir, so far from being entitled to declare that they had enjoyed a dinner, they might only with propriety state, that 'whereas some time ago, a certain quantity of nourishment was *out*-side of us, that certain quantity of nourishment is now *in*-side of us.' There was moreover for them, no rememberable ground whereon gratitude might stand. I believe Doctor Franklin sometimes went so far as to aver, that five minutes after dinner, he remembered not what he had been eating. Strange unphilosophic averment,—one stimulater of a noble sentiment in man's nature thus quite neglected!

If you conclude to take a glass of *liqueur* after your coffee, take it, and then call for the bill. The garçon places before you a narrow strip of paper, whereon, in the manuscript of the dame-du-comptoir, you peruse the following symbolic expressions:—

	F.
Macon	1, 10
Eau de Seltz	15
Pain	10
Huîtres	10
Citron	5
Potage	12
Turbot	1, 05
Bifteck	18
Vol-au-vent	1, 10
Aspergès	1, 10
Omelette	1, 10
Meringue	1,
Cafè	16
Liqueur	5
	13, 2

Though my reader has been abundantly dining with me, I, as is usually done, ordered each dish ‘ for *one* only.’ The garçon expects a franc. Having listened to his ‘*mercie Monsieur*,’ let us now bid adieu, for the present, to the renowned Restaurants of Paris.

II.

FRENCH INGENUITY.

THE French, as has oftentimes been said, are ingenious in matters pertaining to luxury and mere pleasure, not in those of comfort and substantial happiness. I do not ask for better illustrations of a part of this truth, than have been furnished by my this week's rambles among various establishments in this vicinity, among which may here be named the Gobelins, the Sèvres Porcelain, and the Plate Glass manufactory, and I shall venture to add, a very curious hospital near the Clichy Barrière.

I have lately come from the Gobelins. I visited the establishment with some curiosity, for I had read of its tapestry in very distant days, and had seen it adorning walls in nearly every city of Europe. Over the entrance gate are a tri-colored flag and the words, 'Manufacture Royale des Tapisseries de la Couronne.' Entering, a woman requested a brief sight of my passport, and thereafter gave me a square bit of wood, numbered 'forty-five.' I walked onwards into a sort of antechamber, where were waiting some twenty strangers, curious like myself. This establishment is open to the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at two o'clock, P. M. As I paced up and down the

apartment, awaiting my turn for admission, I could not but reflect upon another contrast, suggested by the occasion, between French and English practice, and therethrough, between French and English character. To the English manufactories, access is extremely difficult. To the French manufactories, it is extremely easy. Go to Manchester, or Birmingham, or Leeds, with letters positively averring that your object, in visiting their great establishments, cannot be to plagiarize, still are so many obstacles put, here and there, in the way to your complete and satisfactory examination; so much growling and suspecting deportment is exhibited on every side, that you almost regret their presentation. Into some of these establishments, entrance to a stranger is on no terms permitted, and driven from their doors, he moves away with the conviction that John Bull's manufactories are as unsociable and unapproachable, as John Bull himself. I must say, however, that into the splendid dock-yard at Woolwich, I was freely admitted on stating that I was an American, not a Foreigner. Had I been includable within this latter class, an admission could have been secured, only by certain round-about processes, for whose troubles such admission would hardly have compensated. In France, they do these things otherwise; and in such opposite practice, do I read another proof of the freedom, and generosity and unsuspicious frankness of their character. The chapter of contrasts between the English and their neighbors, is rather a long one. I shall not now

pretend to say for whose profit I think lie the results. If any man have prejudices in favor of one mode of doing things to the exclusion of all others, let him survey the systems of the English and the French. Let him note in these two nations, the same ends wrought by widely different, though often equally efficient, means. His prejudices will vanish.

A door having opened, I heard a voice calling numbers from 'thirty to forty.' The designated parties entered, and after a lapse of five minutes, the door again opened, and numbers were called from 'forty to fifty,' which of course included mine. An attendant walked along with us, explaining every thing to our completest satisfaction. In the first room were four looms. They were of very simple construction. The warp was placed vertically, in the style called *haute-lisse*. Behind each frame were two or three workmen. At one, they were transferring into tapestry, a magnificent scene from the canvass of Rubens. The painting was suspended behind the workmen. At the side of each, were baskets containing several hundred spools of the woof, or variously colored yarns, wherewith the transfer was being made. The outlines of the pictorial scene were traced in black, and as a sort of guide to the artist, upon the warp. The artist, seated on his little stool, looked around at the painting behind him, closely scrutinized the colors to be transferred, then selected a spool of yarn with corresponding hues, and interwove a part of its contents. A moment after, he re-examined the painting, re-selected, and re-inter-

wove, and so went on again and again. Here was he working most magnificent results, with the smallest quantity of genius. He was making Rubens live in another form, and that a very bright and beautiful one. The tapestry was about half completed. There was there a very angelic face, which seen from a few steps distance, rivalled the polish and bloom of the original. There was close by, a lion, not exactly pawing to get free his hinder parts, but slowly creeping into most brilliant, and nature-resembling life. There was a landscape of green, covered with trees, and threaded by a stream, whereon the eye rested with unusual and very refreshing satisfaction. Who could have dreamed that bits of colored yarn had been able, in any combination however ingenious, to embody so fine a rural scene, and so sweet thought as was in that countenance of Eve? The mere *art* of a painter seems almost a trivial thing, when by big-handed and coarse-minded men, it can thus be transferred, exactly to the truth, from one vehicle into another. What then may properly command our admiration? The great original conception of the artist, and that alone;—the painter's painting such as he first beheld it, ere he thought of canvass or of pencil. The work of transfer, thus done with little genius, is done with still less speed. Five or six years are often necessary, for the execution of a single small piece of tapestry.

We followed our guide into another room containing a single loom, and then into another with six, and then on to the wool-dying establishment directed by able

chemists. Wool exclusively is used, and many shades here given to it can be found nowhere else, save perhaps in the stained window-glass of certain Gothic churches. An annual course of lectures is here delivered upon chemistry, as applicable to the dying art. There is also hereunto attached, a drawing school, in which the principles of this art are taught, and where may be read one reason, for the superior variety and taste of French to English design.

Thence we moved into that part of the establishment, assigned to the manufacture of carpets. There were two large apartments, in which stood ten or a dozen frames. This is the only place in France, where carpets are made, imitating the Persian. The pieces in process of manufacture, stand vertically in frames like those for tapestry. The carpet manufacturer, however, is seated on the *right* side of his work, while the tapestry-artist invariably, and to me rather mysteriously, makes *his* transfer upon the *wrong*. On each of the frames was written the destination of its manufacture. One was for a salon at St. Cloud, another for the palace at Versailles, and another for the Louvre. And surely if magnificence be longed for by royal footsteps, that longing might well be gratified, in such splendid specimens of pathway as these before me. The magnitude of the pieces, the varied brilliancy of the hues, and the many beautiful combinations of birds and flowers wrought into them, might warrant any quantity of admiration.

From these rooms we moved through a court-yard,—

pausing just long enough to perceive that the architecture, and external appearance of the whole establishment were shabby in the extreme,—into another long room of ten tapestry frames, with several workmen at each, and thence onwards into still another, containing half that number of looms, in one of which Louis Philippe was manufactured as far up as the waist, and finally out into the Show-Room. The show-room contained eight or ten large executed works, to most of which were applicable the epithets, splendid, magnificent, beautiful, wonderful, in large abundance, varying still according to the taste and associations of each beholder. The prices of these productions, depending on their size and delicate finish, are extremely various. Here was a piece for four hundred francs, and another for five thousand. For a representation of St. Stephen, in a frame of six feet by four, one must pay two thousand francs. To us retiring, our cicerone politely opened the door. Some presented him half a dozen sous, and some a *mercie*. He seemed equally satisfied with either. When, one morning, I had walked through Blenheim House, in England, itself containing some of the finest tapestry out of France, I presented my guide of fifteen minutes, a servant of the palace, with one shilling. Said the pampered and beer-bloated shilling-hater, as he returned the aforesaid coin, and consequentially rubbed his hands,—'I never takes less than two and *six* pence,—*in the morning*.'

A half hour's swift ride from the Gobelins, brought

me to the door of the great manufactory at Sèvres. Nothing, in its way, could well surpass the magnificence of the show-rooms into which, by an ancient cicerone in chapeau-bras, I was immediately ushered. They were five or six in number, and most tastefully arranged in them, were services, and vases, and tables, and pictures. The vases chiefly took my eye. There they stood in their graceful forms, and lovely colors, and bearing designs of most delicate workmanship. These vases not otherwise serve than for princely presents. 'Pray, what is the estimated value of this?' asked I. 'Forty-five thousand francs,' replied the cicerone. Forty-five thousand francs worth of time and talent expended for a king's gift, muttered my Americanism, and of such, are twelve or fifteen specimens here before me. And fifty men are here continually at work, lavishing their ingenuity on these and resembling luxuries. This is something akin to the ducal establishment of *piétra-dura*, at Florence. In both, are very ingenious powers and vast expenditures made to execute merely luxurious results. Had the French people, and the French government looked oftener at ends more practical and useful, there might not now be thirty thousand operatives at Lyons, and another thirty thousand in certain other towns of France, half-naked and half-famished. Some of the pictures were refined into the nicest delicacy conceivable. Here I saw transferred into porcelain, the very design of Rubens, which I had just before seen at the Gobelins. There was chiefly to be admired the For-

narina of Raphael, and the Cupid and Psyche of Gerard. These pieces have hardly the freedom and naturalness, of their originals on canvass. They are too intensely polished for truth. In exquisite finish of workmanship, they are marvellous. They produce on the eye a sensation, not unlike that wrought upon the ear, by keen and most silvery notes in music. I was pleased with several tables inwrought with variously colored porcelain,—works that almost vied with the extraordinary productions, in a not very unlike department, at Florence. What vast advancements in civilization, should not such establishments as this and the Gobelins presuppose! By the civilization of the French, I would not mean the civilization of the Parisians, but of a large majority of the French people. Such civilization exists not. These works are discords in the nation. Power and ingenuity have not yet been directed to an end so broad and generous, as the weal of the general people. Material happiness, and the refinement *thence* resulting, have been neglected for spheres of luxury. The ploughs and axes, and much merely useful machinery in this country, are clumsy, and but inconveniently serve their ends. France, however, can weave the only tapestry, and manufacture the finest porcelain in Europe. She has, moreover, a manufactory of mosaics, and she makes the most magnificent mirrors in the world.

In the Rue St. Denis is a large depot for looking-glasses. The plates are cast at St. Gobin, some thirty leagues distant. The mirrors are manufactured here.

This establishment is not included among the numerous monopolies of government. It is managed by a private association. I was interested by an hour's walk about it. Several apartments were filled with many thousand polished plates. They were of all sizes, from one foot square, to a gigantic specimen, seventeen feet high by fifteen wide. From these rooms, I was conducted into Nos. 1, and 2, of the workshops. In each, were eight or ten large tables. The process of silvering was now going on. Over a table was rubbed the thin composition. On this was poured quicksilver, whereon was soon placed the glass plate, itself pressed down by weights. After twenty-four hours, the thus silvered plate is removed, and so inclined that any superabundant mercury may pass off. The number of workmen here is but fifty. The decline is great from the time when seven hundred men were employed at such manufacture, in the old royal establishment. This, however, is the great central manufactory of the kingdom. Its products go, indeed, throughout all Europe.

I know not by what association, I to-day found myself,—half an hour after visiting the Entrepot-des-Glaces,—at Dr. La Porte's hospital in the Rue de Clichy. A hospital it is for dogs, cats, and birds, whereof among the latter, chiefly pine parrots. On two columns of the portal under which I passed, stood a lion and a hound, in bronze. Dr. La Porte, saluting me politely, conducted me through his original establishment. He informed me that he received healthy dogs and cats to board, at the rate of ten sous per day.

For invalids, his charge was twenty, not including medicines. For bleeding or autopsie, the price was three francs, and for tail-cutting, one. Indeed, he showed me a plan of the administration and charges, which proved his system liberal and complete. He introduced me to his library of several hundred volumes, on some of which I read the titles,—'*Maladies des Animaux*,'—'*Traité des Vapeurs*.' I perceived stuffed cats and dogs around the room, and also several preserved birds,—proofs impressive that in spite of Dr. La Porte's skill and his library, death had been strangely here at work. The Doctor asserted with much seriousness, that such an institution was indispensable in a city, where the aforenamed animals were in exceedingly great esteem ; where so many gentlemen had no other companion than a parrot, and where a noble lady deemed her retinue incomplete, unless attached to her by a silver chain were a Spanish lap-dog, or an Italian greyhound. Perhaps no better illustration of this part of French and aristocratical taste could be furnished, than the picture of a Countess with her four daughters, pausing in her fashionable promenade through the gardens of the Tuileries, that her puppy may, at its ease, respond to one of nature's questions. Dr. La Porte was healing near forty patients canine, six or seven Angoras in different stages of convalescence, and a parrot that responded not to my salutation of 'bon jour.' Having listened to a description of some of the Doctor's medicines, and examined a very curious collection of surgical instruments, I took my leave.

I could desire no more agreeable proof of French ingenuity, than was furnished by my experience at the Bains-Chinois, immediately after leaving Dr. La Porte's hospital. I think the finest bathing rooms I have ever seen, are at Nottingham, Manchester, and at Liverpool, in England. But with their magnificence, their merit ceases. They have not about them any of those hundred little contrivances of ingenuity, whereby an hour passed in a French bath, and under the hands of a French baigneur, is rendered one of the most intensely delicious of any in your foreign life. To lie down in water raised to ninety-six of Fahrenheit; to brush my limbs with laborious toil some thirty minutes; to wipe all moisture, with icy towels, shiveringly away; to dress myself again, and walk homeward,—*such* were the dreary facts, with which bathing had till now been associated in my memory. My first experience in Paris, convinced me that I had not yet arrived at even the threshold of the bathing art. And still, the most refined system in all this metropolis, advances hardly into the antechamber of the old Roman luxury.

The surest mode for securing all the delight which surrounds a first rate Parisian bath is, to inform the garçon, with an amiable smile, that you throw yourself frankly into his hands. Tell him you desire to know the extremity of his talent. Insinuate that you have something heard of this establishment, and wish now to test its fame. Surprising, what attachment seems instantly to spring up out of his heart towards

you! He places a snowy bed-cloth in the bath. He perfumes the water. He invites you gently to step therein. He presents you a carte of his perfumeries, his little wines and refreshments. He places before you, on a convenient stand, the Journal des Debats. He shows you the brevet whereby he is an authorized 'Professor of corn-cutting.' He opens his case of professional instruments. He pares and refines your foot, into the delicacy of the noblest lady's hand. He laves you in balmiest savon, till your bath-water is mellowed into the whiteness of cream. He pours over you most aromatic cologne, and with his mittened hand, opens wide all doors to perspiration. For forty or fifty minutes, he is continually about your back, and breast, and legs, and feet. His interest in them seems growing into an affection. At length he rings a bell, and soon is conveyed into your presence a huge basket. 'Arise, sir,' he says, 'quick, quick.' Ascending up from the soap-foam, as it were, a masculine Venus of the bath, one burning napkin is hurried on your breast, and another over your shoulders; your arms are thrust into the sleeves of a hot peignoir; other napkins replace the moistened ones; an ample robe-de-chambre is wrapped around your body; your legs are enfolded about in tight warm linen; delicate slippers half embrace your nether extremities, and reposing in one cushioned arm chair, with your legs deposited by the baigneur along another, you respond with no describable emotions, to his triumphant question,—'Eh bien, Monsieur, comment trouvez vous

cela?' The garçon leaves you now to solitary enjoyment, wherein meditating, you feel your nerves tranquil, and your pulses beating cool; the pleasant of the past is alone remembered, the future is all in light; you feel physically born again, and you declare aloud that the long-sought fountain of rejuvenescence was not altogether a dream. For such skill, and effort, and interest on the part of the garçon, and for such satisfaction in yourself, you cheerfully pay seven, eight, and perhaps nine francs.

To these instances of ingenuity among the French, may, in addition, be suggested a few others. I have often admired the construction of their theatres. In most of them are some twenty classes of seats, curiously distinguished, for the accommodation of so many various tastes and purses. As the large theatrical system of Paris leaves no intellectual wish of the people unprovided for, so is each establishment most elaborately contrived, for the different bodily predilections of its peculiar public. In cookery too, what people have such minute and ingenious means, not only for sustaining bones and muscles, but for delighting the palate? Where does pastry meet your eye, under such seducing and multitudinous aspects? The two most beautiful steam-engines in Paris are, not for raising the waters of the Seine into unprovided sections of the city, but for manufacturing little pastilles of chocolate, in the Rues Richelieu and St. Honoré. Where in the world is sugar worked up into such variety of form and hue? Where has jewelry

ever assumed so many bewildering shapes? Where were clocks and watches ever ornamented with art so infinite and marvellous? Where can you find such ingenious lamps, and so beautiful chandeliers? Where so numerous shops, thronged with merely *jouets* for children? What dwellings have such cheerless fireplaces, such outlandish door-locks, such clumsy windows, and—look you!—such magnificent mirrors? What nation has so splendid a manufactory of carpets, and moreover so many uncarpeted floors? The French do not abound in establishments for making cheap and comfortable clothing; but who have originated so many ornamental designs for silks and cottons? What other nation fabricates so admirable gloves, and to the annual value of thirty millions of francs? Who, quicker than a French milliner, can transform age into youth? Where were flowers of art so fashioned to outrival flowers of nature? The most skilful dentist in Paris is an American; but what teeth in all the world can compare with those of ivory, wrought by Désirabode in the Palais Royal? Whence but hence, comes the loveliest rouge of the whole earth? Where can you find eyes like those languishing in glass at Dr. Desjardins? Where were false locks ever wrought so like to real, as in many shops of the Passage Panorama? What fans can distantly approach the master-pieces of Duvelleroy? Where were moustaches, and whiskers, and imperials, and canes, and caricatures, and pipes, and snuff-boxes, and powder-horns ever made by such various skill?

Where is the grand centre of the world's fashion but here? Who can conceive out caps and bonnets, like a prolific French woman? Who, like her, can send her thought all over Europe, in the vehicle of a dress? The French come among *us*, to study railroads, and canals and prisons. We by *them*, may be instructed in the arrangement of a mantle, in the cooking of frogs, in the restoration of his health to a parrot or a lap-dog. Surely, in all matters of luxury, and fancy and mere pleasure, no people can surpass the French, and none moreover can converse about these trifles, in a more appropriate language. That their ingenuity is venturing forth into channels hitherto untried, is manifest to every observer. It is becoming more and more positive and practical. The substantial happiness of the people, is beginning to assume definiteness and importance, as one worthy end of thought and action. The French are beginning to comprehend in their age, what a certain other nation is fortunate enough to know in its youth. The time is, I doubt not, approaching, when the word 'comfortable' will be thoroughly acclimated in France. That it is hardly so now, I might easily arrange several instances, in the way of proof and illustration.

III.

THE GRAND FRENCH OPERA.

'Il faut se rendre à ce palais magique,
Où les beaux vers, la danse, la musique,
L'art de charmer les yeux par les couleurs,
L'art plus heureux de séduire les coeurs,
De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique.'

VOLTAIRE.

NEXT to suppressing its press, the quickest cause of revolution in Paris, would be the suppression of its music. Such suppression would wrest many thousand instruments from professional hands, and their accustomed tones from several hundred thousand ears. Paris, though it contains but a million of people, hears more music in *one* night, than England, Scotland and Ireland listen to in three.

It is computed that ten thousand persons here make their living, grinding hurdy-gurdys, blowing pipes, and singing madrigals, through the public streets. Hither do they flock from all quarters of Europe,—men, women and children,—Spaniards, Italians, Swiss and Bohemians; some in their national costume, and some not; many of them blind, many armless, and many even legless. Here is an old fellow dragged about on a little car, by a very small jackass. He has no legs, and but a left arm. That left arm grinds one of the

worst organs I have lately heard, and while it grinds, a little girl with a soliciting tin cup, ventures cautiously within the boutique, before which that car has paused. Into her tin cup is dropped a sous. But the wandering musician that most interests me, is a pale tall man, totally blind, playing upon a sort of flagelet, and led about from door to door by a little dog. The dog, holding a tin plate in his mouth, half enters a door, pauses a moment, looks up into his blind master's face, and then walks on. At the next door, he repeats such solicitation. Sometimes he gets a sous; more generally, nothing. The dog is to the blind man, what the little girl is to the legless one, and I never see him thus journeying about from door to door, without thinking that a genius like Charles Lamb's, might write out that scene into a very beautiful moral chapter. It is, however, well known that these persons are often associated with hale hearty men and women, and whoever may succeed in getting a blind musician into their employ, sweat not themselves at the brow. Street music is the only music of a vast deal of the Parisian population. Those who can spare a franc, go to Jullien's or Musard's. Sometimes, however, the people enjoy a treat of bands. And here I wish to interline, that the military bands of Paris,—whereof *thirty* were present under the windows of the Tuileries on new year's eve,—are, with the exception of one at Milan, the finest I have heard in Europe. Several of them perform each morning in the Place Carrousel, and whoever has a taste for this style of music, may there have it cultivated and completely gratified.

Musard's new rooms are very brilliant, in their chandelier light. They are each night open. Some thousand persons are each night present. The orchestra number ninety. Musard gives you twelve pieces of music, for your one piece of twenty sous. They are mostly overtures and quadrilles. At this moment is in vogue, what Musard calls a Musical Voyage. It gives the national airs of nearly every people under the sun. The strain begins in China, and pauses not till it has circum-sounded the earth, playing Yankee-Doodle in the United States. Considering its price, no music in the world equals Musard's. He could not be supported in any other capital than this. His rooms are thronged by a very elegantly-dressed and well-deported company. French Counts and Marquises go with their wives to Musard's. French bucks and shopkeepers go with their mistresses to Musard's. Life in Paris may be seen at Musard's. It is as thoroughly an European resort, as any in the metropolis. In five minutes, you may there hear spoken every language of the Continent, and one or two of Africa. At Musard's one part of the company sits, another lounges about arm in arm. There is sometimes loud conversation at Musard's. 'Silence, silence,' said sternly a German, in blue eye and broad head, apparently to himself, but really to a music-disturbing speaker behind him, in long hair-curls and terrible moustaches. '*Morbleu*,' growled the gentleman in moustaches, and turning quickly round, thrust his arms into a sudden fold, and asked the German what

he meant. An exchange of cards was the consequence, and a consequence of the exchange of cards was, that on the morrow morning at seven o'clock, the gentleman in moustaches was horizontal in the Bois-de-Boulogne. Helmeted horsemen are posted, with swords drawn, outside the entrance to Musard's. Armed soldiery guard within, and there do servants in completest livery, glide about with orgeats and ice. What with the very diversified company, and very original music, one may for an hour feel as foreign at Musard's, as at any public resort in the capital.

Besides these, there have this winter been many other public, and many private concerts. Some statistics-gatherer enumerates of the former two hundred and fifty-five, and of the latter eight hundred and two. One eight-dollar ticket concert for the benefit of refugee Italians, was got up in great taste. Another for the Lyonnese sufferers, was admirable. Generally, these concerts are given by artists, who have not been fortunate enough to secure engagements at the Opera Houses. Sometimes they are got up by Bohemians in native costume, and I have lately attended one given by Guzikow, a genius from some far province of Russia, performing, upon an instrument of his own make, music as indescribable as his instrument.

The first step above the concerts is the Opéra Comique. It is renowned for airy German and French music. Its attractive operas have this winter been, the *Pré*

aux Clercs and *Zampa* of Herold; the *Chalet* and *Postillon de Longumeau* by Adam; the *Eclair* of Halevy; the *Luther de Vienne* of Monpou; the *Acteon*, *Cheval de Bronze*, and the *Ambassadrice* of Auber. The pieces of this Opera House are usually given, one half to spoken comedy, and the other half to comedy sung. You may there hear the voice of Damoreau Cinti, one of the most finished in the metropolis; also that of Jenny Colon. The orchestra of about fifty, are in excellent condition. And here I may say that the orchestras of all the theatres are respectable, and many of them admirable. They must needs be so, for the execution of the musical vaudevilles. There are eight regular orchestras in Paris, equal to the best in England. There are five others much surpassing them; and there are four leaving them at an immeasurable distance behind. Those who wish to be amused by agreeable comedy and light frolicsome music, go much to the Opéra Comique. Its prices are about two thirds those of the Grand French Opera. It gives you no dancing, and nothing extraordinary in the way of scenery.

The finest music perhaps in the world, you may hear, if you be fortunate enough to have a ticket, on occasional sabbath days at two o'clock, in the hall of the Conservatoire-de-Musique. Nothing can possibly surpass the instrumentation of its orchestra, under the lead of Mr. Habeneck. The masterpieces which it most admirably executes, are the symphonies of Beethoven. It may furnish you with your only broad and

deep conception of the peculiar genius of this composer. The Conservatoire is, moreover, a school for the developement and cultivation of young musical genius.

We now come to the Académie Royale de Musique, or the *Grand French Opera.* This the French are also pleased to call their *Grande Scène Lirique.* When a voice has established its reputation there, it is established not only for all France, but for all Europe. No scenery, no dresses, can compare with those of the Grand Opera. Magnificent are they beyond all description. No dancers can compare with the best upon its boards. Its third rate surpass the first of any other city in France, and when a renowned French dancer appears among you, be assured she has pirouetted herself into fame at the Royal Opera. All French singers, and all dancers in Italy and Germany, feel themselves provincial till they have appeared upon its stage. 'Le triomphe des Amazones est dans le domaine exclusif du Grand Opera,' said a few days ago, M. Liadieres, in commenting, before the Chamber of Deputies, on a petition for the equal rights of women with men. The House is the largest of its kind in Paris, and every evening may be seen waving and glittering, in largest quantity of plumes and jewels.

I have before me, a statement of the prices of admission to all the Parisian theatres; and if you like statistics, you may read those for the Grand Opera. For a seat in the pit, you pay three and a half francs. Invariably is the demand for tickets so great, that to secure a place in the pit, you must join the crowd,

or rather the queue at the box office, one hour before the opening of the doors. For a *Stalle d'Orchestre*,—that is, a place in one of three elegant rows of seats, between the orchestra and the pit, you must give seven and a half francs. For a *Stalle d'Amphithéâtre*,—that is, a place in one of five or six rows of comfortably armed seats, *behind* and a little above the pit, likewise seven and a half francs. For a *Prémière Galerie*,—that is, a seat in the little gallery which runs in front of the *side*-boxes in the first tier, you also pay seven francs and a half, and the same sum moreover for a *Balcon*,—that is, a place between the first tier of boxes, and two elegant boxes, whereof one is Royal, next the stage. Now to enjoy a place in any one of these four classes of seats, so great is the invariable rush, you must, a day beforehand, secure your right at the box office. For such guaranty, two francs and a half *more* are demanded, so that your ticket costs you ten francs. Under the side boxes of the first tier are the *Baignoires*—boxes whose interior may be concealed by convenient lattice work. For two seats there, accommodating a gentleman and his mistress, the price is eighteen francs; the guaranty mounts it up to twenty-four. The price for seats in boxes *opposite* the stage, of the first tier,—excepting of course the three belonging to the Duke of Orleans,—is the same. The price for a seat in the *side*-boxes of first tier is six and a half francs; the guaranty makes it nine. For the second tier, the prices are five and a half francs,—that is to say, eight. For the third, three

and a half, or more truly, five. For the fourth, the price is a little less. The house will contain near two thousand persons, and is filled three times a week. You may now perhaps understand how the receipts of this establishment amounted in 1836, to one million one hundred and twenty thousand francs. And yet such enormous sum is insufficient to cover its more enormous expenses. The other theatres are taxed for its support, and government has introduced for its benefit, one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs into the budget of 1837. The sources of this expense are in the multitudes of its artists, vocal, pantomimic, and instrumental; in its very rich dresses, and grand scenery. The *mise en scène* of an opera, sometimes costs fifty thousand francs, and if it fail,—as did this winter, the Esmerelda of Victor Hugo, and Mademoiselle Bertin,—no small sum passes from the treasury of the establishment.

Music, scenery, and dancing variously combined, are its agents. A sort of mongrel agency it is, which, however, produces very clever effects. At the Italian Opera, all is music and nothing but music. At the French, another taste is to be gratified, and other combinations are contrived and executed. At the former, you have a simple, distinct, and classical source of a definable pleasure. In the latter, is an overwhelming abundance of musical and scenic riches. There are eight or ten combined sources of delight, any *one* of which would be sufficient for an evening. You are perplexed and confounded, for while your eye has been

enchained to the footsteps of Taglioni, have escaped you the grace of fifty other sylphs, some of the richest music, and some of the finest scenery in the world.

I have said that scenery acts a conspicuous part at the Grand Opera. You are addressed through the eye, frequently as through the ear. The great object is to keep you aroused. One of the most extraordinary instances of this combination, I lately witnessed in the third act of the opera, *Robert-le-Diable*. Describing stage scenery is generally pretty poor business. But the scenery of the Grand Opera, can hardly be classed with mere stage scenery. It is on too large and perfect a scale. The illusion is too complete. And of all its imitations of the earthly and the unearthly, of the heavenly and the diabolical, it can itself furnish no parallel to the scene I am going briefly to sketch. I sketch it, for it illustrates one part of present taste.

The broad curtain ascends, and a broader scene is revealed, through which you see grim chasms leading to the abodes of fiends. A man clothed richly in crimson and gold, himself leagued with those fiends, communes unto himself. There is stillness for an instant; then hoarsely growl the immense basses of the orchestra, and up from those far chasms come mingled yells, and shouts, and screams, and hollow sea-trumpet-like callings upon the name of the *victim* of the fiend-leagued. Then follow interviews, of which I need say nothing. The fiend-leagued finally vanishes in flame, and up ascends a cloud *before* that scene,

quite shutting it out from your view. The whole theatre is now darkened; you may hardly see your friend in the next box. That cloud ascends,—ascends. Its lower edge begins slowly to be revealed, and soon, as it passes heavenwards, your eyes rest upon long, silent galleries, and broken, ivy-mantled arches of a cloister; upon graves and tombs whereon lie shrouded images of the dead in white, with hands clasped across their breasts; and far through the dreary distance you see flickering gleams, as of silver in the moonlight. It is the fiend-leagued stalking alone through that dreary charnel-house,—alone with his tall shadow flung athwart the graves. Supernatural lights are now seen flickering above, and around these habitations of the dead. The fiend-leagued looks cautiously around, and waving his arm, those stony lids of tombs slowly ascend, graves are opened, and up from them solemnly and silently glide forth their tenants in snowy death-shrouds, and they gather, and gather in countless numbers, around him who has conjured them from their drear prison-houses. The fiend-leagued now retires. The shrouds fall partly from the corpses; their long hair waves in the wind, and while a score take to playing at dice upon the tombs, a half dozen other score engage in a sort of Dance of Death. What the music was until now, I cannot distinctly say. My attention was quite chained to this unearthly spectacle. I was but one of two thousand spectators, whom the scene long held in profoundest stillness. And now arose varied tones; combinations gloomy, sepulchral, saddening,—such as

seldom come from human instruments. It was the music of Meyerbeer, his characteristical music, serious, nay, of deepest-toned solemnity. Had the poetry of this man been revealed through the vehicle of language, instead of music, it would have resembled the dreariest passages of Dante, Byron, of Göethe's Faust. Whence came the influences developing his genius? Think you not from the stern and melancholy north? Surely never from Spain, or Italy, or even France. But lo!—there is a sudden consternation among the ghosts. Their dances cease. They begin to droop. The fiend-leagued is returning. Gradually their life grows less and less. The funereal shrouds are mysteriously re-wrapped about them. There are distant bursts of laughter, and clanking of chains, and melancholy music. The dust goes down in sadness to the dust, and the curtain falls. 'Surely,' said I, 'there could not well be a more appalling spectacle. It was a regular resurrection.' 'Call it rather an image of life,' said a German beside me; 'they came out from mystery, and dancing and dicing briefly, have returned back to mystery again.' 'Call it rather a clap-trap,' might have said another, 'by pale French dancers, quite unworthy to be linked in your memory with the majestic and sorrowful strains of Meyerbeer.'

As has been already stated, no opera is performed at the Royal Academy, without an intermingling of the dance. It moreover has its regular ballets. Since the departure of Taglioni, the Diable Boiteux has been brought out for the sister Esslers. Therese Essler is

a tall German, who dances well. Fanny Essler is a middle-sized German, who dances admirably. That there are diametrically opposite styles in dancing, as in every other art, is not more forcibly illustrated than by Taglioni and Fanny Essler. Taglioni belongs to the gentle, airy, waving school. In your memory, will she be classed with those fairy-like frescoes of nymphs, that still seem to soar upon the walls of the poet's house at Pompeii. Fanny Essler is quite different. She dances sharply and dramatically. She can dance the Tarantula, which Taglioni cannot. She dances the Spanish Cachucha,—a magnificent dance, and in her limbs magnificently embodied. She makes great use of her arms, which Taglioni does not. She smiles, and is full of coquetry. Taglioni never smiles, and is classically severe. They are, however, equal exhibitions of grace in their peculiar spheres. They equally move, as if by *inspiration*. Taglioni is no more superior to Essler, than Shakspeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream is superior to his Much Ado about Nothing. They need not be compared, and you who love to see a beau-ideal realized, though but in motion, will be delighted in them both.

Of the Grand French Opera and of Parisian music, I need write no more; though, after politics and the theatres, they most possess Parisian conversation. Music flourishes in Paris. It does not so flourish in London. Here is its great European centre. Here are its judges, and hither come the to-be-judged. Whoever has not appeared at Paris, enjoys no Euro-

pean reputation. Every composition, worthy of being heard, is here performed. There exist fourteen distinguished musical composers. Rossini has declared that he shall work no more. The future will expect much from Halevy, Auber, and Meyerbeer.

IV.

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES—BERRYER.

I HAVE, for three months, been observing the proceedings in the two political chambers of France. Their legislation, the bills approved, the bills rejected, the various opinions envolved in their discussion,—these constitute one broad and significant type of the time.

The Chamber of Peers is, as you may be aware, composed of two hundred and fifty-nine members. They are appointed by the king, out of certain classes of notable citizens, designated in the charter. At the age of twenty-five, they may sit in the chamber; at that of thirty, they vote. Their various titles are of Duke, Marquis, Count, Viscount, and Baron. The Princes of the Blood Royal are Peers by birthright. This body's sanction is indispensable to the enactment of all laws, and it constitutes the only tribunal whereby ministers, accused by the Chamber of Deputies, may be tried, and also persons charged with high treason, or any offences against the surety of the state. It holds its sessions, far away from the other Chamber, over in the old palace of the Luxembourg,—a palace that has around it as much revolutionary, consular, imperial,

and Bourbon history, as any edifice in the kingdom. You enter beneath a lofty portal, into a large open court. Through a door at one of its corners, you pass up a flight of stairs, first showing your yellow ticket to a National guard, and then presenting it to a liveried huissier, who conducts you up a narrow staircase, dimly lamp-lighted, and dreary enough to recall certain avenues in the old prisons of state at Venice. Out from that staircase, you pass into the strangers' gallery, and now down before you may be seen, whatever France possesses of peers of the realm. The charter which annulled every creation of nobility by Charles X., permits no exclusive privileges to that existing for life, under Louis Philippe and his successors. The king may make nobles at his pleasure, but he can give them only rank and honors, without any exemption from the charges and duties of society.

The Peers sit in a semicircular hall, not unlike the senate-room of the United States, resembling also the Chamber of Deputies, though much smaller. Its diameter is about eighty feet. At the middle of this diameter is a carved-out recess, wherein stands the chair of President Pasquier,—who is, moreover, Chancellor of France,—circled behind which are several statues, and between them hang many standards captured in old wars. The peers' benches are ranged amphitheatrically in front of the President. Whoever would address the assembly, may ascend the tribune. Seldom, however, have I seen any of them taking that trouble. Generally their few ideas have been delivered, without moving

from their place. In personal appearance, they differ somewhat from the members of the other house. The coats of each are gold-embroidered. They likewise present a less number of juvenile heads; and as for the matter of tumult and lively action, they are quite tame in such comparison. Thenard, the great chemist, attracted eyes by his shaggy head of hair; Victor Cousin, by his spirituality and airs of pertness; and long I looked upon the worn and impressive features of Marshal Soult. *Looking* is indeed the only purpose for which, this winter, I have ever visited the Chamber of Peers. Had my object been hearing, I should invariably have come to be disappointed. Except the Marquis de Dreux Brézé, there is hardly an orator in the whole assembly. And as for interesting discussion, the enunciation of principles, the developement of reasons for this or that policy, there has not, thus far in the session,—I write upon the 10th of April, 1837,—been an occasion worth crossing the Seine to enjoy. Until my recent experience, I had no just conception of the political zeroism of the French Chamber of Peers. The present opinions and feelings of the nation, the wants and progress of this society, have not been therein, this year, revealed. There they sit, three or four days of each week, listening to tedious reports, talking lazily about bills before them, looking forward to the trial of Meunier, Lavaux, and Lacaze, and then adjourning. How wide the contrast between the political importance of this assembly, and that of the United States' Senate, or the English House of Lords!

The daily political press discusses none of their proceedings, speaks seldom of their men. When the political progress of the week is summed up, little or no allusion is made to that body. The ministers are seldom in their benches there. Had the Chamber of Peers never been, by the king, convoked in December 1836, I firmly believe that public feeling and public knowledge, would have been no other than what they are at present. A report of one of their sessions is barrenness itself, and the occasional news of journalists about them is, that the affair of Meunier has been, by the Peers, postponed to the latter part of next week, or next month.

Where, then, *shall* we look for the present politics of France? About what *is* this loud political discussion of the press? Where *are* the ministers upon their benches? Where may you see the great results, and also one great source, of public opinion? Only at the Chamber of Deputies. This is the sole national chamber of France. Go there, and watch its fluctuations and its permanences, if you would know in what corner sits the wind of general feeling. Go there, moreover, if you would hear France's best orators, and her most stupid readers. Go there, if you would see the finest parliamentary hall in the world, and likewise assembled therein, four hundred and fifty-nine law-makers, more turbulent, more disorderly, more abounding in chat and motion, than any law-makers whereof Christendom, or even Pagandom, can be possessed. In this assembly are one hundred and sixty-

nine public functionaries, whereof seventy-four are magistrates of different French courts, and forty are military gentlemen. Of the two hundred and ninety members, *not* public functionaries, forty-six are advocates, eight are doctors, three are bankers, six are manufacturers, eight are masters of forges, five are notaries, and the rest are proprietors, cultivators, or rentiers. An American, accustomed to hear the voice of every citizen in the election of his representatives, is somewhat surprised on learning that these so-called representatives of France,—of thirty-three and a half millions of people,—are elected by only eighty thousand of the qualified. The phrase Representative Government, as understood broadly and liberally in the United States, is applicable to no political organization in France, or even in England. How slow is progress towards that state, now so generally deemed the end of all political association,—the application of the opinions, the sentiments, the feelings, the demands of the general people!

I was first in this Chamber, on the 17th of last January. The subject before the assembly, was the address to the king in reply to his opening speech. The debates upon it continued nine days. They engaged the first men of the chamber, among whom as orators stood foremost, Odillon Barrot, Guizot, Passy, Thiers, Duvergier de Hauranne, and Berryer. The chief article in the address related to intervention in Spain. That question, you are aware, destroyed the last, and created the present Cabinet,—the Cabinet of the 6th

of September. Its agitation in the Chamber was tremendous indeed. I heard speak upon it, Pierre Antoine Berryer.

The chamber, as you know, is in form a hemisphere. The seats rise gradually, each behind the other, as they radiate out from the centre. At that centre, in a somewhat elevated chair, sits President Dupin. Before him is the tribune or pulpit, up to which each member ascends, who would speak out, or read forth his speech. I like this idea of the tribune. It isolates the orator. It brings him more conspicuously before the eyes of the House. It gives a more parliamentary form to his delivery. I object to it, however, as not isolating the orator enough. It still conceals just half his form. It gives him wherewithal to *lean* his gaucherie, and awkwardness upon. Favorable this doubtless is to the careless and the unstudied. By one who knows that eloquence is greatly an art, among whose elements are figure and position, as well as face-expression and gesture, such pulpit-screen cannot be desired. Nay, by such, it will be desired away. It helps to destroy the dramatic part of his situation. No portion of the delivery of Mark Antony's speech over the body of Cæsar, was ever to me so unimpressive as that which precedes his descent from the Roman pulpit. I thought Mr. Berryer, as he mounted into the tribune, wished its elevated front away, that his compact and muscular frame might stand full forth, in the open presence of the whole assembly.

Ere he commenced, Mr. Berryer looked around him

for a moment amidst, profoundest silence. At his left hand, was the *Extreme Gauche*, on one of whose front seats sat Odillon Barrot, in folded arms, with Lafitte and Arago. That portion of the Chamber represented the radicalism and the republicanism of France. Between *its* opinions and *his* doctrines, rolled oceans broad and for ever impassable. At its side, was the party called the *Centre Gauche*. Here was seated the brisk and spectacled statesman, Thiers. Around that leader were beating fifty hearts, not one of whose throbs were in political sympathy with those of the man at the tribune. Right abroad before him, extended the large *Centre*, the two hundred and forty-two sustainers of the present ministry, the redoutable Doctrinaires. On the three front seats were ranged, with their portfolios before them, all the members of the Cabinet. Mr. Guizot was Minister of Public Instruction. Count Molé, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was there. Persil was Minister of Public Justice. Duchatel had the portfolio of the Finances. Gasparin was Minister of the Interior; Martin of Commerce. Bernard and Rosamel were there,—the one Minister of War and the other of the Marine. Between this *Centre*-body and Mr. Berryer, were a very few sentiments in common. Next to the *Centre*, and as it were interdovetailed with it, sat the *Centre Droit*. With the opinions in those seats, Berryer was far from being at war. They were ultra-Doctrinaires, and they embraced, though with no cordial hand, the opinions, the feelings, the hopes and the fears of the party on

their left, the party of the *Extreme Droit*, the sombre and sullen party of the Legitimatists, the few fond rememberers of the dynasty of Charles X. Among them sat Lamartine, and from *their* ranks had just walked forth the orator. Their opinions he was now about to develope. Around the Chamber, in the galleries, in the royal and diplomatic boxes, were ambassadors, princes, and gentlemen ;—duchesses, and many titled dames, among whom was chiefly conspicuous, the Princess Lieven ;—and elegant ladies, not merely from all parts of Europe, but of the world. They had here assembled, only to hear the eloquence of yonder man in the tribune. Their eyes rested on a body of middling stature, toughly built, just forty-seven years of age thirteen days before, and buttoned tightly up to the chin in a blue frock-coat. His face was of determined and massive make, surmounted by a forehead, calm and rather expansive. That face and forehead were, two hours hence, to be charged with blood, and flaming like firebrands. Mr. Berryer was a lawyer. He, moreover, centered around him the love and the hopes of the old royalist party. To him, that party ever looked for mouth-defence and vindication. He had always been the defender of the *La France* and the *Quotidienne*, so often, in the last six years, dragged into the culprit's box at the Cour d'Assises. He had written much in a sort of thundering style ; his voice had sounded like thunder many a time from the spot whereon he now stood ; and in this Chamber, he was representing the department of Haute-

Loire,—a department which, on that educational map picturing the comparative intelligence of various sections of France, by various colors, from the very dark to the very bright, looks black as Erebus.

Mr. Berryer's position was peculiar. He was the man of a proscribed and fallen dynasty. What right had *he* to be discoursing to such an assembly as this? Will he be listened to? What dares he say? How will he be received? I was captivated by the easy non-chalant manner, with which he now thrust his left hand deep down into his bosom, and the sort of bull-dog defiance with which he looked around upon his audience, as, placing his right hand clenched upon the tribune before him, he uttered his first idea:—'The subject now before the assembly, is the grandest which has occupied France for the last six years.' He then went on enunciating his thoughts. He attacked and he denounced. He seized upon the ministry, as it were by the throat, pinning it against the wall. Leaving the ministry, he dashed over to the opposition. He blazed away at them, without fear and without remorse. He attacked the policy of intervention in Spain, and also of non-intervention. He mowed about his scythe into this and that opinion, this and that feeling, this and that policy, always with fearlessness, always with power. 'Why do they endure this?' said I. 'Why do they not, as usual, interrupt the speaker?' First, Mr. Berryer belongs to the past. His words will do no great harm. Secondly, Mr. Berryer has a splendid voice, and a certain resistless

grandeur of manner. But he *was* interrupted. 'I tell you,' said Berryer, 'there can be no intervention in Spain.' 'Pourquoi?' asked a piping voice in the *Centre Gauche*. 'Pourquoi?' shouted Berryer with scorn and energy. There was a movement general. 'Parceque,' answered Berryer, and then paused. The agitation in the Chamber suspended him for a moment. '*Because*,' resumed the speaker, 'all reasons for so intervening, involve consequences which you will unhesitatingly *reject*. *Because* what this ministry desires, is *impossible* in Spain. *Because* what the opposition wishes, can *never* be accomplished. You asked me the *pourquoi*, you have my three *parceques*. After a pause, he said, 'I am now going to develope these truths. I shall wound your ideas, but that's another reason for hearing me with attention.' And so he went on, developing his truths, and wounding ideas. The interruptions soon became very frequent. He called Don Carlos by the recognition of Charles V. Said a voice in the *Gauche*—'We know nothing of Charles V. any more than of Louis XIX., or of Henry V.' Mr. Berryer went on, 'When Charles V. shall be triumphant'—(tremendous interruptions)—'When Charles V. shall be'—here the confusion had grown into what the French call *un bruit épouvantable*. The President rang his bell incessantly. I recalled certain sittings of the Convention, in the old Revolution. The minister of public instruction arose, and in his place declared with emphasis, that such words could not come from that tribune. 'We know no Charles V.'

said he. 'We have to do only with Don Carlos.' 'Eh bien,' says Berryer, 'I care not about words. When Don Carlos' —— and here the satisfactory ejaculations of 'Ah, ah, enfin,' were murmured throughout the assembly, and the orator, shrugging significantly his shoulders, went on. He went on to new denunciations, and to new interruptions. 'Silence,' exclaimed Berryer, 'I'll stand here till I am heard. I have ideas to speak forth, and I *will* speak them;' and then he placed himself into a dogged obstinate position, which declared emphatically, *no budging hence.* Silence was at length restored, and Berryer continued. A little man on a distant seat in the *Centre* interrupted him saying—'Mais non, ce n'est pas cela, ce n'est pas cela.' 'Come down to the tribune, sir, if you wish to speak,' shouted Berryer; 'but, for God's sake, do not interrupt me thus.'

To one quite green in French political assemblies, the scene was altogether extraordinary. In what is called an *interruption*, every member moves with discontentment in his seat, tosses up impatiently his hands, mutters something to himself, his neighbor, or the speaker; some ten or twenty rise up, passions flare in the eye, the President rings loudly his bell, the sworded huissiers cry out, '*silence*, *Messieurs*, *silence;*' and the orator in the tribune, looking solitary and sullen, merely sips, by way of diversion, some sugared water from the glass at his right hand. Mr. Berryer spoke two hours. His voice continued clear

and powerful. His gesture was chiefly with his right hand, and not unlike the sledge-hammer style of Webster. His position and manner were full of vigor and independence. So much for the vehicle. His thought was dramatic in a very high degree. His ideas were condensed into the smallest possible quantity of words. His speech sounded well, and it reads well. Its delivery, right in the face of that Opposition, and those Doctrinaires, seemed to me proof of no ordinary moral courage. When it was concluded, Mr. Berryer descended into the *Extreme Right*. Several gentlemen of that section felicitated him, and Lamartine shook him warmly by the hand. The whole assembly rose. Several went out into the conversation rooms. Many gathered in groups, gesticulating violently. The hall, for fifteen minutes, was all in hubbub. One of the huissiers, in sombre livery, placed a fresh glass of sugared water at the tribune. The president at length rang his bell to order. Cries were frequently heard of '*en place*, *Messieurs*, *en place ;*' and looking down into the tribune, I saw, leisurely leaning upon its desk, a little, thin, bronze-complexioned man, in black dress coat and white cravat. His face was rather solemn and impressive. The brows projected, and from light falling down through the chamber's single window in the ceiling, cast sombre shadows over all his features. This was François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, the author, among other works, of thirty volumes of French history ; lately made member of the Academy of moral and

political sciences, Minister of Public Instruction, and Chief of the Doctrinaires.

'It is but seven years,' he slowly began, still leaning familiarly on the tribune, 'it is but seven years since, that the last honorable speaker and myself entered this chamber; he to sustain the ministry of M. De Polignac, I to batter it down ('*tres bien*, *tres bien*,' muttered twenty voices), he to oppose the Address of the 221, I to support it. (New acclamations). We have both of us been, since that time, and we are still to-day, true to our origin and to our principles. What he did seven years ago, he has just now done. What I then did, I do to-day.' I was much pleased by this quick grouping of the preceding and the present speaker. A few words had opened the wide chasm that yawned between them. They showed Mr. Guizot belonging to the present, Mr. Berryer standing on the past. The little statesman went on. I was charmed with his distinct and slow enunciation. His voice was firm, though it lacked the volume of Berryer's tones. I was pleased with the compressed neatness of his delivery, and the luminous arrangement of his thought. Others seemed equally pleased. The ejaculations of '*tres bien*, *tres bien*, *bravo*, *oui*, *oui*, *oui*,' chased each other up, for the next half hour, very rapidly from the *Centre*. He went on developing himself with few *interruptions*, but with many *sensations*, many *marks of adhesion*, many, what the French call, *vifs assentiments*. He declared that France would continue in her recent and present course with regard to Spain;

that she would not *engage* herself, but would attempt to act, and *would* act, so as to serve that country, and to baffle the designs of the Pretender. Here Odillon Barrot cried out,—' Je demande la parole.' It was to signify that he desired to speak, at this sitting or on the morrow.

I have often heard Mr. Guizot at the tribune. I have always been impressed, by his solemn conciliatory tone and manner. I like his terseness of thought, and the measured precision of his speech. I like his neatness,—his *nettété*, as his friends call it. I like him for never wandering out of the circumference of his subject. Ten times a day will he ascend the tribune, to answer questions or objections. How swiftly does he conceive out the necessary answer, and with what concise distinctness does he enunciate it! I know of nothing, in its way, more delightful than to hear Mr. Guizot, after announcing that he rises to place the subject before the Chamber on its true foundations, go on to separate from it the nets and entanglements flung around it by preceding speakers, and in five or ten minutes, make what was dark confusion regular and transparent as the day. Mr. Guizot's doctrines are terribly attacked, never his character or his intellect. There is nothing about him of blaze or fire. All is calm, practical, passionless. I think him the most adroit speaker in the Cabinet. Indeed, he is almost the only *speaker*. Count Molé *reads*, and so do others of the ministry.

When Mr. Guizot had concluded, Mr. Sauzet as-

cended the tribune, and after him, Mr. Remusat, with a little bundle of manuscripts. He commenced *reading* his speech. I confess I am surprised to find so many members of this assembly, *reading* their speeches. I am not prepared for such exhibition, in a nation famed for its much and admirable conversation. The French are reputed quick, and nimble of thought and tongue. They are so. But they do not seem capable of sustained efforts. They can chat with the best parrots in the world. Very few of them care about *speaking* consecutively, three, four, or five hours, on a single theme. There is no continuing over a speech, as with us, to the second or third day. Spoken or written, it is never what we call *long-winded.* This reading of speeches, however, is becoming of less and less favor. The press endeavors to laugh it down. The Chamber itself does not seem altogether to like it. The taking out of a manuscript, is generally one signal for inattention. Mr. Remusat, as I said, began to read, and immediately twenty members getting up, walked into the couloir and hemicycle for conversation. Twenty others took up pens for letter writing. A half dozen stared at the Princess Lieven, through lorgnettes. The *Extreme Left* betook themselves to lively talk around Odillon Barrot. The *Extreme Right* glowered at them in morose and bitter silence, while every moment President Dupin arose to ring his bell.

The session, which commenced, as usual, at two o'clock, closed, as usual, at six. The debate on the Address, continued three days longer. It was finally

adopted by a majority of eighty-five voices. Such vast majority produced wide sensation. The Opposition were not prepared for it. The Ministry had not dared to reckon upon it. The debate had stirred up, and evolved the opinions of the Chamber. This vote had settled them into form and distinctness. 'Eh bien,' thought Mr. Guizot, rubbing his hands,—'we are well sustained. We shall go strongly and triumphantly on. Let us congratulate ourselves upon this first manifestation of attachment to the Cabinet of September 6th. We shall carry out some grand measures. We shall make permanent a grand policy. I am at the head of the Doctrinaires. A future of success is before me.'

Do not dream too confidently, Mr. Guizot. You are indeed strong now. Beware how you presume upon your strength. There are storms in the future. You are to be railed at by saucy voices from yonder tribune, and saucier tongues in the Parisian press. You are to meet with shocks,—nay, with reverses; and there is *one* defeat awaiting you, that shall make you start in yonder ministerial seat, and shall half snatch the portfolio from your hand.

V.

THE DISJUNCTION BILL—LAMARTINE'S FALL.

WHAT has the French Chamber of Deputies done this winter? What measures has it adopted? What projects has it rejected? Of what opinions, and sentiments, and passions has it been the theatre? Its movements are watched with joy or dread, throughout all Europe. There cannot be a more central speaker to the Old World, than an orator in its Tribune.

The reaction of the Chamber after its great debate upon the Address to the King, was like that of a strong and excitable man, after some mighty effort. For four days, there was a discontinuance of its sessions. On the fifth, it assembled. The President announced that all who intended to speak upon the Bill respecting Municipal Attributions, must, as usual, enroll their names at the proper bureau. Communications were made by their respective ministers, on the subjects of war, commerce, and the marine. Committees were appointed to examine several *projets* of laws presented by the government, and, as usual, to report thereon. The Chamber adjourned.

Until February 11th, the Chamber was engaged in discussing the bill of municipal attributions. Its object was to newly regulate the Communes. The dis-

cussion was dry enough, and half the time, a quorum of members could not be counted present. The features of this bill I need not transcribe, nor the remarks which they gave rise to. The regulations introduced, and ultimately voted, will much ameliorate the civil and municipal administration of the Communes. While this uninteresting bill was lazily creeping on, a petition was read to the Chambers, by M. de Tracy, from certain refugee Poles. They were exiled noblemen, not needing pecuniary aid. They petitioned in favor of their needy countrymen, who were receiving such aid from the French government. A reduction of that aid had just been suddenly made. The petition represented the hardships of such *sudden* reduction, asking a postponement thereof for one year, with many words about the noble hospitality of France. A report was made upon the petition, which after some discussion, was referred to the Minister of the Interior. From this discussion, I learn that the present policy of France towards political exiles, is generous in a high degree. In the budget of 1837, a sum of two million five hundred thousand francs, is voted for their assistance. In the course of the last six years, this government has expended for them, the extraordinary amount of *nineteen million* five hundred and fifty-four thousand francs. Their number in the kingdom at this time, is six thousand four hundred and sixty; whereof two are Hanoverians; six hundred and eighty are Spaniards; six hundred and twenty-seven are Italians, and five thousand one hundred and fifty-one are

Poles. By a law of 1832, none of them, with a few exceptions, are permitted to enter the capital, or either of the seven large cities of the kingdom. Without special permission of government, they cannot change their residence, and on slight suspicion, may, by the police, be transported out of the territory. Most of them are engaged in profitable occupations, and it is the wish of government, that, as fast as possible, they amalgamate with the French people. The assistance now each year granted, is to cease through gradual reductions. The debate was conducted in a manly style, without any whimpering about fallen Poland, or palaver in the way of national generosity.

One day's debate was sufficient for the law which authorized an extra expenditure of one hundred and sixty thousand francs, for the fortification of custom houses on the frontiers of the Pyrenees. Next came, on the 20th of February, a debate on the *projet* of a law respecting Savings Banks. It was a measure of administration, merely. It met with loud opposition at the tribune, but was carried by a majority of ninety-four voices. As in *all* French legislation, the *projet* of the law originated with the ministry. From their hands, it passed into a committee of eight or ten deputies, who reported thereon to the Chamber. The debate was first, general on the whole bill. Then came the discussion of each article. The vote was first taken upon each article, by *rising and sitting*, and finally by *ballot*, on the whole bill.

On February 23d, commenced the debate on a bill

respecting the national guard of the department of the Seine. Its reporter was Mr. Jacqueminot. The two main objects of the bill were these :—to compel the *enlistment* into that body, by fine, and by an imprisonment of from five days to one year, of individuals, who by certain pretexts, had thus far succeeded in eluding its duties and burdens, and also to make a *uniform* imperative upon every member of that citizen-soldier corps. As is its custom, the Journal des Debats had, by powerful articles, early prepared the public and the Chamber for the *projet*. When it appeared in that Chamber, the opposition arose strong. Its provisions were pronounced onerous, unequal, intolerable. Out of the Chamber, the vast opposition press seized upon it with gloveless hands. Many of the Journals went so far as to denounce the institution of the National Guard itself. The Journal des Debats and the Paix, in their accustomed style, took up every objection, even the smallest, and refuted it with ability. The discussion elicited all public opinion with regard to this semi-military establishment. The vast majority of that opinion relies still upon that establishment, as one true guardian of the throne, and the only guaranty of public order. The bill passed into a law, by a majority of one hundred and nineteen votes.

As Saturdays are generally set apart for the hearing of petitions, on the 25th of February, the Sieur Frederick Bonaparte, announcing himself as bastard son of the Emperor Napoleon, petitioned to be heard respecting certain rights he claimed in France and foreign

countries. His petition was rejected. A petition from certain pastors of the department, Gard, asking for the establishment of a Protestant Faculty of Theology at Paris, was deferred. A petition in Arabic was presented, coming from Tlemcen, Africa. It was from Eiöub-Ben-Hussien-El-Knaznadji, and his two Turkish brothers, Ahmed and Ishmäil. It complained of Marshal Clausel, Governor of Algiers. It began thus:—'Praise to God alone, who alone is worthy of admiration. To the very excellent, the very grand, the very honored magistrate, distinguished by high intelligence and a spirit right, firm and just,—the President of the Chamber of Deputies, residing at Paris, the home of justice and of equity. Greetings to your illustrious person, and splendid dignity. Let infinite salutations, appropriate to your rank and elevated position, be to you addressed, and to all who sit in the compass of your honored Divan, worthy of all veneration and respect. May God remove from you, Seigneur, all evil and all injury, heaping upon you every kind of good, and every subject of joy. The following, with the aid of God, we, who are three in number, have resolved to make known to you.' The petition goes on stating and accumulating instances of extortion, which will doubtless aid to swell the tremendous charges, now being made out against the unfortunate Marshal. It concludes thus:—'Every where your name is pronounced with eulogy. Justice, equity, and strict observance of law, make the basis of your character. In you dwells our hope. In you we place our

confidence, for we are fathers of families and oppressed. Accept now, as before, the greetings due to your illustrious person and dignity. Written at Algiers, on Monday, 8th day of the moon Chewal, 1252. By the hand of Eiöub, son of Hussein-El-Knaznadji. With the authority of his two brothers, who know not how to write.'

On the 28th of February, commenced the great debate on the *projet* of the Law of Disjunction. That *projet* was thus worded:—'The crimes and offences contemplated by the 1st chapter of the 3d book of the Penal Code; by the military laws, and by the laws of 10th April and 24th May, 1834, shall, in case of *participation* or *complicity* therein, by the military *and* individuals belonging to the civil order, be prosecuted and adjudged *separately*. The military, and the persons assimilated to the military, shall be sent before a council of war; the individuals belonging to the civil order, before the ordinary tribunals.' The crimes and offences, above alluded to, are *political*. The great originating motive of the *projet* was, the acquitment by the Strasburg Jury, of the civil and military participators in the insurrection of last October, headed by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. That unprecedented acquittal was a blow struck at the ministry. It shook their confidence in the integrity and capacity of juries, so far as politico-military culprits are concerned. This *projet* was designed to prevent a similar outrage upon common sense and public justice. Its discussion, continuing seven days, aroused all the political pas-

sions of France. The Chambers, the press, the cafés, the salons, the foyers, all were in the excitement of hope, or fear, or indignation. Will that *projet* pass into a law? If so, political progress has ceased; the age has even gone back;—if not, the ministry must retire.

First came Mr. Salvandy's long report, sustaining the *projet*, for reasons of great necessity, and maintaining its constitutionality. The debate was then opened by Dupin, President of the Chamber. He spoke an hour against the *projet*. He treated the subject, as the profoundest lawyer in the kingdom ought to have treated it. His compact and serried arguments, there was no breaking through. His speech contains the germs of every great objection to the bill. He declared himself deeply agitated, before the *projet* of that law. It seemed to him, threatening the fall of judicial reason, to bring about the change, not of a secondary rule, but of a fundamental principle, a principle ingrained with the essence of things. He gave the distinctions between *indivisibility* and *connexity*, technical words that were to figure largely in the debate. He went back all over the past history of France, and showed, that in all times, however widely distinguished might have been the classes of society, the principle of *indivisibility* in criminal procedure,—that is, the principle of never dividing the means of conviction and the means of defence of those accused of the same crime,—had been acknowledged and applied. It remained for the nine-

teenth century to witness an attempt to violate it. He saw no reason for change in the established legislation of the past. He combated the doctrine that the military were the natural judges of military offenders, and a jury the natural judges of civil. He maintained that councils of war were not safe tribunals for interpreting, and applying the nice principles of a civil, or penal code. He had every confidence in a jury. A jury was the country,—the *pays*. The acquitment at Strasburg was an extraordinary case. It was perhaps a scandal. But it had resulted from an application of this very principle of *Disjunction*. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had, by the government, been *disjoined* from his accomplices. The government had exiled him, without trial, to America. The jury had found his accomplices innocent. Had the head and subordinate members of that conspiracy, been brought before the *same* tribunal, the result would have been different. The Government felt that the arraignment before a jury, of one in whose veins ran the blood of Napoleon, would have been an outrage upon the memory of that great man, and a shock to the present feelings of the nation. The *projet* of this law was based on two suppositions equally false:—first, that all juries would conduct, as had conducted that at Strasburg; second, that a French jury, judging military and civil offenders, would not convict the former, preferring rather disorder in the army, and its consequences to merchants and shop-keepers. He went on multiplying arguments and instances, to prove that such dis-

trust of a jury was unwarrantable. He then showed the hazards of *divisibility* in procedure. He stated the embarrassments, the doubts, the hesitations, the ambiguities it would give rise to. Suppose four merchants and two soldiers, accused of plotting against the surety of the State. The former are tried by a jury, the latter by a council of war. If those be acquitted, and these condemned,—what suspicion in public opinion against the jury! If these be condemned and those acquitted,—what an exciting argument is furnished to malecontents against councils of war! He declared that the present bill tended to uncitizenzie the soldier; and here he read an authority from Napoleon, declaring justice to be uniform in France, and that a Frenchman is a citizen ere he is a soldier. He reminded the Chamber, that the Charter of 1830 had guarantied a jury to those accused of political offences. He spoke again of councils of war, efficient in one sphere, the preserving of discipline in the army; but inefficient and dangerous in this other, of applying the penal code, and judging of political offenders. He said he had had some experience before councils of war. The accused, however firm, however brave, however accustomed to look death in the face, still trembled before them. In this connexion, though not as an illustration, he happened to introduce the name of Marshal Ney, whose defender he had been, and whose memory, by the family, had been given him in charge to protect. The nephew of the Marshal, M. De L'Espee, here arose, and in much excitement, demanded if the

speaker intended to insinuate that Marshal Ney had flinched before his judges. Dupin made the proper exculpatory explanations, but the confusion of the Chamber, and the agitation of De L'Espee, grew intensely French and rather terrible. Silence having been restored, the president went on, amassing reasons and reasonings, and motives on motives, for the rejection of the bill, with a luminousness and condensed power, which, at this tribune, I have never known equalled. All arguments in favor of the *projet*, were, in their due time, marshalled forth. Mr. Parant, general advocate before the Court of Cassation, attacked every position of Mr. Dupin. He opposed *indivisibility* and *connexity* of procedure, with most masculine and lawyer-like ability. He declared the acquitment of that Strasburg jury, scandalous in the extreme, adding that such scandal could not again be risked. 'What,' interrupted one, 'an avocat-général attack the supreme decision of a jury!' Other orators now crowded in. Feeling and language grew *violent*, even in the French sense of that word, and so closed the second day of the debate.

The third day was distinguished as that on which Alphonse Lamartine, the admirable poet, and accomplished scholar, *fell*. I say he *fell*, because on that day he went over and down to ministerial ranks; because he committed egregious blunders in a discussion for which he was, and for which, very maladroitly, he *declared himself*, incompetent; because in his course, he astounded and mortified the great majority of his

friends, and because, the day after his speech, the Journal des Debats came forth in an apology for his blunders, qualifying them as merely deficiencies in tact. His disgrace on that occasion was one mournful commentary on the miserable French pedantry, which sends poets, and chemists, and merely literary men, into the sphere of legislation; as if their own peculiar spheres were not broad and glorious enough; as if nature, and the influences which have made them what they are, had not very imperfectly formed them for what they should never strive to be. M. Lamartine, announcing himself *for* the bill, declared that he knew nothing of the words, *indivisibility* and *connexity*. He had never before heard of them. No wonder he had never before heard of them. While the great leaders in the debate had been mastering the facts and relations which those words comprehend, Alphonse Lamartine had been inditing sweet verses for his recent episode of *Jocelyn*. Throughout his speech, he was interrupted times without number. Now voices would growl, and hands be tossed up, in the *gauche*. Then murmurings would be heard among the supporters of the ministry, and then again prolonged laughter would go around the entire assembly. The loud burst at the extreme left, degenerated into spasmodic jerkings of muscle as it crossed the centre, and finally disappeared among the legitimatists, in dreary smiles. The speaker was extremely inaccurate in his fact-statements. Members were continually setting him right. 'You have not comprehended the law,' said

Odillon Barrot. 'That is not so,' said Mr. Thiers. 'The army has three hundred thousand, *not* five hundred thousand men,' interrupted another. 'Very good poetry that, but miserable logic,' said a voice in the Extreme Gauche, and then there was another laugh. One great blunder of Lamartine was to represent the law as merely temporary; as a law of exception and of circumstance. 'I say, however, that I do not consider the law as perpetual and permanent. I consider it as a temporary measure, a sort of *coup d'état législatif*,'—here the speaker was interrupted by laughter on the left. 'Very well,' said Barrot; 'you give the law its veritable name.' 'You brand it in advance,' said another, 'the epithet shall remain.' This idea of Lamartine was in flat opposition to that of the originators of the bill. The Journal des Debats frankly confessed, and half denounced this error of the speaker. Before descending from the tribune, he said; 'Believe me, gentlemen, the ground is not yet strong. The dull noises of revolution are still audible in Europe. I know not what the future is preparing for our glorious and unhappy country. The destiny of nations is in God's hand. But what I do know is, that the country dreads all revolutions by violence. Yes, it asks for legislative reforms. It demands a second Constituent Assembly, placing itself at the end of our revolutions to close them up, as the first Assembly was at their beginning to open them. (Great sensation). I prefer, a thousand times, the revolutions of anarchy to the revolutions of the barracks. Yes, in

anarchy, in popular movements,'—here Mr. Arago interrupted, saying, 'popular movements and anarchy are different; tell us at least the difference.' Another member of the opposition observed, 'after his eulogy on privileges, military commissioners, and absolutism, nothing is wanting but his panegyric of anarchy.' 'Let me explain my thought,' said Lamartine; 'how can I do it amidst such a tumult of apostrophes?' 'Order, order,' shouted twenty voices, and Lamartine explained his thought, and took his seat. An orator immediately mounted the tribune and said, 'however great may be my respect for a beautiful character, and for immense talents, I still feel myself permitted to consider the *apology* you have just heard for the *projet* before you, as one of the rudest attacks that could possibly be made upon it.'—('Bravo, bravo,' from the *gauche*). The opposition press spoke next day of the politician, the legislator, and the poet, not with their wonted remorselessness of denunciation; rather with regretful sadness. They beheld Lamartine's political blunders, through his poetical fame. They half pardoned the one, for they, and indeed all France, had been illustrated by the other.

On the fourth day, the bill was defended by Persil, Minister of Justice, and attacked by Mr. Hennequin. The minister went on to give additional reasons why the law proposed was necessary, nay indispensable; why it wounded no constitutional institution, no principle of law; and he maintained that government would have failed in duty, had they failed to bring it for-

ward. He showed the absurdity of the present state of things, wherein, if one or several of the military, committed a political crime, they were judged by the *special* laws recognised by a council of war, whereas if they associated with themselves the meanest citizen, they were sure of a trial before the popular tribunal of a jury. M. Persil produced a wide sensation, when very unexpectedly, he announced that it was in contemplation to bring forward some new laws for the safety of the Royal Person. M. Hennequin attacked the minister's positions. Indeed, he assailed all the ministry. 'You are ever speaking of the Constituent Assembly,' said he, turning towards the ministerial benches. 'Ah, gentlemen, what would say your fathers of '89, if they beheld you and your children, trampling under foot all the great principles which they established and consecrated. Consult better the palpitations of the national heart, and you will cease to wrong the spirit with which it is now animated.' The discussion was continued on the subsequent day by M. Martin, Minister of Commerce, *for* the law, and M. Chaix-d'Est-Ange, *against* it. On this occasion, was the *debut* of the last named speaker. His speech was pronounced a magnificent improvisation, and brought from even his enemies a confession, that for him was opening a future of success and fame. The Minister of Commerce spoke with energy and adroitness, and the triumphs of this day, as of the preceding, were claimed by the ministry. On the sixth, M. Berryer denounced the *projet*, amidst unparalleled

interruptions. M. Salvandy, its able reporter, summed up all objections, judicial and political, in the immense discussion, nullifying them as he could. On the seventh and last day, the discussion was miscellaneous, and half conversational. One member read a speech, to which the Chamber listened not. Many amendments were brought forward, and pushed back again. At length the moment arrived for proceeding to the *scrutin*, or ballot upon the bill. There is no taking of *ayes* and *noes*, in French legislative forms. No Deputy's vote is necessarily made known. One guaranty of political consistency is thus quite neglected. Preparatory to balloting, two urns were placed, one upon the tribune, and another at the President's right hand. The voters ascended the tribune on one side, and securing a white and a black ball each, walked onwards to deposit them, as judgment dictated, in either urn. M. Thiers, as he advanced, held visibly up before all eyes, a ball of black, damning to the bill. The balloting occupied about twenty minutes. The President then proclaimed the result.

Number of voters 420, (marks of astonishment).
Absolute majority, 211.
White balls *for* the *projet*, 209, (profound sensation).
Black balls *against* the *projet*, 211, (tremendous agitation).

'The bill is rejected by a majority of two voices,' announced the President. Acclamations were reiterated throughout the Chamber, of '*vive le roi;*' and voices at the extreme left shouted hoarsely forth, '*vive*

la charte, vive la charte.' Had Bonaparte descended, all bronze as he is, from his brazen column in the Place Vendome, and with bayonets and drums, stalked at this moment into the hemi-cycle of the Chamber, there could have been no more pallid consternation, than that which chased the blood from ministerial visages, at the above terrible announcement. They heard therein a knell, summoning them to the obscurity, and forgetfulness of private life. They had met their first overwhelming defeat. It was as if a dam had been, by sudden miracle, let fall into their headlong stream, whose waters were now surging up and over them. The Bills on the Dotation, and the Appanage; the Bill on Non-Revelation; the Bill on Deportation, and other Schemes, which they had half conjured up to bear, in future, their *Doctrine*-policy onwards into despotism, retired backwards, as spirits of ill, forbidden and rebuked.

'We have been beaten in a great debate,' said Mr. Guizot. 'A measure, indispensable to the safety of the throne, has been by the Chamber, thrust back from among the safeguards of public liberty. Upon that Chamber, I solemnly declare, shall ever hang the responsibility, and God grant that, millstone like, it may not drag you down to the hazards and horrors of revolution. The discipline of the army is enfeebled; the councils of war are discredited, and the outrage of the Strasburg Jury acquitment is sanctioned.' 'We have been victorious in a great conflict,' might have exclaimed the opposition. 'We have sustained the

inviolability of the Charter. We have kept consecrate the institution of the Jury. We have defended the bulwarks of French law, and of right. We have battered back the assailants of fundamental principles. We have proved that, whatever be the spirit of the Cabinet, the liberties of France have still a defender in this Assembly. We have struck a staggering blow at the Doctrinaires. We have confounded Mr. Guizot and his confederates, and at last, thank God, we have begun to drive them forth from their ministerial seats.'

VI.

GUIZOT—ARAGO—LAMARTINE.

'WILL the Ministry retire?'

This was the frequent question of the press and of salons, immediately after its signal defeat on the Disjunction Bill. 'The Ministry will *not* retire,' was the reply. The recent vote was not part of a systematic vote against the Cabinet of September 6th. It was the result of a union of conflicting minorities, upon which no stable ministerial system could ever be based. Therefore will this ministry go on, endowing France, hereafter as heretofore, with beautiful and useful laws. It will develope into action the principles of the charter. It will satisfy every want of the nation. It will devote its heart, and soul and strength, to moral, social, political and physical progress;—and thereupon, it introduced to the Chamber, on the 8th of March, a bill creating an extra fund, for the execution of great public works. The usual report was read by M. Duvergier de Hauranne. It maintained broadly, that it was well to execute great public enterprises in France, and that for such execution, an extraordinary fund was indispensable. It stated that many works were nearly finished; they were the canals and the monuments.

Many others were far from completion; such were the royal roads and the ports. And many were still but *projets;* and these were the railroads. I extract the following passages, as illustrative of the time;—'In fine, each epoch has its mission and its character. The character of the present epoch is, to be pacific and industrial. Its mission is, by labor and education, to develope all those germs of power and riches, which idleness and ignorance have for too long a time neglected. The Government would fail in its duty, did it not place itself at the *head* of this great movement to hasten and direct it.' 'Each Government should bestow a dowry upon the people. That of the present Government shall be, on the one hand, the dissemination of instruction among *all* classes; and on the other, a developement, without example, of public works, in *every part* of the country;—an admirably dowry, Gentlemen, a dowry glorious indeed, and one that prepares for coming generations, a better condition, a life less tormented, and a destiny more happy.' The Report discussed, among other things, the question of how far Government and private companies, ought to participate in these enterprises. In England, the accumulation of wealth in individuals, gave to private associations a power which the great division of property, and the consequent absence of large fortunes, rendered quite impossible in France. And yet the French Government ought to commence, and achieve these works, *only* in cases of absolute necessity.

In the debate, the opposition denounced the bill, as

conferring on Government a monopoly it should not have. Mr. Duchatel sustained it with vigor, and well-based common sense. His speech was one of the most valuable acquisitions to the session. He insisted strongly upon the necessity of governmental interference in such works as the construction of roads, the making navigable of streams, and the improvement of ports. Private associations were not to be confided in for such great enterprises; and from the past industrial history of France, were drawn instances in proof. The United States were frequently brought into the discussion by both parties; by one, as an illustration of the efficiency of private associations; by the other, as proof of the intervention, in great public works, of Government, both National and State. I know of nothing more agreeable to the (shall I say?) *vanity* of an American, than to see that young Republic already transported across the ocean, to act, on many subjects, as teacher to the old world. The time, however, is coming, when *all* her institutions shall here be studied, and devoutly too, as a text-book. After two days' discussion, the bill became a law,—two hundred and eighteen members voting against forty-seven. Out of that vote, the ministry drank confidence; and the country, courage. The former derived therefrom one guaranty of future support, and the latter a proof convincive, that when the Cabinet conceives out measures for ends broad and useful to the country, the Chamber is not, by wretched party zeal, blinded into an opposition. The law is an important one. It

shows some tendencies of the time. It recognises the principle of general, physical amelioration. Its spirit is comprehensive. Its objects are practical and material. One of its first fruits was seen on the following day, in the shape of an appropriation, by the Chamber, of eighty-four millions francs for the completion and reparation of royal routes. France contains eight thousand six hundred and twenty-eight leagues of royal routes, whereof six thousand one hundred and seventy-nine are in perfect condition; one thousand four hundred and sixty-three are in need of repairs; and nine hundred and eighty-six are incomplete. The sum necessary for their entire completion, is one hundred and thirty-five millions of francs. At the present time, Government has the sole right of constructing *royal* routes. Its agents, moreover, superintend the construction of *departmental* routes. The *communal* roads are made and kept in order, by the resources and agents of the departments and the communes.

On the 14th of March, commenced the discussion of a Bill, regulating secondary instruction. It was before the Chamber fourteen days. Liberty of instruction had been promised by the charter. To fulfil that promise, this bill was conceived. By the side of, or rather *under* that vast system of public education, recreated by Napoleon, after its destruction in 1789, and which is now designated by the word *University*, thrive many hundred private teachers. The great object of the bill was to regulate their qualifications, and the conditions under which they might continue

their little establishments. The debate, however, took a wider range. In the course of it, were developed some prevailing ideas, on the great ends and appropriate means of French education. The comprehensive system of the University was attacked, as originated in despotism, as smacking of the middle ages, and as little subserving the wants of the present time. It was defended, as a broad, and uniform, and *established* system, into which modern ideas, through modern legislation, might easily be made to enter. M. Guizot's opening speech, was a master-piece of perspicuity and large views. He insisted upon the necessity of *paternal authority*, coming to the aid of Government in the education of youth. Alas! that authority but imperfectly existed in France, and wide among chiefs of families, was the absence of all just ideas on this important subject. He alluded to the relaxation of morals, and the want of all fixedness in ideas, as other existing obstacles to salutary education. He vindicated the intervention of Government, through the University. He distinguished between those material enterprises which with safety might be trusted to individuals, and those of a moral and intellectual character, whose higher importance, demanded the supervision of higher powers. In speaking of the despotic origin of the University he said :—'You may insert therein liberty. Owe we nothing to Napoleon for having created it? Think you, that you could have created it in the circumstances amidst which we live? It does not reject back the ameliorations which our time makes

necessary. It can nourish the germs of liberty which you may engraft therein, but *never*, I repeat, could you have created it. No one, no assembly, no government has energy sufficient to create so mighty a machine. We inherit to-day, and we profit by, the grand works of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the vices in them, we can make despotism pass out, and liberty enter. It is entering every day; but the grand works remain, and it is right to render gratitude for them to the memory of that Emperor,—that Emperor who, without doubt, was a despot, but one of those despots who leave behind them works for even the times of liberty.' He took the occasion to repel, and that with vigor too, the assaults upon Government, as stationary, retrograde,—a power illiberal. What is *progress?* An acquisition of what we need; the walking in ways to such acquisition. Now what does France need? She needs guarantees of duration; guarantees of stability in all things, for her institutions of liberty, as well as for all the rest. She wants riches,—well-being,—illumination. She wants to be consolidated, to be enlightened, [*éclairée*]. In such things lie progress. Such things should Government direct. The augmentation of general and material well-being,—the augmentation of intellectual and moral well-being,—the consolidation of all acquisitions, and many sure guarantees for French institutions,—such, *such* are the veritable needs of the country. These are wants which it is the duty of Government to supply. Government *will* supply them.

The session of March 23d was distinguished for a discussion, unpeaceful and yet not hostile, by a great *savant*, and a great poet. They contended, each for the objects of his professional sphere. One of the debaters may usually be seen, between Odillon Barrot and Lafitte, on the Extreme Left; the other occupies a lofty seat, near the Extreme Right. Mr. Arago spoke for science; Alphonse Lamartine for ancient letters. How so prolific, and spiritual, and philosophical a debate as this, was generated by so barren an article of the bill as the 17th, I never comprehended. Commenting on this article, Mr. Arago took occasion to denounce the study of Greek and Latin, not in the superior, but in the communal colleges. He would have them displaced by mathematics, and modern languages. He would have Spanish studied at Perpignan, English at Havre, and German at Besançon. 'They tell us,' said he, 'that Greek and Latin should be the principal study in our colleges. What! Racine, Fenelon, Boileau, Corneille Bossuet, Moliere, —the *immortal* Moliere,—are they incapable of forming our intellects and our hearts? There was an illustrious man that knew not Latin. He is buried at St. Helena. Bonaparte, gentlemen, was formed by the reading of French authors. Many of them he knew by heart. One of our greatest poets,—be not startled, I do not allude to Mr. Lamartine, though he deserves that distinction,—knows nothing of Latin, and he tells it to all the world. That poet is Berenger. I might cite you the example of Vauvenargues, Quinault, and

many others. But let us pass to England. Shakspeare, gentlemen, Shakspeare, that immortal genius, had no knowledge of Latin.' He then went on into the praise of scientific studies, which he thought had grown into some strange disfavor at the University. He cited Bacon, Cuvier, Buffon,—the lights of their time. He showed how such studies powerfully subserved material interests. All the Alexandrines in the world, could not extract one particle of coal from the earth. Such studies remove prejudices. Without our progress in astronomy, an astrologer would be figuring in the budget of public functionaries. It is upon progress in the exact sciences, that depends the material and moral perfection of humanity. We have every thing to expect from this progress in machinery, and the application of steam to industry,—that marvellous invention, whereof *a Frenchman*, *Denis Papin*, *was the author!* The fruits will soon appear. And when the sciences shall have accomplished their tasks, some poet,—for poets will still exist,—shall in noble enthusiasm, exclaim, as he speaks of them and their progress:—

'L'astre poursuivant sa carrière,
Verse des torrents de lumière,
Sur ses obscurs blasphémateurs'

'*Très bien, très bien*,' said many voices, and Lamartine mounted into the tribune. On this occasion, the poet acquitted himself eloquently, and with consistency. He agreed with Mr. Arago in many things. He be-

lieved in a certain importance due to scientific, useful, and material studies. He declared that Bacon, and Herschel, and Arago himself, were not merely men of science ; they were grand poets. He agreed with him in the statement, that the present educational system of France was a perfect masquerade of opinions, modes and old religions, applicable to men of another epoch, in other manners, and living under other religious and legislative systems. At the present civilized time, it seemed only fit to produce laughable *quiproquos* of men. He differed from Mr. Arago in this :—he would have scientific study *posterior* to classical study. The heart should be educated first. The heart was educated by awakening the sentiment of the Beautiful, which indeed was none other than the sentiment of the good, the just, the honest. The models of the beautiful, (*le beau*) were to be searched after in antiquity. *Why*, was a mystery to be felt, not explained. Read Sophocles, Homer and the Bible ; behold the Parthenon and the Apollo ; and then question your consciences. He protested against this exclusive tendency to studies practical and industrial. It was a posthumous application of the materialism of the last century. He showed how the study of dead languages, had been common to all times and to all people,—to the Turks as well as to the Romans. He beheld a grand symptom, in this universal *instinct*. The Beautiful, antique as it was, had come down through many generations, unchanged and unchangeable ; and he prayed that the immutability of the past might preside for

ever, not only with all the majesty of time, but in all the majesty of Nature. The Beautiful in literature and the arts, is but the expression of Nature. In proportion then, as Nature is more primitive, and grand, and *naïve*, the more complete will be those arts which express her. Now it is evident that there are certain momentary and fugitive epochs in the life of nations, when these two conditions of the beautiful meet. It is when improving civilization has already produced the art of thinking and writing, and when Nature, still young, still vigorous, still primitive, has freshness and *naïveté* enough to inspire art. Study the history of all nations; you will find the apogee of their literature, at this precise point of their existence. It is there that the *beautiful* is produced, in all its newness, and all its sublimity. It is there that you must seek for models. Now wherein are such models preserved? In those immortal tongues, which you are asked to fling aside. Beware, gentlemen, how here you act. Look fitly to industrial and material education, but above all, preserve and cherish an *intellectual* fraternity, at the opening of life. Preserve the study of those languages, which enclose the treasures of the beautiful. The beautiful is the virtue of the intellect. In suppressing its worship, have a care; for thereby you may suppress the virtue of the heart. 'The soul, the intelligence,' concluded Lamartine, 'is the harmony of all our moral faculties,—that harmony wherein reside conscience and genius,—*Conscience and Genius!*—the only objects which your educational system forgets.

Eh bien, this conscience and genius, what produces them? What developes them? Is it *calcul?* Is it mathematics,—the only science which feels not, thinks not, reasons not? (Here Mr. Arago shrugged his shoulders). No. It is those moral studies, which you are asked to banish into exile among the Inutilities. What then will be the result? You will have a nation of admirable workers, fit to make bridges, and railroads, and tissues, and cottons. But is herein *all* the man? Is man a machine,—a mere tool, fashioned to make money, to produce in a given time, the greatest possible quantity of physical result? Has man no other then a mercantile, an industrial, a terrestrial end? If so, your system of positive instruction is perfect. But forget not, gentlemen, this doctrine degrades human nature. Man has another end, an end more noble, an end more divine, than to move stones about upon this earth. The end of man is Thought, Conscience, Virtue; and the Creator of that human thought divine, will not ask of civilization whether it has formed skilful operatives, useful industrials, and numerous manualists; but rather has it elevated, and ennobled, and aggrandized, and moralized, and dignified this Thought, by giving action to the great faculties which constitute man.'

These ideas of Lamartine were well thrown into that discussion, and that assembly. The tide of opinion is, however, now rushing onwards to the practical. Such ideas, eloquent though they be, are whirled aimlessly about, here and there, upon the eddying

stream. Lamartine and Berryer are respectfully listened to, as representatives of the *have beens*. The latter storms at the tribune, for a dynasty that is no more; the former raises his voice for a dynasty, that many deem to be already of the past. The tomb of Charles X. at Goritz is not darker, or more real, than that whose portals yawn wide in France, for the Greek and Roman Classics. It is not that those models really are neglected; their *spirit*, so interpenetrated with all parts of French literature, is quite giving away. Romanticism is usurping its place.

The subsequent articles of the bill, continued to be discussed. De Tracy attacked the system of imprisonments, as a part of discipline in the Royal Colleges. Mr. Arago attacked the system of *bourses*. In the Royal Colleges at Paris alone, are one hundred and ninety-six bourses, or purses, of a thousand francs each, for the literary education of the poor. Mr. Arago declared that they flooded society with demi-savants. Saint Marc Girardin, the able reporter on the bill, spoke warmly in their favor. In his speech, he happened to use the words, *bourgeoisie* and *classe-moyenne*. The movement in the *gauche* was threatening. 'I beg pardon,' apologized he, 'for having used these terms —terms that can only deceive. I declare that there is no longer a *classe-moyenne* in France. I ask pardon for the exaggeration of my words. Since the revolution of eighty-nine, there has been no *classe-moyenne*, no *bourgeoisie*. We know no such categories, or distinctions. We have only the *Nation*.' The Extreme

Left was delighted with this. A voice exclaimed, 'Very well, you are in the truth;' and Odillon Barrot observed, 'Continue as you are, and remember these words, when the question shall arise of an electoral reform.'

That article of the bill, which proposed equal liberty of instruction, in the secondary *ecclesiastical* schools, or those schools, wherein youth are prepared for the ecclesiastical sphere, brought out Mr. Guizot again in a luminous speech. He exhibited his views on the union of Church and State. He drew his distinction between civil and religious society. He was for their union, in a *certain* degree. The value and dignity of each demanded it. He gave a sketch of the moral and religious condition of France. He deplored the unquietude, the fermentation, the trouble wherein lived so many spirits. He was touched by the unbridled passion for movement, for material well-being, for selfish enjoyment, which every where was visible, and particularly among the inferior classes. While such tumult reigned in the spirit, all external administration was of little avail. There must be religious belief abroad in the nation's heart; and here Saint Marc Girardin interjected that he believed it *was* fast spreading. He thought the tide was now upon the turn. 'I thank God,' said he, 'that religious beliefs, far from being now abandoned, are resorted to with impatience and curious interest. I see our youth in the disorders of the age, seeking what to seize hold upon, and asking of the faith of their fathers, if it still have any life and health to be-

queath to them. If I have any hope, in the midst of the words of despair which echo around us, it is, that religion is soon to return into the present state of things. Mark it well, gentlemen, religion must soon prevail, or France will perish utterly.'

After these various discussions, the bill, guaranteeing and regulating liberty of instruction, passed into a law. Like all privileges granted by the Charter, it is, as it ought to be, surrounded with conditions. The character of those conditions determines the value of that privilege. Through them, you may see a portion of the liberty of the time. The law contains twenty-eight articles of regulatory and restrictive provisions. It gives to every Frenchman, of the age of twenty-five years, permission to form and direct an establishment for secondary instruction, on his delivering to the rector of the Academy in the *locale* of his intended establishment, a certificate of capacity, a certificate of morality, a programme of his course of studies and interior regulation, and a plan of the vicinity wherein his establishment is to be carried on. This *plan* must be approved by the mayor of that commune, which approval can be refused only for reasons of convenience, or salubrity. The certificate of *morality* must be from the mayor of the commune, wherein the applicant has for three years resided, delivered on said mayor's responsibility, with the attestation of three municipal counsellors. The certificate of *capacity* must be from a committee, composed of said rector of the academy ; the president of the royal court of that

academy's vicinity, or in his default, the president of the civil tribunal; the mayor of the town; a minister of one of the religions recognised by the State, designated by the minister of public instruction; and of four persons, selected likewise by this minister, from among the magistrates and notable citizens, or the professors, or superior functionaries of public instruction. I give the essential features of the law. I trust that through them, you may see what spirit of free instruction, is deemed in harmony with the spirit and institutions of the revolution of 1830. Compare and contrast it with what exists in the United States. In so doing, remember however, that the free establishments for secondary instruction in this kingdom, are altogether independent of that general system of public education, which is under governmental inspection, and which exists under the designation of 'University of France.'

VII.

FRENCH RADICALISM IN 1837.

ALTHOUGH Catholicism be the religion of a majority of the French people, the power of the Romish Church is insignificant in France. Although monarchy be the form of government under which Frenchmen live, it is to be sustained without the aid of certain endowments, which have been deemed essential to all French monarchies in the past. These statements, I think, are illustrated by some recent proceedings and expressions of opinion, with respect to the archbishop of Paris, and the proposed appanage of the Duc de Nemours.

On the 23d of February last, the Minister of Finances introduced to the Chamber of Deputies a bill, with a single article, thus worded :—'Cession is made to the city of Paris of the site, which the buildings, court and garden, of the ancient archiepiscopal palace occupied.' Those buildings, you are aware, were destroyed, February 1831, in a popular tumult excited by certain manifested political predilections of the archbishop himself. The effect of the cession was ultimately, to convert that present barren site, near Notre Dame, into a public promenade. On the 10th of March, Hyacinthe Louis de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, publicly protested against that projected cession.

It would effect an alienation, whereunto the archbishop might not silently lend himself. The metropolitan chapter adhered to, and sustained this protest. It was published in the Gazette de France, the Quotidienne, the Journal Général de France, and had the hearty approval of those legitimatist organs. On the 23d of March, Louis Philippe, after deliberation in Council of State, publicly decreed that by such protest, the archbishop had committed an excess and usurpation of power, and had contravened the laws of the realm; that there was error in the declaration of adhesion by the metropolitan chapter; and that said protest and declaration were, and should hereafter ever be, *suppressed*. On the 29th of March, the Bill of Cession was, in the Chamber of Deputies, without debate, voted into a law, by a majority of two hundred and twenty-nine to twenty-five, and great thereat was the astonishment of the Chamber. On the 20th of May, was laid before the Peers, the half-enacted law, who after much discussion and recalling of bitter remembrances, gave to it their sanction. The opposition in the Chamber of Peers, was moderated by an opening, three days before this discussion, of the doors of St. Germain l'Auxerrois,—doors which, since the popular pillage of that church in 1831, had by the Government, been closed. These are *the facts*. Out of them grew discussions, and expressions of opinion in the press. The archbishop had his defenders in the legitimatist periodicals. He was attacked by the governmental press, and by all varieties of the opposition. The whole

public feeling was awakened. The discussions were any thing but salutary to religion, and the archbishop himself was railed at without mercy. He seemed to have forgotten that, within the last fifty years, two great revolutions had taken place in France. He seemed to have forgotten, that all property denominated ecclesiastical, was the property of the State. He had forgotten the famous vote of September 2d, 1789. He had protested against the State's appropriating that which was its own. The consequences of that protest taught him a severe, and an important lesson. They taught him,—what he seemed not to know,—the very subordinate position of the French Catholic Church, with respect to the French Government. The time is past in France, when the voices of priests were powerful outside their pulpits. The Chamber of Deputies and Peers, and the King, will do what they please with so-called ecclesiastical property. The highest church dignitary in the kingdom has raised himself in protestations, and he has been beaten back, and battered down into a sense of humiliating powerlessness. The State in silencing the voice of the archbishop, still opens that church, upon whose doors have been its seals for six years. Such is a part in the system of that conciliatory spirit, which prompted the pardon of Meunier, and the recently promulgated Amnesty. Such is one proffered consolation for a popular outrage, mainly provoked by the archbishop himself. The Government would fain remove all grief-awakening memorials. The dilapidated towers and rent

portals of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, recall one passionate outbreak of public feeling. Those towers and portals are to be renovated. I doubt not that some such worthy motives originate the act, and yet there are those who attribute it much to love of gothic art, which would preserve this illustration of the middle ages, as it is now restoring, among other buildings, the ancient chapel of St. Louis.

On March 10th, was introduced to the Deputies, a bill for endowing the Queen of the Belgians. By the marriage contract of July 1832, one million of francs was stipulated as dowry for the daughter of the French King, with an annual appropriation of three hundred thousand francs, in case of widowhood. Great was the opposition to that endowment. It was based upon a law of March 2d, 1832, which provides, that in case of *insufficiency of private domain*, the endowments of the younger sons of the king, and of the princesses, were to be regulated by special laws. The opposition declared that Louis Philippe,—the wealthiest monarch in Europe,—possessed said *sufficiency* of private domain. It was on this occasion that the Chiarivari, a wholly opposition and half legitimatist paper, came out with its pungent article headed :—'One million, if you please?' 'Un million, s'il vous plait.' Selecting for caption, that law which punishes public beggars, it went on striving to bring the Government within its penalties. For that article was it arraigned before the Cour d'Assises, and for the triumph of opposition, and to the astonishment of many disinterested spectators, it was acquitted. The bill was ultimately passed.

A bill for endowing the Duke of Nemours, second son of the king, was introduced by Count Molé, and as usual committed for report. While in that committee, came forth public opinion with respect to it. The bill proposed to confer upon the Duc de Nemours, under the title of Appanage, the domain of Rambouillet and the forests of Sénonche, Château-neuf, and Montécaut. Their annual revenue was, by the minister, estimated at four hundred and seventy thousand francs. Such endowment was declared to be conformable with the traditions of the antique monarchy, and the spirit of modern French Institutions. By nearly every opposition journal, was that endowment attacked. It was, of course, defended by the ministerial press. The legitimatists watched the contest from afar. Said the Journal des Debats ;—' Laws of dotation are indispensable to the Royal Establishment ; they are in the very essence and root of monarchical government. Dynasties are apart from the nation, to represent the nation, to be supported by the nation ; the sons of the king are part of this dynasty. They must be supported.' The journal maintained, in many powerful articles, that the private domain was insufficient, and that the contemplated endowment of the duke, was not too great for one so near the throne. Appanages had been respected in all past times ; they had survived the destroying night of August 4th, 1789 ; they were not now to be swept away. The law was odious to the opposition, because it tended to strengthen and dignify the throne. The opposition assailed it with might and wit, insisting upon the sufficiency of private domain.

Among all expressions of opinion with respect to this appanage, I know of none which produced a wider sensation, than that of M. de Cormenin, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, the author of celebrated letters, on the civil list in 1832; a political writer, pronounced by Armand Carrel, the most rich, and various, and piquant and popular of the time; a man now detested by the ministry, as representing the lowest and wretchedest Radicalism. When recently discussing that law endowing the Queen of the Belgians, Count Molé, alluding in the tribune to this gentleman, observed:—'the honorable member, I should say, the member'—here arose violent interruptions;—'yes, gentlemen, I persist in saying, *the member;*'—new clamors,—and a voice in the gauche exclaimed, 'you should at least be civil when asking for money.' The fact is, De Cormenin's pamphlet entitled, 'Letters upon the Appanage of the Duke of Nemours,' which, in two months, has passed through fifteen editions, struck the deadliest blow at that *projet* of the ministry. Their hatred burst forth into personalities. The pamphlet can be read in an hour, and as it illustrates something of what is permitted to the press, as well as whitherward tend certain opinions of the time, I trust a little acquaintance with it may not be uninteresting.

De Cormenin begins by informing the young Duke,—who, by the way, is a handsome youth, and may be seen, every other night, in white hair and white kids, at the Grand Opera,—that he hardly knows how to commence the discourse which he is very sorry to be com-

pelled to let off at him, on the subject of his appanage; for hereabouts walking, is a freethinker momently in danger of traps, snares, and flaming firebrands. Ah! could he but have lived in the times of Massillon, Mably, Montesquieu, or of Voltaire and Rousseau, *then* might he have discoursed upon the luxury, the vices, the hardness of heart, the pride and avarice of the great; upon the love of equality, contempt of riches, our duties to the poor, and other like themes. But while such dissertations were permitted under an absolute monarchy, they are hardly so now, though from the summit of the barricades, we with a loud voice, have proclaimed the liberty of the press. He then goes on to expose this miscalled liberty, and says:—'We are simply *here; Malheur* to those who defend the liberties of the people, *malheur!* For them, the anathemas of the Camarilla; for them, the calumnies of the only good press; for them, the persecutions of the ministry; for them, are fines, and confiscations, and the living sepulchres of Salazie.'

He then looks into the eleven grave considerations, or arguments, of ministers. We need hardly follow him through them all. In many of them is a freedom of thought, which, considering that it has been published fifteen times without interruption, rather gives the lie to his previous statement about want of liberty in the French press. In treating the second consideration, are much neatness and vigor. 'The ministers, Monseigneur, invoke for you, the traditions of the ancient monarchy. Of what monarchy do they speak?

Of the monarchy of our fathers? And pray what relation is there between absolute royalty, and constitutional royalty?—between the king of *gentilshommes* and the king of *le bourgeois*?—between pompous Versailles and modest Neuilly?—between Louis XIV. and Louis Philippe? But perhaps they mean the monarchy of Charles X. And if we are to imitate Charles X., why have we chased him from the throne? I am grieved to tell you, Monseigneur, your supporters of the appanage, know nothing about the subject. No, they comprehend it not. They do not perceive that there is no common feature between your predecessors and you; that between them and you are mountains, oceans, impassable abysms, boundless and bottomless; that all *their* force, that all *their* éclat came from legitimacy, and the consecration of holy bubbles; that all *your* force, and all *your* éclat can but come from the usurpation and the consecration of the people. Born of a revolution in a tempestuous day, you can ripen in no other than *its* sun. For you there is nothing but *that*. You are, as a dynasty, younger than any of us; nay younger than yourself. You may have descendants, but you have no ancestry. You date only from July. You are but six years old. For you, the eight centuries of the antique monarchy are, and ought to be, as if they were not.' Really, M. De Cormenin has here stated some plain truths in most significant style. It is not altogether unrefreshing to look over such passages. Mirabeau himself could not have worded the idea better. Nay, there is a sort of

Mirabeauism imprinted upon the whole letter; and if Count Molé, in his petty malice, refused to its author the designation of *honorable*, it certainly could not have been because he deemed him lacking in pith.

As it is not uninteresting to hear how a French Radical, under the new Revolution, can speak, let us listen. 'Your ministers at the Tuileries, Monseigneur, will ask, "what is the meaning of all this morose and clamorous opposition? Why make so much noise about so small an affair?" What mean *you*, then, I ask, by small affairs? Alas, they are big with abuse; and moreover, they are irreparable. As for your laws of confiscation, intimidation, extirpation, deportation, and non-revelation,—you, Ministers, know as well as I, they will not survive you. But your little laws of family,—for them the future, and *what* a future!' Proceeding thereafter to illustrate the influence of the law, in accumulating property and aggrandizing persons, he asks:—'Is there nothing in this double future threatening to liberty? Is that the equality promised by July? Can one call by the name of *little* laws, those laws which tend to centre in a single house the exercise of sovereignty, the inheritance of the empire, the possession of great appanages, the enjoyment of all the honors, all the privileges, all the riches, all the avenues to power, with the investment of authorities, and highest places in the state? Yes, Monseigneur, fitly have these laws been named *family laws*, for when executed, there will be, neither in a political nor vulgar acceptation, but one family in France, and that family will be yours.'

You perceive that sometimes our Radical drives directly at the prince; then again aiming at the prince, he strikes the ministry; and still again, with his broad scythe, he almost cuts into the whole Orleans family. This seems to be a rather gloveless mode of handling one, whom you would pronounce at first, and even at second sight, a very harmless young man. Whatever he may have said, at the beginning of his letter, about free speaking in past dynasties, I doubt not that had he published the foregoing sentences in the days of *lettres-de-cachet*, he would at their close, have found himself quite unable to commence the next; a sentence, indeed, not uncomplimentary. 'Monseigneur, it is a beautiful and a rich spectacle, to behold your radiant fortune superior to the vicissitudes of time and the decay of empires; traversing the absolute monarchy of Louis XIV., the constitutional royalty of Louis XVI., the storms of the republic, the restoration of Louis XVIII., the government of Charles X., and the revolution of July; holding a golden sceptre in its hand, and crowned with a triple band of pearls and diamonds.'

Our Radical now descends to figures, and he so marshals them, as to prove that the income of Monseigneur's family is twenty-five millions of francs,—an enormous sum, and quite too much to be safely in the hands of one, though that one be a prince. Showing how this fortune came to them originally from the nation, he exhorts Nemours thus:—'Confess, Monseigneur, that this is a very noble, a very generous

nation, this nation of Frenchmen, and that your family owes to it acknowledgments without bounds.' But our Radical now boldly attacks Monseigneur's *right* to the appanage,—apanage, or *a-pennage*, derived from *a pennis*, 'which is,' says Loysel naïvely, 'to give wings to the young seigneurs, going away from their parents' nest, so that they may fly.' He shows that expiring kings *formerly* gave away parts of the State in appanage; but times had a little changed. 'France,' says he, 'is no longer to be dismembered. She is no longer to be given away to kings' sons; she is one and indivisible, like the sovereignty of the people. Monarchs on their death-beds are but men, who expire and go down to the dust whence they came, without the power of giving away a village clock,—they who once might distribute duchies and kingdoms.' He then shows that appanages are feudal, and that feudalities are abolished; that they are of the *majorats*, and majorats are forbidden; that they are of indefinite entails, and such entails are prohibited. We need not follow our Radical through his proofs of *sufficiency in private domain*. Let us only hear him speak of how might be appropriated, the proceeds of a public sale of the proposed appanage,—proceeds which he shows would amount to forty millions of francs.

And here I wish to recall to my radical reader, that if he have travelled in France, he has doubtless visited the low places and the high ones; he has seen the abodes of millions in poverty, and some palaces of the few in power; he has been among the wretched fau-

bourgs of Paris and over its Tuileries ; he has tried to measure the wide chasms which yawn between an occasional residence of some royal prince, and the constant hovels of multitudes who pine and toil to support him. And I doubt not he has been at Rambouillet and Fontainebleau ; through the solitary splendor of St. Cloud, and the large magnificence of Versailles. And walking in meditation among the fountains and gilded chambers of the latter, I doubt not queries have entered his thought, as to what was actually indispensable in the regal establishment of the present dynasty, and what, originated for the gratification of other ideas, might, with the decay of those ideas, be permitted to cease. When peace shall have become the practised principle of the world, the millions of men now wasted in war, may be emancipated into useful spheres, and for the substantial advancement of society. When economy *has* become the professed principle of a nation ; when that nation deems its government established only for itself ; when there is continual speech about the sovereignty of the people ; when the magnificent luxury of Louis XVI. is remembered only to be condemned ; when France in politics, detaches herself as much as possible from the past ;—in such a state of fact and feeling, I say the question may well arise, not only in your radical, but likewise in your conservative, whether certain wealth of the State, now lying half-dead at this or that occasional royal residence, might not, in compatibility with the comfort and dignity of the crown, and the

glory of the general people, be thence taken and converted into some other form,—a form at once glorious to sovereign and subject; not subtracting from the true splendor of the former, and adding much to the happiness of the latter. De Cormenin has some pithy ideas upon this subject, and his hints to young Nemours are condensed into such neat formulas, that I cannot forbear extracting them. 'Now, if you will permit me, Monseigneur, I think I can aid you in handsomely employing these forty millions, and can quite respond to that prodigality of character, that chivalrous generosity, and those grand sentiments which have ever distinguished the heroes of your race. With this forty millions from Rambouillet, you might give popular libraries, to thirty-eight thousand communes of France. You might establish twelve thousand *écoles de couture*, for the poor women in the country. You might furnish means of support to ten thousand asylums for little children. You might open, in three hundred and fifty villages, refuges for the aged of both sexes. You might prevent from dying by hunger, during two months of winter, thirty thousand operatives without work. You might establish in the country, five thousand schools for girls. You might furnish, for five years, a pension of one hundred francs to five thousand wounded, crippled, or infirm soldiers. You might endow two hundred and fifty professors in the sciences, arts, mechanics, history, morals, philosophy, design, agriculture, geometry, and their application, who would disseminate their

lessons gratuitously into all parts, the most uninformed and the most populous of France. I know not whether such an employ of the forty millions, would be more monarchical than the establishment of an ostentatious appanage, but I think it would be a little more useful, and a little more national. With these forty millions from Rambouillet, loaned to substantial and intelligent companies, France might be covered with canals, and *canalized* rivers; with bridges, fountains, ports, roads, and railroads; activity might be given to multitudes of laborers, and four hundred millions of *works* would be the result. With these forty millions from Rambouillet, the ruins of Huningue might be restored, and a bulwark raised against an enemy,—a bulwark, Monseigneur, which you might defend against the Austrians or Prussians, for which you are wondrously well adapted. With these forty millions from Rambouillet, we might assist our artisans in their transportation of peaceful influences into Africa,—instruments and good methods of agriculture; perfected means of industry; the politeness of our manners, and the goods of civilization. Thus might the south of France be enriched, the charges of the treasury be diminished, and surely, such course would be more worthy and more humane than *extorting* from the Arabs, burning their houses, cutting off their heads, and showing ourselves as barbarous as even the barbarians. In fine, Monseigneur, should a war arise that interested *indeed* the dignity of France,—that is to say, a war against the sovereignty of the people;—with

the forty millions from Rambouillet, might, for a year be sustained, an army of fifty thousand men, an army in whose ranks you might appear with honor, and find opportunities to exhibit your gratitude to the nation which has so much enriched your father, and which has heaped so many bounties upon your happy house.'

No sooner was the pamphlet, from which the above passages are taken, published, than out came a pamphlet entitled '*La Liste civile Dévoilée*,' disproving it quite, and railing at our radical in good tempestuous terms. But De Cormenin, nowise intimidated, still replied with vigor, and in a freedom which, had not the ministry been lately foiled in several prosecutions, would have certainly arraigned him before the Cour d'Assises.

The 15th of April witnessed the retirement of Mr. Guizot, the formation of a new ministry, and an announcement to the Chamber of Deputies, that the Appanage Bill had been withdrawn. Great was the rejoicing in the Chamber, and the press, at that announced withdrawal. The opposition journals hailed it as the triumph of public opinion, and one good omen for constitutional monarchy. The old ministerial organs regretted, that the bill had not *at once* been brought before the Chamber and voted, ere party discussion had so blinded public opinion and led it astray. They seemed to have quite forgotten, that where truth is left free to battle with falsehood, right with wrong, the chances of success are vastly in favor of the former.

VIII.

THE PARISIAN STAGE.

Civilization is a rather complex word. When applied to large political communities, its elements are not easily estimated. France claims to be the most civilized of modern nations. Where are the evidences of such civilization? I look for them in her agriculture, her commerce, and her manufactures, and I find them not. I look for them in her works of art, her paintings, sculpture, architecture and music; in her government; her social manners; her educational institutions, and the resulting intelligence to the minds of her people; her religious institutions, and the resulting faith to the heart of the nation; in her periodical press, and her imaginative literature. I shall not here declare, how often I have looked for them in vain. There is a class of proofs, yet unmentioned, which should not be neglected;—I mean, her Theatres.

The remark that the Theatre of a nation is its Literature in action, came very happily from the mouth of a French woman. It is, however, about twice too broad for the truth, even in France. A part of her literature may, nevertheless, be read upon the stage. Within that stage, are now circled and condensed

many of the tastes, and feelings, and opinions, and tendencies of the time. I look upon it as one type of the time. I see in Paris twenty-three theatres. They are open every night. Thousands throng into them. I note them, not so much as amusements, as eyes through which one may look down into the soul of Parisian society. As mere amusements, they may soon cease to interest. Considered, however, as exponents; as visible proofs of invisible under-currents; as audible illustrations of unspoken hopes and fears in the French nation's heart;—in short, as types of this transitionary age, they do possess continual interest, and values not easily to be estimated. A celebrated physician has recently published two large volumes on Prostitution in Paris. Read them, if you would briefly know something of moral states in this metropolis. Had Parent Duchatelet published a like number of pictorial volumes, on the Parisian drama of the past winter, he would have furnished a like significant, and impressive proof on this same topic;—Parisian morality.

The stage of Paris teems with as much novelty as its press. Indeed, it *is* the press of those who will not, or who cannot read; and it acts each night, as constantly as does the press, each day. Every week witnesses some new revelations. The month of November last, brought out twenty-seven new pieces; among which were two operas, four dramas, and twenty vaudevilles. In April, 1837, forty authors produced twenty-three new pieces; whereof were fourteen vau-

devilles, eight dramas, and one comedy. In the year 1836, the pens of one hundred and eighty-eight authors, were freshly delivered of two hundred and ninety-six dramatic compositions. In 1835, were produced two hundred and twenty-one pieces, by one hundred and eighty-three authors. In 1834, there were one hundred and eighty-eight new works, by one hundred and forty-eight writers. Thus we perceive an annual increase of theatrical productions. It is however, worthy of remembrance, that while in 1836, those high theatres, the Odeon and the Français, produced, the former three, and the latter seven, dramas; those low theatres, the Pantheon, and the Porte St. Antoine, gave birth, the former to forty, and the latter to thirty-four, *soi-disant* new compositions. What vast intellectual activity, I hear you exclaim, for the accomplishment of such results! And who are the workmen? The present number of writers in Paris for its stage, is estimated at four hundred. Of these the most prolific is Eugine Scribe. His pieces amount to three hundred and fifty, and up to 1833, he had realized for his theatrical compositions, one hundred and forty-eight thousand francs. Rougemont has produced of comedy, tragedy, opera, vaudeville, drama, and melodrama, sixty-four pieces by himself, and one hundred and four as a laborer with others. This intellectual collaboration, this Beaumont and Fletcher copartnership, is here carried into all sorts of extremes. Four and five authors often associate. One contributes plot, another fancy, another music, another

clap-traps, and another merely his name. No writer's name is worth more than Eugine Scribe's. A piece, heralded thereby is generally sure, if not of success, at least of much run. Two stupid writers write a stupid comedy, engage eight or ten applauders (claqueurs), and presenting Scribe five hundred francs, send their piece to the Gaieté, his name linked with theirs as its authors. The piece draws crowds for a while, as ostensibly, it is in part the offspring of a dramatist, the most original and popular of the time.

The very prolific writer of the last year, was Bayard, who revealed himself in twelve pieces. Theaulon wrote eleven; Scribe ten; Paul de Kock nine; Desverges eight; Ancelot seven; and Duvert six. The number of debutants was twenty-two. Many of the celebrated writers are, by contract, secured for single theatres. Bayard now composes for the Variétés alone. But this practice is not universal, and on a single evening, you may read four plays of Scribe announced for representation, at four different theatres of the capital. With regard to the intellectual merit of these dishes, thus hastily cooked up, and as hastily devoured, I remark that it is very unequal. Many of them possess much wit and more waggery, interwoven with plots of exceeding ingenuity. Then there is a large multitude, whose plots are meagre, and whose wit is flat. They lack propriety, substance, character. And yet these French are determined to enjoy them. The wit, wanting in language, is supplied by the actor's wit of countenance, or gesture, or

attitudes. No audience enjoys visible waggery like a French one. Odry, or Gabriel, or Arnal, or little Jenny Vertpré, may say very commonplace things, but in so queer and significant a *manner*, that the silly things are quite lost sight of, in the glow and vivacity of that manner. Lepeintre plays in many ordinary pieces, but Lepeintre's practical wit sustains the pieces, and in this spirit, he is said to have comedy enough in his *fingers*, to supply half the Provinces. Thus are many new dramas tacked to a great artist, whose skill and past reputation, sustain for a time, both actor and the acted. A wretched piece called *Cesar*, is not coughed and whistled down at the Gymnase, because the inimitable Bouffé keeps it up. Madame Ancelot's comedy of *Marie*, would never have seen its fifty-fifth representation, had not Mademoiselle Mars condescended to rescue it from the damnation of an ennuied audience.

Of the two hundred and ninety-six new pieces, which appeared in 1836, two hundred are now forgotten utterly; ninety are fast on their road to forgetfulness, and six stand a chance of surviving, some eight or ten years longer. Those two hundred pieces, however, served their ends. They established, or kept up the notoriety of their authors; they helped to keep up the vogue of their theatres; and they put money into both purses of authors and theatres. They added nothing to the value of French literature.

The reputation of a theatre, is in the hands of its peculiar public. Each theatre, like each café and

restaurant, has its public. The public of the Italian Opera, is quite different from that of the Opéra Comique. The public of the Vaudeville, seldom patronizes the theatre of the Porte St. Martin; and the public of this latter, rarely witnesses representations on the boards of the former. The Théâtre Français centres around it one crowd, and the Gymnase Dramatique another. A drama, after having run itself into exhaustion at the Gaieté, may start fresh again at the Pantheon, or the Luxembourg. Thus are the twenty-three Parisian theatres patronized by twenty-three different public circles,—or more truly, twenty-three different public polygons, of many sides, with angles quite acute. The theatres sometimes exchange their companies, they seldom mingle their publics. A company at the Vaudeville, will now and then be engaged to perform, for an evening, before a public of the Théâtre des Variétés; and Mademoiselle Mars, with a troop of comedians from the Français, has been known to emigrate, for a night, to the boards of the Grand Opera.

Had some of these facts not been forgotten, I apprehend that certain English writers about the Parisian stage, would never have taken certain abominable dramas of the Porte St. Martin, and the enthusiasm with which they are there applauded, as types of all Parisian dramas, and illustrations of all Parisian theatrical taste. While the *Tour de Nesle* of Dumas, and Victor Hugo's *Lucrèce Borgia* are exciting the horror and laughter of fifteen hundred spectators at the thea-

tre just above-named; the master-pieces of Corneille and Racine, are creating admiration in two thousand Parisians at the Français; and two thousand other auditors are listening at the Grand Opera, to the solemn strains of Myerbeer in the Huguenots. The Faubourg St. Antoine craves a theatrical aliment, quite different from that demanded by the Chaussé d'Antin; and when Mr. Bulwer was guided to his conclusions on the state of the Parisian stage, by the dramas he witnessed at the Porte St. Martin, his proceeding was not unlike deriving general conclusions on Parisian eating, from scenes beheld at a Magazin de Vin,—forgetting quite the second rate Restaurants, to say nothing of the Grand Vatel, and the Rocher.

It is extremely difficult to discover features, common to so *numerous* a variety of theatrical publics. They have few common features; they have many peculiar ones. Shall I say that generally they enjoy assaults upon religion? I have indeed witnessed, this winter, many instances, in which religion appeared to little advantage. Its ministers have sometimes been placed in ludicrous positions, and only two weeks ago, a petition was presented to the Chamber of Deputies, against their irreverent introduction upon the stage. But here is a fact. I record it in honor of the blood-thirsty, and diabolical Porte St. Martin. A few nights since, while one of its dozen crimes was about being perpetrated in the Tour de Nesle, the assassin, ere he struck the blow, permitted his victim to call, for the last time, upon his God. '*Il n'y-en-a-pas*,' spoke up a voice in

one of the boxes. The terrible cry instantly arose from every side of, *à la porte*, *à la porte*, and in two minutes, the atheist was driven from the theatre. The cry was the *à la lanterne* of this epoch. Was he driven forth because he interrupted the play? Hardly so. Was it because he publicly *revealed* his infidelity? Was an atheist of the *heart and tongue*, denounced by atheists of the *heart* merely? Many, perhaps, may think so. And yet, though thus motived, the movement was a good omen. If infidelity do couch in secret bosoms, such public leaping forth is not, it seems, every where tolerated. If religion have clandestine scorners, it has public reverers;—and that is something to say for this Babylon. I strive to read in the above-stated fact, one natural outbreak of a people, on their return to religious belief. It seems to me, slightly illustrative of such return. It is in harmony therewith. It is just what such a people ought to have done. The atheists of Robespierre's time would not have silenced the declaration. Neither, on the other hand, would a sound-hearted house have much cared for it. The former might have sympathized therewith, as the embodyment of a familiar thought; the latter have forgotten it, as the harmless speech of a mad fool. The one might not have noticed it because it was so near; the other because it was so distant.

In the now-performing drama of *Louis XI.* at the Français, the catholic religion is sneered at, through the bigotry and degrading superstition of that ignoble

King. In a waggish piece, called *Judith et Holofernes*, at the Palais Royal, the scriptural decapitation is justified with reasons, amusingly drawn from heaven by monks, to the infinite satisfaction of a laughing audience. At the Ambigue Comique, a seven-act drama entitled *Nebuchodonosor*, very magnificently got up, has run fifty nights. The consequences of image-worship, revealed in the grass-eating monarch, are given with fearful dramatic power. They probably subserve religious ends, as much as any succession of stage exhibitions can do. While religion is thus, through its forms and outward symbols, frequently attacked, it is seldom or never defended. I cannot recall a single sentiment, or a single combination of plots, whose tendencies look towards such an end. In this respect, the theatre is here, what it has every where been. Its friends have seldom claimed for it, the championship of the Bible and Christianity. Herein is not its legitimate sphere. It is in *morality*, if any where, that such sphere exists. It has been a religious agent for ill; it has been a moral agent for good *and* ill.

If the Parisian stage work little for religion, it works less for morality. Considered in this respect, it is, in some of its representations, a faithfully-reflecting mirror of numerous features in present French society. The dramatic exhibitions of the past winter have been extremely various. Antiquity has figured largely at the Français, in tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. The middle ages have been represented at nearly all the theatres, great and small. The age of

Louis XIV. has very frequently been made to live again. There have been acted many comedies, founded on those times of luxury, immediately subsequent. The Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire have each had their representatives. Nothing has yet appeared of the historical in the Restoration, or since the Revolution of 1830. Of the manners, and feelings, and opinions, however, of this present epoch, the dramatic types are not wanting. It is to these latter pieces, I chiefly allude, when speaking of the moral mirrors in the present French drama. The precedently-named exhibitions, I notice as illustrations of taste, rather than of morality. While then, these numerous pieces generally reflect the conscience, the habits, and the feelings of the present time, do they likewise direct, enlighten, and purify? Unquestionably, but in a much less degree. They illustrate to a value indicated by *fifty*. They purify to the value of *five*. During the last six months, have appeared forty comedies, vaudevilles, and melodramas, whose elements are combined out of existing traits in French society. Of what are these bubbles made? In twenty of them, the great central theme is an intrigue,—a wife seduced, or a daughter dishonored. Of the remaining twenty, are ten whose ends are worthy, while the suggesting motives, and operating means are unworthy. The rest are unexceptionable. Here is a picture from one of last week's periodicals:—Ce n'est plus le même théâtre, paresseux et endormie; c'est une eruption, une débâcle, un deluge d'assassi-

nats nouveaux, de viols nouveaux, d'incestes, d'adulteres, de suicides, de seductions, de recoulements, de pirouettes, de fredons d'hiver, d'auteurs illustres, de grands acteurs.' This is a boastful tableau. I call it a sad one, and I doubt not that an accurate analysis would verify it. I need hardly trouble my reader with such analysis. An analysis of forty modern French vaudevilles! The very essence of ephemeralism; the merest bubbles blown into a momentary life; the lightest sprays of the French intellectual wave. And yet without some such analysis, we can have no profound and permanent idea of the tendencies of these things.

At the vaudeville, I last night heard much applauded, a little piece called the 'Grocer's Wife.' It seems said grocer had departed on business, for Havre. A Parisian *petit maître*, or buck, solicits his wife. The husband returning, smells trouble. To reform his wife, the grocer offers to take said ravisher into his employ. The ravisher consents, in order that he may be in nearer vicinity to his mistress. He is clothed in the dirty vestments of his vocation. The wife, *seeing him in such unseducing costume*, takes a disgust, and turning him off, returns to conjugal duties. The coolness of the husband's plot is truly French. Who but a Frenchman could have devised it? No moral impulse, no horror of her crime, no conviction of her duty, brings back the wife to rectitude. She sees her lover in that *unromantic* dress. A soiled apron, and a ragged neckcloth turn her from vice to virtue; that is to say, to *French* virtue.

A few nights since, I saw at the Variétés, a piece entitled the 'Fandango Lawsuit.' A dancing-master is arraigned, for having introduced the lascivious Fandango, among certain pupils. After the testimony against him is heard, and the prosecutor's speech spoken, the accused is asked for his defence. He leads into the court room two Fandango dancers;—(by the way, they are man and woman from the royal opera of Madrid). The court are requested to behold, and judge whether such dance be immoral. It is commenced. The castinets make music. The eyes languish. The breast heaves. The bodies bend, advance and retire. Soon a judge begins to bob up and down in his seat; then another, and then the prosecutor, and finally the curious spectators. The whole assembly are now in Fandango-motion. Shame to the gray-haired men, and the mothers, and the daughters that can look unblushing from their boxes, on such a scene, too indelicate for even the miserable merit of voluptuousness! Need I add, that the dancing-master is acquitted?

Here is the 'Camaraderie' of Eugine Scribe. It is intended to be a first-rate comedy. For three months, it has been the rage at the Théâtre Français. There are dramas, you know, built upon those traits of human nature, which are common to all nations and to all times. Such dramas shall stand, so long as human nature, their foundation, stands. There are, moreover, as you also know, other dramas, founded on phases of human nature, peculiar to one people, or

one epoch, such dramas vanish when those phases pass away. If, perchance, they be preserved, it is only for curiosity's sake. To this class belong nearly all the new French dramas, and chiefly, I think, this latest offspring of Eugine Scribe. It is intended to illustrate a present practice,—not altogether peculiar to Paris,—of *confederating* to puff one's self, to puff one's friends, and to be, by one's friends, puffed into notoriety. It is a lively transcript of such feature, so far as it is manifested in this metropolis. Some dozen persons carry on the plot, of whom eleven are selfish rascals, and one is an honest flat. The great majority of the motives to action, are ignoble. One only character denounces, and indignantly repels the selfish association. He, moreover, succeeds in being elected to the Chamber of Deputies, defeating quite a candidate of the Camaraderie. But he succeeds from no active merit in himself; rather by the *selfish* intrigues of two female friends. The drama is full of lively movement; but the impulses which keep it in motion, tend to create deep dissatisfaction and disgust. Certainly such are not among the legitimate ends of comedy. The mere description of a vice or foible, will not correct it. Upon the *mode* of such description, depends the result. The mode adopted by Mr. Scribe, can contribute to no good moral end. So far from making such unworthy copartnership ridiculous, Mr. Scribe only teaches the Parisians, with humorous skill, how its concerns are carried on.

Shall I continue a description of the works consti-

tuting this class of French dramas;—dramas founded on the spirit and practices of the present time? Shall we visit the Ambigue Comique, the Folie Dramatique, and the St. Antoine? We shall there likewise find numerous pieces, belonging to the same class, constructed out of the same materials, and armed with the same tendencies,—pictures of a corrupt society, tending to keep that society in corruption. We shall see thousands of spectators, unmoved by exhibitions of treachery, and selfishness, and revenge; looking without horror on seduction and even assassination. Beholding such spectacles, we walk away in sadness, to sad inferences. They are melancholy types of the present, and dubious omens for the future. As such types and prophetic omens, the manner wherein *this* just designated class of dramatic compositions is received, seems to me entitled to more serious notice, than that attending the performance of any other. Treachery, selfishness, seduction and assassination are indeed the same execrable things, in all ages and among all people. Their exhibition, however, does not always awaken the same feelings. The spectacle of an assassination at Paris in the fourteenth century, would not produce in a sound-hearted person, an equal horror to that wrought by the scene of a like outrage, under the reign of Louis Philippe. He would not be in the same manner moved by witnessing conjugal infidelity among the courtiers of Louis XV., or of Charles II., as among the Puritans. A similar remark, I think, is applicable to other crimes and offences.

The reason for such unlike emotions is manifest. The crime is contemplated with reference to the circumstances, the age and the people, amidst which it is represented to have been committed. Had it a sort of horrible harmony with those surrounding circumstances? If so, the age is pronounced murderous, or licentious, or ignobly-spirited, while the single deed may fail to awaken salutary indignation. Was the offence foreign to the habits and tolerances of the time? If so, though perhaps, not more essentially worthy of condemnation, it is condemned more quickly, and with profounder emotion. In the presence of this idea, I hesitate, ere I take the bloody dramas of the Porte St. Martin theatre, illustrating the middle ages; or the licentious dramas of a half dozen other theatres, illustrating the times of Louis XV., with the favor attending their reception, as safe proofs of corruption in French audiences and French society. They *may* be enjoyed, as matters of curious historical interest. Their enjoyment does not always presuppose a taint in the general heart. When, however, vice and crime dramatized out of *existing* society, are beheld without a shock, nay, with a feeling of their harmonious propriety, the fact may be taken as pretty conclusive evidence of rottenness in public morals. Such is the truth. Parisian audiences mark exhibitions of revenge, and bad faith, and base intentions, and licentious ends, all combined from elements in the *present* time, and by their assent, recognise them to be in harmony with the time. It is thus that I chiefly

note these theatres, as outward and visible illustrations of the invisible inward. It is thus that they seem to me worthy of being looked through, as windows in the public bosom of society. They thus reveal, what other vehicles reveal. Their revelations are in correspondence with those at the political tribune, from the pulpit, and through much periodical and imaginative literature. They reveal moral disorganization. They disclose features of a luxuriously civilized society. They do not reveal that higher and nobler state,—that developement into well-being of the soul and body, and heart and intellect of society,—which alone does truly deserve the name of civilization.

In my next sketch, I shall speak of other classes of dramatic compositions now in vogue, and of the vehicles through which they find their way into the public mind and heart.

IX.

PARISIAN THEATRES—MADEMOISELLE MARS.

THE Comic Theatre of Paris, I believe to be now in its highest state of developement. I say the *comic* theatre, for since the death of Talma, tragedy has appeared to little advantage on the French stage. I do not think comedy is here in the most *desirable* spirit and condition, but I verily believe it will be hardly possible for the future to witness any more remarkable concentration of talents to embody it.

In the fourth and lowest class of theatres are eleven, of which the St. Antoine is the head, and a type. A class of theatres is this, chiefly neglected by observers. And yet they operate upon large, and in political times, *fearful* portions of the Parisian population. They operate upon the Faubourgs. They operate upon the poor and restless. They operate upon those, among whom have recently been posted the revolutionary placards of 'To arms, citizens,' 'Down with the Tyrants.' In them, you hear the Marseilles hymn *bis-sed*. In them, you see represented questionable comedies of Paul de Kock. Their publics are boisterous and inflammable. Few lorgnettes and white kids enter there. At the St. Antoine, you see an audience of women in white caps and blowsy faces, and of men in truck-

men's shirts. That audience applauds representations of the old revolution. Shouted repetitions of the word *liberté*, it admires above all repetitions. It runs to see 'The Bastile,'—a new drama, sufficiently characterized by its title. It likes an intrigue exceedingly, and will endure no dancer who flings not momently her toe, up to a level with her head. These theatres, like the higher ones, are each night thronged. Their prices are lowered to the purses of their publics. They have their habitués and their authors; their new pieces and their *Extraordinary* representations. Judging from loud shouts and frequent laughter, their comedies must be enjoyed far more than are those of even the *Variétés*, or the *Français*. These are indeed the *people's* great central sources of amusement, and edification. Without the minor theatres, how could they exist? Therein do they assemble to talk and laugh; to get rid of their spleen and their waggery. Such are the necessary outlets of their French-fermented feelings. Whoever would study the manners of the lower classes of Parisians, will find herein sufficiently broad exhibitions. As I have already said, they like to see represented the stormy thoughts and events of the revolution. Nothing more delights them than fierce contrasts between long-locked republican chieftains, and hair-powdered gentlemen of the régime of Louis XVI. Of course, the latter are always delivered over to ridicule and contempt. In many instances, the pieces have great historical verity, and indeed constitute the only history which these people care about

reading. The characters and events of the Empire are here frequently made to live again. Bonaparte himself comes upon the stage. At the *Olympique* is an actor, whose likeness to Napoleon is extraordinary. In a drama called 'Austerlitz,' he appears. This drama, which shows us Bonaparte in Italy, Egypt, and Germany, is certainly a very good historical picture, and Napoleon is applauded to the very echo. But a part is this of the enthusiasm, which all France feels for the memory of that great man. That Man of Destiny, is indeed a captivating character for the stage, and the events in which he figured, might furnish forth themes for a hundred dramas, but for their creation, some hand more Shakspearian is wanted, than any which France at present possesses.

In the third, and next highest class of theatres, I place the Gymnase, the Ambigue, and the Gaieté. The actors are better, the pieces are better, and the publics are better. In them, are exhibitions sometimes got up with extraordinary magnificence, and at the Gymnase you may applaud Bouffé and Klein,—two of the great comic actors of the metropolis. In them, do you have frequent representations of the middle ages. Such representations, however, may be witnessed on every Parisian stage. There is, indeed, a general public taste upspringing for the thoughts and feelings, costume and manners of those peculiar times. It is seen in paintings, in historical studies of those periods, in the renovation of decaying gothic churches, in ornamental objects, and in theatrical compositions. I have

witnessed some fifteen or twenty new plays, founded on those periods. You behold the bow-men and the battle-axe men, the mail-clad chieftains, and romantic court costume, and gothic furniture, and gloomy gothic architecture, and the still gloomier passions of times whereon modern civilization had not yet dawned. A charming and romantic pleasure it is, which French theatrical houses take in these sombre exhibitions, these resurrections of the past, these picturesque and poetical forms, into which one spirit of human nature worked itself out. An interest it is, akin to that awakened in England, by many romances of Scott. Here, it is kept active by other aids than romantic fiction, and Louis XI. with his court, lives for as much effect to a Frenchman in the drama of Delavigne, as he does for an Englishman in the pages Quentin Durward.

We come now to the second class of theatres, in which I rank the Vaudeville, the Variétés, and the Palais-Royal. And here we get among some of the best-bred audiences, the wittiest dramatists, and the extraordinary actors and actresses of the time. Their performances are mostly vaudevilles,—that is, little comedies in one, two, or three acts, intermingled with songs. Of these vaudevilles, will they each give you three or four on an evening. What with the wit of the pieces, and the practical wit of the performers, there is often amusement enough in *one* of them, for any single twenty-four hours. If I were asked where I had this winter heard the most and loudest laughter,

I should answer, at the Vaudeville. The actresses, indeed, have only talent,—*not* genius. They are, without exception, handsome. They move well; they smile sweetly in the right place, gesticulate significantly, and speak most voluble French. They are elegant and accomplished, but they lack genius. When I come to the actors, I see Bardou with his exhaustless versatility; Arnal,—the inimitable Arnal,—always acting out himself, yet always full of variety. I come to Lepeintre senior; and last and greatest, to that miracle of comedy, Lepeintre junior. He is called *junior*, though fifty-five years of age. He has two elder brothers distinguished upon the stage. His is a sort of Kemble family in comic merit. Lepeintre junior, is one of those men, who will be remembered and spoken of, ages hence. He will be remembered as a model. The *habitués* of the Vaudeville now adore him. He is a very fat man, with a face, certainly much broader, when it smiles, than it is long. His tout-ensemble is thoroughly comic. You cannot select out therefrom any particular feature. Sometimes, perhaps, you may say, as of Liston, 'only *look* at that face!' But even then, you cannot say what it is that convulses you. I think Lepeintre equal to Liston. And he produces many of his effects, by nearly the same influences,—by a certain indescribable comicality in his whole make. You may have seen Liston, standing quite still, not moving a feature, or making a single gesture, and yet creating bursts after bursts of universal laughter. It is somewhat so with Lepeintre.

He cannot be otherwise than comical. He is as necessarily so, as Taglioni is graceful, and consequently claims no credit for it. Taglioni is not so much graceful herself, as independent and uncontrollable nature is graceful in her. As Taglioni in motion is nature graceful; so is Lepeintre, whether still or in motion, nature comical. His leer is one of the most resistless expressions I have ever beheld, and as for his *shrug*,—surely no words can possibly describe that.

At the Variétés, are Frederick Lemâitre, Odry, Vernet and Jenny Vertprés,—names that circle round them hosts of merry associations, and recall many a forgotten sound of old laughter. These are the extraordinary artists, standing out in dominant bass-relief. Moreover their associates, without exception, possess remarkable merit. And here I state that there is not a poor actor, or actress, on the boards of any one of the higher Parisian theatres. At the Français, every performer is a star. A Parisian house would not for a moment endure the wretched acting, intermingled it may be with very good, which each night is inflicted on English and American audiences. While many of the actors are extraordinary, all are excellent. You who feel how much the impressiveness of a whole performance is affected by one poor player, will appreciate the fortunate condition of this part of the Parisian stage.

The Palais-Royal is on the same level with the Variétés, and at the Palais-Royal, you may laugh at Tousez, Levassor, Gabriel, and Madame Dejazet. As-

sociated with them, are fifteen or twenty others, all of whom are more than respectable. The performances at the above three theatres much resemble each other. They are generally of light comedy,—seldom of tragedy. Their subjects are mostly derived from the present, and from the luxurious times of the Regency, and Louis XV. The scenery is always admirable, and the costume, adjusted as it is, by French precision, is of course always, to the minutest point, correct. There can be no studies of costume more gratifying, than those furnished by the Parisian stage.

We might visit the *fourth* class of theatres, to be roused, the third to be startled, this second to be pleased, and we now come to the first, to be delighted and instructed. The Théâtre Français, and the Odeon constitute this class. I here insert the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin. With those just named, it is the only Parisian theatre, on whose boards is performed tragedy. The old French fastidiousness as to the ungentility of theatrical death, in the presence of an audience, has in great measure, given way. The tragedies of the Porte St. Martin, abound in visible destruction. One thing, however, is to be noticed. On the English and American boards, a death-scene is made a great deal of. To say that Forrest dies well in Richard, or that Macready dies well in Othello, is to state a part of their claims to admiration, and those performers are extremely anxious that nothing in their brief scenic life may more become them than the leaving it. In France, these things are done otherwise.

The French tragedians die bunglingly, laughably, unsatisfactorily. They struggle not, nor do slightest death-spasms shoot athwart their visage. All is quiet and characterless. Such violent catastrophe is reckoned among the subordinate parts of a performance. There are many strong-voiced, and muscular tragedians at the Porte St. Martin. Of the females, I mention Madame Georges. She has been great in her day, and many deem her great still. She is rather too *fat*, I think, to be seriously impressive. She moves not in the queenly gait of tragedy; rather waddles she along. But she has a voice with an occasional Siddons-like unearthliness of tone. Moreover, she has a countenance profoundly tragic. I have seen no face upon the stage, save perhaps, Macready's, that might pass so swiftly through so supernatural expressions. At certain moments, it seems transfigured. The stage whereon Madame Georges performs, has this winter witnessed a greater quantity of foul and fiendish passion, than any other in the metropolis. Over an exhibition of such passions, does its public gloat. A boisterous and restless public it is, shouting from the pit to the galleries, railing back from the galleries to the pit, and, every evening, roaring out upon the orchestra for the *Marsellaise*. As the Vaudeville is given to the laughable, the Français to the beautiful and the noble, so is the Porte St. Martin dedicated to the terrible. People know that such must they witness, when they resort thither. Fierce and diabolical men there hear their passions echoed. Wretches from the gaming-

houses in the Palais-Royal, find a momentary sympathy at the Porte St. Martin, and the hands which in yonder balcon are now loud in applause, you may see, on to-morrow morning, motionless at the Morgue.

My favorite resort has this winter been, to the Théâtre Français. I have seen the master-pieces of the old and modern French drama there embodied, by the most accomplished histrionic company, which Europe possesses. Moliere, Racine, Corneille, Duçis, Voltaire, Delavigne, Dumas and Scribe,—these are some of the authors whose productions have there been represented. As the dramas of the Théâtre Français never descend to inferior spheres, so no vaudeville gains admittance to its boards. They are consecrated to the legitimate French drama. Upon them Talma gained his fame, and thereon may you, each week, now applaud Ligier and Mademoiselle Mars.

I shall not soon forget my delight, on there first witnessing the representation of a comedy of Moliere. Moliere,—the companion of my early studies; Moliere,—whom I had admired only on the silent page; Moliere,—whom after Shakspeare, I had most studied as the natural, the inimitable, the inexhaustible, the true,—was there before me in legitimate voice and action. The immortal poet himself, could hardly have imagined a finer embodyment of his Tartuffe, than there was witnessed. Indeed all the comedies of Moliere are, throughout their high and their subordinate parts, invariably represented with perfectness. The cast of characters is most judicious. One might suppose that

half France had been searched for actors, not of Moliere, but of particular characters in Moliere. Here is a man, who can perform no part but that of a notary. Here are young men for the young characters, old men and women for the old, and domestics for nothing *but* domestics. In every instance, there is a studied physical adaptation to the part. Your ideas of harmony are never wounded, by honest faces trying to look the rogue, or ungraceful forms affecting to embody the elegant. Shakspeare and Sheridan are oftentimes played very well in England, but never with the unexceptionable completeness of Moliere at the Français. This theatre has the monopoly of his comedies, and it is a monopoly which, in the past winter, has not been abused. To me there is something impressive, in this exclusive consecration by France, of her highest scene to her highest dramatist. I see therein one proof of most jealous admiration. Around Moliere's dramas are none but worthy associations ; associations of perfect scenery, of perfect acting, and of intelligent audiences. Such may not be said of Shakspeare's. I believe that any subject might in France, be more safely travestied, than her dramatic master-pieces. In England, is Shakspeare every now and then degraded and desecrated by miserable acting, and more miserable travesties. In this deportment of France, do I read a proof, not more of refinement, than of devotion to the fame of her great classic writers.

I have attended several exhibitions of Racine and Corneille. I frankly confess, that I have never been

elevated into sympathy with the admiration, which their tragedies have invariably awakened around me. Easily might one go on to denounce the representations as cold, stiff, formal, classical. I prefer seeking the difficulty within myself. My past habitudes, associations and tastes, have taught me to find delight in a totally different,—in the romantic,—school of tragic composition. How often this winter, have I heard by Englishmen and Americans, these dramas ridiculed for their long rhyming dialogues, their chill formalities, and their mechanical developements! The fault, I apprehend, was rather in themselves; hardly in the dramas. These are works of absolute art, and for their enjoyment, as for the true enjoyment of all art, a certain artistical education is indispensable. That in the *thus* educated, they are capable of inspiring delight, is manifest from loud enthusiasm which their every representation creates within these walls. The dishes least relishable to one palate, may, to another fitly cultivated, be most intensely delicious. 'Horrid stupid, that,' said an American gentleman, the other evening, as Ligier was reciting a passage, some five minutes long, from Britannicus. The applause that broke the silence, with which that tedious recitation was heard, arose deafening. To the French, there was great charm therein. The regularity of rhyming cadenzas, falling upon the ear, was not altogether unmusical. There was moreover, a great deal of classically-chiselled and noble thought. Such thought might never pass unapplauded. There was before

them, the work of a master, which a century's opinion had consecrated as a master-piece. If the French may not admire their classic drama,—what *may* they admire? Broken loose from those anchors, their literary faith would be surged about, uncharted and unstarred, over as wide a sea of instability, as is their religious and their political. Whatever may be the incursions of romanticism into all the other theatres of Paris, and sometimes indeed into this, there is still *one* temple, wherein Frenchmen may worship their classical dramatists. What surprises me not a little is, the almost equal enthusiasm with which they received the gay *abandon* of Moliere, and the mechanical stiffness of Corneille. Their applause gathers about, and joins, two very widely separated extremes.

As I have said, the artists at the Français are, without exception, admirable. Where can you find old men so truly so, and yet so widely contrasted, as Duperai and Samson? Where such accomplished young men, as Mirecour and Menjaud? And who surpasses Ligier in significant power of voice, and countenance, and gesture? Each performer has his sphere, wherein he exhausts himself. Who can embody the termagant like Madame Desmousseaux? Who looks the queen like Paradol? What finished elegance for genteel comedy in Brocard and Mante. Plessy was never fashioned for other than the damsels of Moliere. Madame Anäis is beyond all praise, in roguish youthfulness. Geoffroy performs the domestic to perfection. Volneys, with her large black eye, her silver voice,

her gesticulation of energy, approaches the highest ideals of tragedy. In England, or America, any *one* of these performers would be deemed sufficient to keep up a theatre. Here they are all concentrated on a single stage, and may all appear before you in a single piece. And yet I designate these few in a company of sixty, each of whom is distinguished for this or that merit. And yet I fail to name *one*, surpassing them all; one who now, as thirty years ago, sways here and there, a Parisian audience at her will, and one of the very few, whom these fastidious critics deign to greet with applause on entrance, and to re-demand after the curtain has descended.

Do you mark yonder woman now tripping elastically into the scene? Her figure is half way between the spare and the embonpoint. Her face has rather an English squareness. Her hair is a brilliant jet. Her eyes are of dark chestnut. Her complexion is what we love to look upon in youth; and seen spangled, as she now is, with twenty thousand dollars in the shape of positive diamond, she is certainly a very radiant spectacle. I beg of you not to scrutinize her through the lorgnette. Mademoiselle Mars was youthful in the time of the Directory, beautiful under the Empire, glorious under the Restoration, and she has large parts of old youth, old beauty, and old glory, in the reign of Louis Philippe. In such wonderful state of preservation, she illustrates one of two things,—a remarkably good original constitution, or marvellous rejuvenating capacities in a French toilette. As you very well

know, she belongs to the class of *genius artistes*,—that is, she produces her best impressions in spite of herself, without apparent consciousness, and without herself being able to explain why. Whatever fire in former times she might have had, she is now extremely tranquil. In the liveliest passion-scene, is she subdued into a beseeming fitness. She never makes an extravagant gesture, and,—hear it, ye ear-piercing termagants of English and American theatricals,—she *never* screams. Mademoiselle Mars has great versatility. I have seen her in some dozen different pieces. In each was indeed the same genius, but revealing itself through totally different modes. In each, I perceived not merely an understanding, but deepest *feeling* of her part. Every where is she spiritual, every where graceful, every where accomplished. She seems to me ever embodying the beau-ideal of elegant comedy. Her walk is lively, her voice is still of silvery sweetness; in gesture she is very significant, never superfluous; and her face is capable of infinite shiftings in expression. Mademoiselle Mars upon the stage, may be often looked at as the model of an accomplished French lady. And French ladies throng the house, to witness her beautiful acting. She seems still to be as great a favorite as ever. She performs once or twice each week, and when her name is on the bills, all barricades are up, the orchestra is cleared, and you may see at the Théâtre Français much of the elegance, and taste, and best intelligence of the capital.

Whatever may be said of the drama decayed in England, surely there could be desired no better proof of its prosperous condition in France, than is furnished each night by the Théâtre Français. Not disposed to enter into denunciations of the stage,—the stage, without which, the finest literature of Greece, and modern Italy, and Spain, and Germany, and France, and even England would have been unwritten,—I rejoice to find the drama, though down every where else, still flourishing in France. It is flourishing, because it is one great centre of public thought, and criticism and of general resort. It is flourishing because, though it reveals much that is insignificant and exceptionable, it reveals much that, intellectually and morally, is worthy of all praise. It has in its continual service, four hundred writers, at whose head are Casimir Delavigne, Victor Hugo, Eugine Scribe and Alexander Dumas. It has in its employ one thousand actors, many of whom have had no equals in the past. It has twenty different vehicles at Paris, and for patrons, the entire Parisian population.* These remarks do not embrace the Provincial theatres. Of these, flourish between thirty and forty. At Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons and Rouen, they are in very high condition. They are

* In 1836, fifteen Parisian theatres received six million nine hundred thousand francs. For that year, the receipts of the Grand Opera alone, were one million one hundred and twenty thousand francs. In January 1837, sixteen theatres received seven hundred and forty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine francs. The construction of two new theatres is now in contemplation.

not only centres in themselves, but schools whence each year proceed forth the educated, to try their fortunes at the grand centre of the metropolis.

The highest state of any stage would be, the frequent creation of good original dramas, and their finished representation before refined and intelligent houses. Such combination rarely occurs. The times which witness the best dramatists, do not always witness the best actors. When a play is only *written*, it is but half done. The acting thereof remains. If that acting be bad, the play awaits its fame,—except at the salon. 'The glorious dramatic era of Elizabeth and James,' is a phrase enclosing as much falsehood as truth. The miserable theatres and acting of that time, would now be hardly endured. Were Shakspeare known through no superior vehicles to those original ones, his name would indeed have been great, but only great as it is in Germany,—to the literary few. The vehicles in France are in very perfect condition. The audiences are often numerous and select, and when I add that the last few years have witnessed a creation, among other excellences, of the 'Bertrand et Raton,' 'L'Ecole des Vieillards,' and 'Don Juan d'Autriche,' you may well infer, that the present French stage approximates unusually near, to the ideal combination just above indicated.

France is yet less in full developement, than in happy progress. She likes to be contemplated, not as at her national perihelion; rather as swiftly approaching thereunto. She looks not back, as do Italy and

Spain, to eras in the past, when her power and glory were at their loftiest points. Such condition she aspires to in the Future. *There* wait her destinies. Her energies are yet, she tells us, but partially revealed. I believe that her *theatrical* energies are in their highest state. Their encouragements are loud on every side. Their political restrictions are few. The future may see additions to the French stage. It will also see abstractions therefrom. That stage, I apprehend, will rather descend, than mount above its present lofty level.

X.

EXPOSITION OF ART AT THE LOUVRE, IN 1837.

THE Exposition now being made, of paintings and sculpture, at the Louvre, I wish to notice as evidence of the present state of these arts in France. Indeed, it furnishes thereof the only evidence. In several large cities of the kingdom,—at Rouen and Lyons,—are galleries of old paintings and sculpture. In none of them, however, is there an annual exposition,—an annual exposition of works executed in the present time. In this respect, does France much differ from her neighbor across the channel. I last summer witnessed exhibitions of new paintings, not only at the Somerset House in London, but likewise at many of the provincial towns in England,—at Liverpool, Manchester, York, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Paris is not only the sole centre of French fashion, politics, science, music, and literature ; but, moreover, of French painting and sculpture. *Hors de Paris, point de salut.* I wish, however, here to say, that while Great Britain has within her limits some hundred princely mansions, enriched by very admirable productions of the pencil and the chisel, she has yet no great central National Gallery. France, on the contrary, has her central Louvre richly thronged, but no private

chateaus adorned with art. Marshal Soult has, indeed, a very fine collection of paintings, one half whereof he stole from Spain. A splendid collection of the Duchess of Berri, in number one hundred, is now offered for sale. Count Sommariva has a residence on the Boulevards, containing a few visitable works of art. The aristocratical Count Portales also possesses a few pieces, which he delights to show, chiefly to the Legitimatists. Thus closes the meagre catalogue of private pictorial galleries in France. *Here*, art is hand in hand with government; in England, with wealthy noblemen. Here, government opens wide the Louvre's doors to a promiscuous thronging in of all the French people; in Great Britain the practice is quite otherwise.

Artistical exhibitions are no new events for this metropolis. Their history goes back at least to 1699, the time of Louis XIV., in whose reign were held two. During the regency, there was none. Twenty-four took place under Louis XV. Under Louis XVI. nine; a like number in the time of the republic; during the empire, five; four under Louis XVIII.; one under Charles X.; and this, which was opened on the first of March, 1837, makes the sixth in the reign of Louis Philippe. This, therefore, is numbered the sixtieth exhibition. It is the latest chapter in the autobiography of French art. It consists of one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five paintings—one hundred and thirty-one pieces of sculpture—sixty-one engravings—thirty-six lithographs—and thirty-seven architectural de-

signs ;—in all, two thousand and thirty works, by one thousand and seventy-one artists, of whom one hundred and eighty-one are females. The *whole* number of works offered for exhibition, was three thousand five hundred and thirty, whereof *one thousand five hundred* were by the committee rejected. In 1836, were exhibited two thousand one hundred and twenty-two works, by one thousand and seventy artists, including one hundred and fifty-seven women. In 1835, the pieces numbered two thousand five hundred and thirty-six, by one thousand two hundred and twenty-seven artists, whereof two hundred and thirty-five were females.

The first thing I particularly noticed when, three weeks since, I joined the multitudinous crowd advancing, beneath the large portal of the Louvre, into the galleries above, was the universal freedom of admission. No fee was demanded. I think that in this feature, the French are far before the English. At not one of last year's art-exhibitions in Great Britain, could admission be obtained without paying money therefor. The fee was indeed small for the wealthy, but large for the unwealthy. One consequence was, that never, at those exhibitions, was to be seen a class of observers, corresponding to those I have more than once jostled at the Louvre. They were gentlemen in natty coats and white kids, gallanting soft ladies in plumes. The *people* were never there. Those paintings were brought to bear upon individuals, who least needed their refining and civilizing influence. John

Bull likes to palaver about the schoolmaster's being abroad. There is yet abroad in John Bull's heart but little of the spirit implied within that saying,—a spirit which demands the flinging wide asunder all doors, that may lead to the education and civilization of the *people*. To much that would enlarge, elevate, and refine in England, neither love nor money can secure access. But there are a great many worthy sights and sounds, which *love* will permit the enjoyment of, if one only have *money*. Who possesses not said dust, must stand aloof. I recall several instances in this way. St. Paul's Church in London contains fine sculpture, and many things worth enjoying. To see up St. Paul's, the various authorized charges amount to near seventy cents. Westminster Abbey may not be enjoyed, for less than the regular fee of thirty cents. To visit the Zoölogical Gardens in Regent's Park, you must not only pay a shilling, but likewise present a written permission from some member of the society.* Contrast this last narrow and truly English

* This exclusionary system is made imperative by a feature in certain classes of the English population, to which I think should hardly be applied so ferociously descriptive a word, as that once given it by a Frenchman,—*brutalité*. When last at the gardens of the Zoölogical Society, in Regent's Park, London, I inquired why these gardens were not, as was the Garden of Plants at Paris, open to all the public,—why it was necessary to have a member's ticket of permission, in order to visit them? I was answered, that the society's object in this, was to prevent an entrance of improper persons,—that is, of persons who might wantonly injure the plants, or worry the

deportment, with the large and liberal bounty, wherewith is opened wide to all the world, the Parisian Garden of Plants,—itself a little world of botany, and mineralogy, and zoölogy. I shall suggest to these, but one more contrast. Where, in England, can you find

animals. I afterwards visited the admirable Zoölogical Gardens at Liverpool. A ticket of admission was there indispensable. By merely giving a ragged runner at the gate sixpence, I was in five minutes presented with one. There were some twenty or thirty persons, lounging through various parts of the gardens. Here and there a plant was by some curious individual, touched, and even handled; and in one of the rooms wherein were caged hyenas and wolves, I saw two sturdy Englishmen, fiercely punching at them with canes, their coat-flaps actually parted over their broad bottoms, in the intensity of their efforts, while on adjacent walls were to be seen the neglected words;—'Please not to worry the animals'—'Gentlemen are most particularly requested not to tease the animals.' A rather singular illustration of danger in leaving certain of the English unguarded among objects of curiosity, was recently furnished to me by Mrs. Court, the excellent lady who at Stratford on Avon, shows to strangers the room in which Shakspeare was born. Excellent Mrs. Court informed me,—and I thought I saw something like moisture in her eye as she gave the story,—that but a few days before, sixteen young *females*, apparently from some boarding school, visited the chamber, and desiring, as they said, to study out the names and queer remarks here and there scratched over its walls, told Mrs. C. that they should stay some time, that she need not remain with them, but might go below about her quiet business of knitting. Mrs. C. in confident simplicity, followed their suggestion. In about fifteen minutes, the young females descended, and presenting Mrs. C. a half crown, took their leave. A short time after their departure, Mrs. C. walked up into the chamber, and what was her

any thing like the two hundred free and learned professors at the Sorbonne, the schools of law and of medicine, at the royal college of France, and other places, lecturing daily on most useful themes to *all* who may please to listen? For such, will you search that kingdom throughout, in vain. So noble a system for popularizing, or, if the Englishman please, for *vulgarizing* knowledge, would be in little harmony with Great Britain's aristocratical institutions, linked as they are with gentle blood and gentler gold. I must do justice, however. The subject of these exorbitant charges, whereby much of the beautiful in art

surprise, on looking towards the wooden mantel, to find that a huge piece had been broken, or rather *pried* off therefrom, and taken away. 'How they could have done it,' said the grieved old lady, 'I cannot possibly conceive.' Twenty more such depredations as that, and there would be nothing left for pilgrim-curiosity, of the little room in which the great dramatist was born. That certain classes of the English,—to say nothing of certain Americans, about whom let silence on this subject be preserved, for silence may here be more significant than words,—are more disposed to deface national works and to finger objects of art, than like classes upon the continent, is, in my single opinion, true. And yet, in striking a balance between propensities of this description, it is necessary to bear in mind that there is upon the continent, a little stricter governmental supervision over objects of curiosity than in England. The fountains are well guarded, the galleries are so guarded, and I think that few royal or noble resorts can on the continent be found, through which the stranger may pass unwatched, as into Hampton Court he may pass beneath words indicating that 'what is left open for public enjoyment, is entrusted to *public* protection.

and the useful in knowledge, is made inaccessible to the multitude, is entering the minds of certain intelligent Englishmen. A report thereon was last year made to Parliament,—a report in which Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Church were cited as I have cited them, and in which the vast superiority of the French to the English in matter of *design*, was justly attributed in part, to the free and universal access of the former, to exhibitions like this which I have again to-day visited. I must *still* do justice and say, that the spirit of that report seemed to contemplate, not so much a refinement and enlightenment of the general English people, as an improvement in the design for calicoes.

The throngs at the Louvre are still immense. The twentieth day's exhibition witnesses no abatement. On five days of the week, the rooms are crowded with all sorts of people, from the highest to the lowest. On Saturdays, the doors are open only to those who have taken the trouble to procure tickets. Sunday is almost exclusively for the country people, and those who, more than on any other day, are then emancipated from toil. On that day, within those walls is a perfect tohu-bohu. Go there, however, if you would see how wide is the sympathy for art in France. Go there, moreover, if you would see the most villanously flat and stupid visages, which any peasantry of any nation in Europe can present. The contrasts between Sundays and Saturdays, are appreciable by more than one sense. On the former day, do you see queer cos-

tumes instead of elegant fashions; you hear a terrible patois instead of good French; and you smell garlic instead of otto-of-rose.

The idea which my first general examination of the paintings left, was, that the committee had not been sufficiently fastidious, and that, instead of rejecting one thousand five hundred pieces, they should have rejected two thousand five hundred. There would still have remained eight hundred compositions, as types of French painting in 1837. One thousand pieces of most contemptible character, if not in design, surely in coloring, would have been given over to a proper obscurity, and their authors would have betaken themselves to intenser toil in future, or to some other vocation for which nature and influences have better fitted them. I cannot but think that this large, and undiscriminating admission into the honors of a two months' exposition at the Louvre, is an injury not perhaps so much to French art, or to genuine French artists, as to those young Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, who, still aspiring, are still without a genius for pictorial art.

But of those eight hundred paintings so selected, I, as a travelling observer, desiring to study only the legitimate types of the time, cannot note even one hundred,—nay, not *fifty*,—as entitled to such consideration. I cannot believe that, two ages hence, more than this small number will be appealed to and read, as illustrations of the present. All else will have vanished from public, and perhaps from private eyes and thought. What wastes of time, and powers misap-

plied! A vague hankering after notoriety, fed by an ignorant appreciation of the true aims and ends of art, hurries hundreds to the canvass. As the press is daily overflooded with trashy works from the pen, so is, this year, the Louvre overtenanted by most characterless, and half-begotten offspring of the pencil.

The great subjects embodied in these multitudinous pieces are, the religious, the historical, portraits, and landscape. Sacred themes are deemed the highest themes of pictorial art. The manner in which they are treated, the manner in which when treated, they are appreciated,—these are the great tests of the painter and of the painter's beholders. So far as the *quantity* of religious subject is concerned, I think it is quite large enough. The Salon contains thereon, not less than one hundred and thirty pictures. Of these, the first that may warrant your long examination is a St. Cecilia, by Paul Delaroche,—Paul Delaroche, a name much illustrious among French painters. Had I seen no other composition of his than this, I should have declared him modelled after the earliest Florentine masters. I should have set him down as a pupil of Cimabue or of Giotto. This painting has just so much of them, as Paul Delaroche could possibly interblend with his own original genius. St. Cecilia is represented, with her right hand touching a little organ held by two angels, who join their voices to its music. Her expression is of course heavenly; and heavenly too is that of the angels. Exceeding delicacy of finish is here, as indeed in *all* the works of

this artist, every where visible. The down-hanging left hand of the saint, is a model of sweetness and beauty.

The painting of a religious theme, next worthy of notice, is by Edward Bendemann of Berlin. And here I may insert, that the German pictorial art is this year partially represented at the Louvre, by works of Bendemann, Bégas, Lessing, and Winterhalter. It is somewhat to be regretted, that productions from those superior artists, Overbeck and Cornelius, are not to be seen. The English school, moreover, is quite unrepresented; as is likewise the present Italian. The painting of Bendemann alluded to, represents Jeremiah seated on the ruins of Jerusalem. He leans contemplatively upon his left hand. Around him are broken arches, and columns, and children in death, and mothers bewailing them. Behind, ascends smoke from the doomed city. This picture ranks among the first in the Salon. We pass to the Oath of the Hussite, by Lessing. It represents one of the disciples of Huss, swearing to be true to the principles of his master. That energy, and life, and determined fierceness in face and attitude, and if I may so say, in gesture, bespeak in their creator no ordinary power. Near this is the Christ, of Ary Scheffer. It represents our Saviour healing the broken-hearted, preaching deliverance to captives, restoring sight to the blind, and setting at liberty them that are bruised. Of these different classes, representatives are thronged about him. Among the captives may be recognised a head

of Tasso, surrounded with a laurel garland. This painting has great merit, and deserves to be classed in the highest category of those on sacred themes. I shall not enumerate any others. My plan does not permit me to descend among those composing the second, and third, and even the fourth classes. I may, however, here say, that having been informed that the great German designer, Retzsch, had sent a picture to the Salon, I anxiously searched it out. It is a diminutive thing, and represents Christ, as an infant reading. I regret to say it has small merit. In no part of it could I discern that genius, which sketched the marvellous illustrations of Shakspeare, of Schiller, and of Goethe's Faust.

Of the one hundred and fifty *historical* pieces, there is a large number whose subject is taken from the middle ages; several illustrate the time of Louis XIV.; the session on the Ninth Thermidor speaks for the Revolution; the Empire is represented very abundantly; and three or four works remind you of the Restoration, and the present dynasty. In this department, the battle-pieces are very numerous, and some of them possess singular merit. Among the finest is one by Eugène Delacroix. It represents St. Louis defeating the English, at the bridge of Taillebourg. This canvass is all alive with impetuosity, and most fierce thought. It is one of the few in the Salon, whose repeated examination reveals ever new and profounder beauties. The action of St. Louis, as leaning from his charger, he fleshes his war-axe in a sturdy English-

man, is given with terrible truth. The battle of Tolbiac gained by Clovis, from the pencil of Ary Scheffer, gathers daily about it the amateurs, and also the popular lookers on. There is another piece by Victor Schnetz, representing Count Eudes raising the siege of Paris, in 886, which reveals great genius in this sphere. I shall not describe that immense canvass, fifteen by eighteen feet, whereon is seen the Battle of Wagram, with Napoleon in the front ground; nor twenty other smaller pieces, in which a portion of that warrior's doings are recorded. Nor need I stop long before the Siege of Yorktown, by Coudor, in which is little to be praised, save the fine face of Washington. I pass to the two master-pieces of the exposition, by Paul Delaroche. In one, is the Earl of Strafford represented, as stopping on his way to punishment, beneath a window of the prison of Laud, and asking for the benediction and prayers of the Archbishop. Out through the iron bars of that window, extend the arms of the old man, while he calls down upon the Earl, blessings from heaven. In the other painting, is seen Charles I. insulted by the soldiers of Cromwell. One of those ungracious miscreants, is puffing smoke into the face of the fallen monarch. The expression upon that face is admirable beyond all praise. It contains several meanings. You see therein resignation, and also pity, and also a slight shadow of contempt at the insolence of the ruffian, and mingled with all, the dignified self-possession of a wronged king. I am not often much moved by paintings, and yet I must confess

that here was a pathetic power of eye and feature, that took me captive completely. Several soldiers are round about, shouting and drinking; and leaning against a column, at a short distance, is the form of Cromwell himself, a silent spectator of this unworthy scene. He does not gloat over the fall of pride and power before him. His face is rather gloomy and contemplative, and still within it, may you see the triumph of one who has humbled a foe. Upon these pieces alone, might Paul Delaroche's fame be based, and be securely based. No one, after having studied them, can question his right to the highest place among the living painters of France. It is very difficult, if not quite impossible, to characterize by any general terms the historical paintings of this exhibition. They have hardly any qualities in common. They constitute no school. The works are various, as the various fancies, and tastes and inspirations of the artists. Not lying within my plan to speak more critically or minutely about them, I pass to the *portraits*. Of these, the Salon contains at least four hundred. Excluding therefrom fifty, I do not think a more wretched collection could well be got together. Whether the portraits be accurate or not, I am unable to say. I look upon them as works of art merely. They do not so often appear stiff, as very miserably colored. They remind one of those portraits, sometimes hung up in drawing-rooms upon the stage; or rather of those stage-artists seen in broad sunlight, with their complexions washed of rouge. They perpetually disclose evidences of haste.

Where among them can you find the careful and elaborate finish of Titian? Want of care, want of patience, want not merely of genius, but of talent,—these are the features which offend you momently, in this representative of present art. The portraits seem to have been manufactured on most mercenary contract. A few of them, however, stand above this description. And yet these few reveal no very high genius for portrait painting, in the Salon of 1837.

The *landscapes* are very numerous, and some of them are very good. Giroux has presented a view of the Alps, abounding in character. A pastoral scene, by Marilhat, may well fix your attention. There are several other pieces which do no dishonor to nature, and there are several others which outrage her abominably. They are pieces which, so far from being an idealization of nature, are not even copies of her,—no, nor copies *of* copies. Such villanous skies and clouds, and such immovable streams; forests so flung together, and hills and valleys so mistakable, these for those, never yet came from the imagination of nature, nor the imagination of rational man. Where could these artists have picked up the elements of their compositions? Not surely in those sources, whence came the fine inspiration of Poussin. Surprising it is, that with nature's broad volume fully outspread before them, so few of Frenchmen can ever read her aright. I deem the landscapes, and that multitude of small pieces which may be classed under the word 'views,' as quite the least satisfactory specimens I have ever seen.

Of *animals*, there are twenty-five or thirty representations. Those by Brascasset are very admirable. A fight of bulls from his pencil, is a gem. Of game, the Salon has but a few indifferent pictures; and so of fruits and flowers. In my wanderings through the hall, I was exceedingly anxious to spy out the *horrid*. I wished to know if this year's exhibition of French pictorial art was tainted, as the present French dramatic is said to be, by scenes of blood and vengeance. I must say that the battle pieces abounded, as they ought to do, with all quantities of bodies, dead and haggard. Besides them, I noticed only three pieces peculiar in this respect. Two were of shipwrecks and their results —slowly-consuming hunger, and tiger-visaged savages yelling over naked women and children. The eye surveys them for a moment, and turns away in disgust and horror. Does the wide circumference of legitimate art, spiritualizing and refining as it is, embrace such influences as these? There is a third large piece, before which visiters are accustomed to pause, smile faintly, and walk on. It represents a man, conscience-tortured in a dream. There he writhes, half-denuded. Down from above, dashes at his breast, a hideous fiend armed with snakes. Several other fiends seem to eat him quite, with their eyes of vengeance. Around him, are grouped victims of his ambition and his lust, among whom is chiefly seen a livid female, holding *at* the sinner, a naked and abortive infant. No doubt, a virtuous moral was at the centre of the painter's heart. The combination for embodying it, however, is altogether

savage, and looks quite too grim and terrible, even for the blood-thirsty eyes of the Porte St. Martin. I could find but one representation, in the way of suicide. The life-discontented is standing under a sombre arch of one of the Parisian bridges. The Morgue lowers in the dim distance. The death-plunge is about to be made. No motive for the deed can easily be detected. But for some redness of the face, and a certain roundness of stomach, you might, without great wrong, pronounce the culprit none other than the artist himself, inflicting a deserved penalty for the perpetration of such an abominable picture.

Walking through the long Egyptian Hall, a flight of stairs conducts you down into the apartment for sculpture. Of the one hundred and thirty-one pieces, fifty are busts. With the exception of Monsieur Dupont, by Etex, and a few others, they may be said to lack in that finish of detail, without which nothing worthy of permanence can be achieved. The works in plaster are numerous, and there are several in bronze. The former are exhibited partly for public criticism, to be applied to the forth-coming figures in marble. A Minerva is there, of the most shabby and villanous description; and at its side is a pirate outlooking upon the sea, by Ménard, which for fierce intentness of look and attitude, is one of the best things in the room. In bronze, is seen the sitting figure of Boieldieu, by Dantan the younger. It was executed after an order from the city of Rouen, one of whose halls it is to decorate. The great composer is represented as in some musical inspi-

ration. It is a composition of much merit. Of the statues in marble, a few will detain you. And first, wedge yourself, if you can, through the crowd that perpetually throngs around the nymph Salmacis, by Bosio. This is the finest piece of sculpture at the Exposition. The nymph is represented rising from the earth. She half leans upon her left arm, while her right disencumbers her foot of some flower or leaf. The expression of face is surpassingly sweet. It is innocence ten times purged. The execution of the statue is delicate and complete, in all subordinate parts. Baron Bosio has caught, and here embodied, something of the classic spirit. Departing, the image dwells upon the memory, and you return, and re-return. Here is a statue, in coarse French marble, of Talma, meditating out a character. It is by David. The actor is sitting, almost denuded, in a Roman chair. The piece is surely wrought with great skill; but I do not see therein the contemplation, deep and intense, for which I had prepared myself. I was struck by the resemblance of the forehead, and adjustment of hair, to those in portraits of Napoleon. Near by, is a statue of the Régent, by Bra. I notice it, only on account of the elaborate finish of the robes. The French are nice in matters of old, as well as modern costume. They are delighted with this instance. Who, among them, cares for the *face* of the Régent? Those fleurs-de-lis, scattered over his magnificent mantle, are perfect in the minutest point. Here is a statue of General Foy, as an orator. It is in citizen-dress, even to the very boot-

straps. It has completed my dislike of statues, with face in the inspiration of either poetry or eloquence, while legs, and bodies, and necks are pinched about in the common Rue-de-Rivoli costume, or fashion of the time. Husson has impressively represented an angel, offering to heaven a repentant sinner. The angel looks upwards in solemn trust, and seldom, surely, was penitence more feelingly chiseled, than in the half-prostrate figure of the sinner imploring before her. I next notice a group by Paul Lemoyne. It is colossal. It represents Medea rushing in blind horror from her slain children. Her visage abounds in most foul and fiendish expression. Her hair is tied in a terrific knot over her forehead. Her right hand clasps a dagger. Her children lie corpses at her feet. She leans furiously forward, and seems to behold some victim Jason, in the distance. Having secured whatever enthusiasm the group was capable of exciting, I took to criticism. I came to the conclusion that the living Medea, however jealous she might be, could not possibly have leaned so far forward, without going over. A perpendicular, let fall from the centre of gravity, must have touched the earth far, very far out from the base. Near this group is a seated statue by Thérasse. It is Cydippe reading these words, on an ivory ball just by chance picked up :—'I swear by Diana, to wed none but you, Aconice.' The cunning lover had devised this trick, to entrap the refusing maiden into an oath. The expression on her face is neither surprise at the joke, nor indignation, nor yet pleasure. You

see a sort of silly grin, which brings a corresponding state of muscle into your own countenance. And now we have got back once more to the nymph Salmacis. There is she still, half prostrate, yet ever on the eve of rising. There is the same captivating innocence in her look, and though stark naked, she is too youthful and too pure to dream of any harm therein. I doubt not, that expression will there survive a thousand years. This is the only ideal, truly worthy of the name, in all this department of the exhibition. I mention no other pieces in sculpture. There are, hanging about the apartment, several ingeniously-carved scenes and images in wood, wrought by that same returning taste to the middle ages, which appears in some of the sculpture, in many of the paintings, in several sketches of ancient architecture, which is likewise frequently exhibited on the Parisian stage ; and is, moreover, evinced in numerous historical compositions, daily given forth through the press.

The few *engravings*, and fewer *lithographs* are not particularly worthy of description. The former, it seems to me, cannot compare with specimens at Munich and Florence. In the latter, are some half dozen pieces of good execution. An effort by Noel, taken from Overbeck's painting of Christ surrounded by little children, approaches nearer to fine engraving, than any lithograph I have ever seen. The *architectural* pieces are mostly made up of designs for improving various parts of the metropolis. They are here exposed to the scrutinizing judgment, and approval of the Pa-

risians. Several plans for beautifying the Champs-Elysées, seemed to me distinguished for admirable taste.

The hour of four has now arrived. The crimson-liveried huissier, in chapeau-bras, announces that the doors of the Louvre must for this day be closed. What are the general impressions left, by so brief rambles among these works of art? France has a very few good painters and sculptors. She has, moreover, a multitude following art, who could do no worse in another sphere. A feeling for said art is wide among the general people. The present Exposition is a slight improvement upon that in 1836. This practice of exhibitions is useful to artists, and profitable to the people. Their increased number is one favorable commentary upon the revolution of 1830. The impulses of that revolution, which have so enlarged the boundaries of action in other departments, may still continue to operate beneficially in this. The prospects for art in France are not discouraging.

XI.

ADIEUS TO PARIS.

Oh! Paris est la cité mère!
Paris est le lieu solennel
Où le tourbillon éphémère
Tourne sur un centre éternel!
Fontaine d'urnes obsédée!
Mamelle sans cesse inondée
Où pour se nourrir de l'idée
Viennent les générations!

VICTOR HUGO.

I FIND myself in a post-chaise, dashing through the Rue Poissoniere, on my route to Germany. A postilion, in leathern polished hat, and snug briefly-skirted coat, with his buck-skinned legs half-buried in enormous boots, cracks, cracks, cracks, and cracks his whip, as he bobs up and down upon that tough Normandy post-horse, 'perpendicular as a prince.' This is certainly a very delightful mode of travel. Hire or purchase a carriage, and let government do the rest; for which, of course, government must be well paid. Thus may you start when you please, stop when you please, and between such starting and stopping, be darted onwards to your destination, in the galloping speed of an English stage-coach.

There are two other modes of travel in France. One is by the Malle-Poste contrived for three persons,

and the other by Diligence. The former is resorted to, in cases of great haste. The mail-stage sweeps through the kingdom, from one end to the other, with a rapidity not more swiftly to be embodied, than in the phrase, *like Jehu.* A Diligence is the vehicle for those who dislike the expense of travelling poste, or the body-bruising speed of the mail-stage. A Diligence is exceeding clumsy to the eye. It is, however, ingeniously contrived to meet four classes of purses. In its front is the *Coupée*, for three persons. This is decidedly the finest compartment. Out through its two sides and front, you may survey the country. It has large facilities for any length of leg, also for reading; and it is usually furnished with a mirror. Right behind the coupée, is the *Interieur* for six. Behind the interieur, is the *Rotonde* for nine. High up *over* the coupée, is the *Banquette*, for the conducteur and two or three passengers, behind which is the baggage, and *upon* which is usually perched a little barking, and very noisy dog. The prices of these different compartments are variously graduated, according to their respective merits. The English coach has but two divisions,—outside and inside. There is about it this anomaly,—the inside fare is twice as great as the outside, while the outside seats are, at least, four times more desirable. But the English coach assuredly beats the American, whose fare for outside or inside, back seats or forward seats, is all in conformity with the most approved levelling principles, exactly the same.

The Diligence is under the supervision of a *Con-*

ducteur. About to travel with him from Paris to Marseilles, he informs you that his vehicle departs at eight o'clock P. M. French Diligences almost invariably commence their long journeys at night. They travel ceaselessly night and day, and they generally manage to reach their destination at night. The comfort of a Diligence delaying, like an American stage, to give passengers the enjoyment of a night's sleep, would to a Frenchman be quite ridiculous. Moreover, you must be *upon the spot*, at the moment of departure. No Diligence lumbers about the city, blowing horns, like an American coach, stopping at this and that house, to wake up, or pick up a passenger. Herein has the French system the better of us. But we have the better of it in speed; for the Diligence plods on at the dreary pace of four or five miles per hour; it breakfasts sometimes at eight and sometimes at twelve; it dines now at six and again at midnight; it disturbs your digestion; it breaks in upon your repose, and when, just at daybreak, you have arrived at Marseilles, soul and body are in a deplorable state.

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But here has my post-chaise reached the Barrière de Pantin. In a moment, it will have passed the gate. And in thus leaving Paris, I ask myself, why is it parted from with some regret? Every visiter tries to assign reasons, why a winter's residence in this metropolis is one of the most captivating in the world. This person discovers its charm in the universal freedom of deportment; that in the large system of public amusements;

and another in the frequency and easy splendor of its private gatherings. Every one, of course, will give a reason moulded by his peculiar predilections and associations, and that of the Italian will be quite different from the Englishman's. If I were asked, why to me it has been delightful, I should answer, chiefly because within its narrow walls, are centred the elements of a whole nation. At Paris, you may see all France. Paris comprehended is France comprehended. The Frenchman of the metropolis, is the Frenchman of the whole kingdom. Here is a condensation which you may seek London for in vain. There is an exhaustless variety, which that metropolis possesses not. This is the grand centre. Here is the government, here is the press; here are art and science, and here, is the fashion. Up hither turn all eyes and all ambitions. Here is the great sphere of exhibition. Who has not flourished here, is provincial. The Parisian tribunal is a tribunal of the last resort. Who has failed here, has failed every where. The opinion of the capital is peremptory upon the entire kingdom. The capital pulls down thrones, and it puts them up; and France submits to the dynasty of the metropolis. It is this crowding of life, which has made my last seven months, the most intense of any in the past. Those who wish to study French progress, may study it in this multitude of topics; and when I recall, that into France alone of all continental kingdoms, have penetrated the principles which an American deems the surest pledges of national advancement, such study becomes to him one of extremest interest.

There are, however, sources here for the gratification of any variety of taste. Is one a lover of music? Where does music sound so delightfully, and so cheaply? Do you enjoy the theatre? Where is there an equally large, and various system for your enjoyment? Are you an epicure? The world has no eating houses, like the first rate restaurants of Paris. Do you affect dancing? Surely, there is more dancing in Paris on one winter's evening, than in all the United States on two. Do you like elegant soirées? The salons of Paris abound in them. Would you study human nature? Here does it show itself in many wondrous forms. Do you admire French art, and literature, and science? Here are their centres. Would you think freely, and speak freely, and act freely, quite unnoticed by neighboring tongues? This is your residence. Are you pleased by lovely architecture, and antique architecture? The Madeleine and the Pantheon, Notre Dame and St. Denis, are here. Do you like to contemplate foreign manners? Paris is their sphere. And, moreover, do you wish to spend money? Come to Paris. Here may you gild your apartments; here may you enrich your equipage; here may you dash out into any magnificence, and you shall find companionship to give it seeming. It is not, however, the French who *dash*. They only have a system, into which may enter those who wish to realize that word. The foreigner alone displays. Rich Russian Noblemen, like Demidoff of old, are pleased to come down hither from their icy regions, and set the Parisians all agaze, at the magnificence of their retinue and

equipage. I must say that here is nothing very discordant. Dark and moustached princes, born in a despotism, with ten thousand serfs beneath them, and any depth of mines as their treasury-house, when gorgeously exhibiting themselves in this central city of Europe, do but act in harmony with the principles of their ostentatious government, and the conduct which all past opinion has made imperative upon their aristocratic station. If, however, untitled absentees from an economical republic, were to attempt an imitation of their display, did you not condemn them outright, you might at least without uncharitableness, pronounce their deportment a discord, nay, one of the harshest possible social notes. Far be it from me to enter into any wretched denunciation, of what is called American 'ostentation of wealth. Our course of things is onward. Large manifestations await us in the future. We are to exhibit human society under new forms, and there is to be no form more original and striking than that of our wealthy citizens;—citizens not enjoying the claim of Titles to consideration, and for that very reason led to make more expensive, and gorgeous and imposing, the manifestation of their riches. The time for that manifestation with us, has not yet arrived, and I know but one prophetic illustration of it in Europe. No private residence shines more richly; no equipage is more prince-like; no soirées are more brilliant; no dinners are more magnificent, than those of an American gentleman, now residing in Paris. The chief peculiarity of all this is, its anticipation of the American

age. For however much by good men it may be deprecated, to such complexion is one portion of our onward, physical prosperity inevitably to come. The good of wealth can hardly be enjoyed, so long as human nature remains what God fashioned it, without something of what are called its ills.

To many Americans about to travel through Europe, an acquaintance with Paris may be no bad preparative. It may balance and regulate them. It may furnish instructive standards, whereby to judge the multitudinous sights and sounds which await them. And then again to many, such acquaintance may be injurious, unfitting them for the enjoyment of inferior objects,—objects stupidly tame, compared with those left behind. By such, let Paris be the last visited, the summit of the pyramid. Visited first or last however, it seems to me, that to every American it must have this one great common interest. France, as already said, is the only continental nation now successfully struggling in the pathway to freedom. She is the European nation most sympathizing with the United States. They both look forward to the same great ends—the developement and highest condition of the universal people. Now at Paris, you may best see the exponents of the nation's political and social progress. You may here best understand that political state, upon whose character depend all subordinate states in the realm. You may here best read, whither are the tendencies of the age. As carefully as I could, have I watched the state and shiftings of recent French

opinion. The vast mass of that opinion is unquestionably for the reigning dynasty. There are the Legitimatists, who would pull it back to the stationary ideas of the old Regime; and then, on the other side, are the extreme Liberals, who would stimulate it forward to extremes in Republican policy. Between these two, does the juste-milieu steadily advance. The last few months have not been uninstructive. The rejection of the Disjunction Bill, the withdrawal of the Appanage, and the postponement of the project respecting Non-Revelation, indicate no tendencies to make stronger the throne. That throne has recently promulgated a universal political Amnesty, thus manifesting that it is assured of strength. More than six hundred persons have, by this measure, been emancipated to their families and their duties. Even Meunier, the last assailant of the King's life, is but banished for ten years. This is among the most conciliatory and popular steps, which yet the government have taken. There is but one rejoicing feeling therefor, throughout the kingdom. The marriage of the Duke of Orleans to a Princess of Mecklemburg, is, in a few days, to be consummated. Already is that princess on her way to her great destiny. France receives her with enthusiasm, and hails in this alliance, another guaranty for the strength and perpetuation of the present dynasty. While thus the affection of the people, and the stability of the throne are being secured, the Chambers are engaged in enacting laws for general amelioration. The interests of the people are continually before them. Roads are

improved; ports are improved; facilities are given to agriculture; the subject of popular education is frequently acted upon; there are six projects for great railroads now before them, and for every law tending to influence present politics, there have this winter been twenty, tending to benefit the people. These are facts of cheerful omen. When I reflect, that but seven years have passed, since France beheld a violent revolution, expelling one régime and introducing another, I cannot but think these facts unexampled in the history of the past, and most propitious for the future. The king, to be sure, has been exposed to assassins' hands. But I do not forget, that where one conceited or despairing wretch aims the blow, millions of hands arrest it, and give proofs abundant of horror at the attempt; and it is doubtless equally fair and far more philosophical, to infer the feeling of the nation towards the present dynasty, from the manifestations of the million, than from the malice of an isolated individual.

Thousands in France, you may say, are deeply suffering for want of food and raiment. But similar suffering has characterized all the past. There were crises in the happiness of the people, before the revolution of 1830. And if there be one noble feature in the spirit of the present government, and what is more, in the spirit of present society, it is the manifested wish to rush forward and alleviate that suffering. Paris has this winter witnessed efforts after efforts to relieve the operatives at Lyons, and other cities of the

kingdom, and thousands on thousands have been accumulated therefor.

France is in a deplorable state as to religion and morality. Alas, that cry is not a new one. French infidelity in social and religious life, has long been a by-word all over the earth. But closely-observing, and deep-reflecting men, now discover tendencies to a better state of things. There is a return, slow indeed it may be, but still a return towards religious ideas. The present government is hand and heart with this movement of society, and there could not well be desired a loftier model for national morality, than that which is constantly furnished by the royal circle.

There is thus, continual improvement. There is constant tendency to the prosperous and the good. Louis Philippe is a democratic king. He has been made by the people. He forgets not his origin. In his family, reside the great hopes of the nation. Thousands of hostile prayers are continually put up, that those hopes may be unrealized. No American can wish them other than triumphant. If France continue on in free regeneration, Europe may ultimately be revolutionized. If France fail, there is no other foothold for liberty here. History writes but two chapters,—one of human hopes gratified, the other of human hopes disappointed. Unto this latter, has France, during the last fifty years, furnished abundantly. God grant that the present dynasty may not go on, still swelling its long and melancholy page.

While thus at random, cogitating, my carriage has

passed far beyond the Barrière. The roar of the great city goes down to indistinctness. I leave behind me the largest sink of European vice, and likewise some of the best hopes of freemen all over the world. I pass from a superficial people, to a people deeply thinking. I exchange gaiety for seriousness. I quit a nation rather prosaic, for one extremely poetical. I go to the birth-place of Schiller, and Göethe, and Wieland and Jean Paul. It is a pleasant morning of May. Crack—crack—crack—crack,—the postilion whips on in galloping speed. The present vanishes; the future seems to arise. Good-by, Paris;—Hail, Cloudland!

XII.

A DAY AT BADEN IN BADEN.

I FIND myself at one of the great European watering places. Baden, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, is a little village, situated near the feet of several surrounding hills. At this time, these hills are clothed in green, the airs are deliciously mild, the company is large and brilliant, and since to me all is novel enjoyment here, the thought of soon departing, starts a little regret. As I would not forget what has afforded me so much pleasure, I record the course of life within an experience of a single day.

I am at the Badische Hof, a spacious hotel, once a cloister of Capuchins, but sold in 1807, and converted to its present purposes. Unto it are attached thirty-two bathing tubs, and a vapor bath. I may here note down, that in the village are seven other Hofs, or hotels, each having, as a necessary part of its establishment, from thirty to forty bathing tubs. These tubs are supplied with water from thirteen springs, of different degrees of temperature, varying in their component parts, and issuing principally from a spot near the snail's-garden, very appropriately called 'Hell.' The hottest has a temperature of about fifty-four degrees of Reaumur.

Though not an invalid, I resolved, for curiosity's sake, to try the waters in the regular, recommended style. So springing from my bed at five o'clock of the morning, I walked down into the bathing establishment. Its hall is long and cool, and on each side thereof are little rooms, containing tubs. A portly German female attendant whispered *guten morgen* to me, on my entrance. The surrounding silence was unbroken, save by here and there a tinkle of falling water, and an occasional tremendous splash, announcing that bathing visiters had arrived before me. The door of one of the rooms now chanced to open, and out tottered a little pinched-up body, in morning gown, and curiously wrought black cap, and muttering something in German to the attendant, walked away. The maid then showed me half a dozen rooms, whose water-filled tubs were quite ready for the bather, and into each of which she thrust a brawny arm to try the temperature, each time saying, as she looked up, with a smile, into my visage, *das ist gut.* I resolved however upon an empty one. Into this, reposing my denuded limbs, I turned a sort of screw, and slowly was showered over me a warm spray, in lightness more feathery and delicious, than any thing I had before experienced. This is a style of bathing designed for luxury alone, and when, after the lapse of a half hour, you draw yourself upright by a cord which is suspended from the ring above, you pronounce it a delicate invention, to which the luxurious fastidiousness of Heliogabalus himself could not, for a moment,

object. After the bath, it is usual to take a walk. You may stroll into what is called the English garden, or up through the adjacent hills, and be assured that you will ever find threading these agreeable pathways, many fair German, and French, and English forms, attracted thus early, to enjoy the scenery and the air, whose sweetness and purity you unhesitatingly pronounce unrivalled. You now feel soothed and harmonized in all your nerves. The bath-water has wrought mysteriously upon you. If you have scrofulous affections, or rheumatic pains, or stiff limbs, or groan daily under gout, you now enjoy the flattering idea of having just brought to bear upon them one of the most efficient remedies.

Having taken five or six turns in the promenades, go at once to the *Ursprung*. As its name implies, it is the *original* spring. It was highly esteemed in the time of the Romans. Its vault is still covered with remains of beautiful Carrarian marble, put up at that distant day. It gushes forth tremendously, and yields you with ease in any twenty-four hours, more than seven million cubic inches of water. This is the much-frequented spring. It is situated right in the midst of the afore-named Hell, a region which in severest winters, can never be covered with snow. Near by, is a covered colonnade, called the Pump-Room. Here congregate invalids, every morning, between six and nine. Here shall you see men and women, old and young, rich and poor. Here are lame legs, inflamed eyes, and tainted skins ; and now and then shall

you see one, whose trembling nerves and bloated visage denote the ci-devant debauchee, now alas, quite chapfallen, and resolved at length to return, like a prodigal son, to nature for restoration. I have on several mornings, interested myself in looking at the various company, and striving from deportment, to guess out the particular affliction of each individual. One little old German gentleman has perplexed me much. He is accustomed to walk up briskly to the spring, take a little bottle of whey from his pocket, pour a quantity into a tumbler, which the attendant soon filling, he drinks off very slowly, and in measured draughts. Replacing his bottle in his pocket, and crossing his hands behind him, he walks forth again, saying nothing, noticing no one, and commences a regular promenade up and down the pump-room. At length he stops, pulls out and looks at his watch, puts it back hurriedly into his fob, and rushes off again in haste to the spring. There he administers once more to his stomach, a dose precisely like the preceding. He now returns, resumes and continues his walk, with his eyes fixed on the floor, apparently in deepest cogitation, until the moment comes round again, when he to sulphurous water must render up himself. He seems eternally thinking of but his stomach, his watch, and the Ursprung. My interest in him is not at all diminished, when at length informed that he is a celebrated German professor. The value of *whey*-diet in several diseases, is very generally acknowledged. Many of the invalids make use of it, and each morning, its

sellers may here be seen, in the shape of rows of immovable old women, sitting on the ground, with hands embraced about their knees, while before them are standing their brown whey-pots, like consecrated vessels before so many Egyptian idols.

But here is a young lady. She has just come from the spring; and now opening a book, she promenades as she peruses it, up and down the public walk. What can be the trouble with her. She moves elastic enough. She is rounded in her form. There is no external token to indicate that her constitution is giving way. On passing her more closely, however, a single glance detects a slight affection, alas, *of the skin.* And now, the rattling of wheels draws your attention. A carriage has arrived, and out of it is boosted, and gently tumbled, the debilitated Marquis of D——. He is completely shrouded, like one of certain Spanish friars, in a huge white vestment, that encloses feet, arms and head, in its multitudinous folds. '*Bon jour, Monsieur,*' says a sprightly German Baroness—'*Ah, Madame,*' squeaks out a trembling voice, and while he is going on to thank her, half a dozen men hurry him away into the adjacent vapor bath. But new parties are continually arriving, and there is no end to the variety of aspects which they assume. To me, I do confess there is much impressive as well as amusing, in this novel and stirring spectacle. The solemn regularity of these movements, the impurturbable gravity of these visages with their lengthened hypochondriacal expression, often move a smile, which is

itself soon put to flight, by the reflection of so many sinking frames, anxiously come hither to derive from one of nature's fountains, the means of adding a few more fitful moments to life's dream.

Not having any medical prescription regulating the quantity to be drunk, I am accustomed to button my coat comfortably about me, and indulge until the set of it becomes a little uneasy. The beverage is to me quite pleasant, and of about the warmth which one would approve in his coffee. I was going on, enjoying the above course, when an individual, whom I verily believe to be in the interest of the doctors, declared in my hearing, that the most dangerous consequences had resulted from drinking these waters, without so doing according to very accurate medical prescription, and that they generally did injury to all who used them, save the veritably diseased.

At eight o'clock, you may walk down to the Assembly Rooms, to enjoy the music of a fine German band which there performs, each morning, from seven until nine; and likewise to take chocolate with a light French roll. The chocolate is usually served in the open air, upon a little round stand, just large enough to hold your cup and a newspaper. Parties of ladies and gentlemen are here and there engaged in the same worthy vocation. Breakfast being concluded, you had better take a ramble among the environs. They are full of the antique and the enchanting. Walk up the Lichtenthal. It is a beautiful vale, and contains a venerable cloister of Cistercian nuns. Ascend the dark-fir

mount of St. Cecilia. Your toil is repaid by a distant view of Baden and the Oelbach stream; and if you are disposed to moralize, but a little way off, are the graves of many Cistercians long since departed.

But my favorite ramble is up to yonder ancient castle, the *Altes Schloss*, as it is called. Seven centuries ago, it was the residence of a princely family, and from 1250 to 1550, twenty sovereigns of Baden, distinguished for chivalrous sentiments and martial deeds, resided there. It is a fine ruin of the middle ages, and you may either spend your time in rebuilding and repeopling it, or in enjoying, from one of its half-crumbled windows, a prospect of wide and various beauty, which no language can describe. Walk now onward, through the cool fir-tree shadows, to the ruined castle of Ebersteinburg. It seems not so much founded on a rock, as carved out therefrom. You imagine it must have ever been impregnable, and yet, just five hundred years ago, in a feud between its possessor and a German Count, the latter with his followers marched against it, and reduced it to its present ruin. The walks on every side are so enchanting, you are doubtful which to choose. A very agreeable one leads your steps to the Teufelskanzel, or devil's pulpit. It is a lofty rock overlooking a little valley; and if the fiend's audience, now alas, scattered all over the world, did ever, as it is fabled, assemble here, it was in a spot which a Christian congregation might well be pleased to occupy. How finely rise the hills into a convenient amphitheatre, shaded by the fir, the

oak, and the hornbeam. You may now repose yourself, and spend an hour conversing with the German gentleman who has chanced thither, rambling for the same objects as yourself.

When your pedestrian wishes are quite gratified, return to the Assembly Rooms. Of these, the central one is a large hall, some hundred and fifty feet long, and fifty broad. Around it, in niches, are several statues, and its furniture is in a style of superior elegance. At each end is a *roulette* table, and one for *rouge et noir* stands in an adjacent saloon. Eight Corinthian columns give a somewhat grand appearance to its portico. In its right wing, are a library, and one of the finest public dining rooms in Germany. Its left is occupied as a library and reading room, and there likewise stands the theatre. In front of this beautiful block of buildings, spreads out a green lawn, of some three or four acres, bordered by flowers in full bloom. On two sides of this lawn, at right angles with the Assembly Rooms, extend rows of open shops, or boutiques, shaded by wild chestnut-trees, and filled with all sorts of fancy articles. The stand for musicians is a little way advanced, in front of the right wing, and in its vicinity are hundreds of chairs, settees and tables, for loungers in the open air.

Gambling is one of the terrible amusements of this watering place. The tables are open from nine until one, and from two o'clock until midnight. Old men and the young, old women and fair maidens, all join in the hazards of the game. I must say that the exhi-

bitions I have here witnessed in the course of this past day, have fixed deeper than ever, and far more strong, my feeling towards this vice. Frascati's, in Paris, has about it a good deal of the secret and the forbidding. All its features continually remind you that something wrong is going on. Ere you enter, a liveried servant takes mysteriously your cloak, and hat and cane, and eyes you keenly for a moment, to ascertain if your age may warrant an admission. Within, all is stillness, and if perchance an exclamation at ill luck be accidentally raised, hisses from different quarters silence it instantly. There is a professional air about Frascati's, which to me is appalling. At Baden, this mysteriousness does not exist. All is done openly, and much in broad daylight. In the gambling hall, you do not feel as if within some dangerous circle. Many of the noblest ladies, and wealthiest gentlemen of Europe, may there every day be seen, if not to play, at least to look on, and perhaps to laugh or sneer at those who lose. Play seems to be one necessary part of Baden life. A gentleman, after sipping coffee and talking French politics, walks a few paces to the *rouge et noir* table, loses a thousand francs, and then walks back to sip coffee and talk French politics again. A lady is promenading through the Hall, her arm interlocked with a gentleman's, and discoursing on the pleasures of her morning's walk. A sudden whim sends her to *roulette*, and after parting with a good round sum, she rejoins her solitary gentleman in the promenade, and again discourses with much feeling,

about the majesty of *Altes Schloss*. Gambling seems thus to be intermingled with the usual every-hour thoughts. Hence is it divested of the awe and startling solemnity, which surround it at many places, and its insidious power to beguile, and vortex-like, to swallow up heart and soul, is thus tenfold increased.

I do not much like to reproduce images of those passions, which are born around the gaming table. And yet I desire to note down a little ocular experience I had this day. When I entered the hall, the roulette-table was numerously surrounded. Several were playing high, but none with agitation, except a strange man, aged perhaps thirty-six, whose face was flushed as if by fever. He did not indulge himself with a seat, but taking a lot of Napoleons from his pocket, he hurriedly and tremblingly tossed them down upon any number, it mattered not what. Then quickly walking off several paces from the table, he awaited in most anxious agitation, the pause of the ball, and the voice of the marker, announcing his winnings, or his loss. If the former, he returned complacently, took up all his winnings, save a single Napoleon, which, in superstitious gratitude, he left to the number which had been so generous towards him. The next turn, he flung down four or five hundred francs. The luck was against him, and also in the next trial, and the next. Had a galvanic battery been brought to play upon his corpse, it could not have produced more hideous spasms, than those which at each announcement, wrenched his visage and entire frame. And

still he ventured, and still he lost. Then a single success inspired him with hope; and then he lost again. His excitement had now become so great as to attract the attention of the company. That company regarded him with sober eyes; in perfectly good breeding. Of it, he seemed to be totally unconscious. Once I thought he seemed to make an effort to break away but in vain. The eye of the serpent was on him. He continued to play; Napoleon followed Napoleon into the all-swallowing maw of the table, till at length, the gambler's pockets probably quite emptied, he seized his hat, crushed it fiercely between his fists, uttered a deep curse in the Spanish language, and rushed out of the hall. Several eyes followed him; one curious man even went to the door. A shrewd looking individual ran his tongue into his cheek; another shrugged his shoulders, and a third exchanged winks with the marker. The wheel, however, continued to revolve, without the slightest interruption.

I was attracted again to-day by a strange countenance, which I have very frequently seen at these tables. Its freshness bespeaks the man of thirty. The gray hairs tell you of sixty winters, while enormous whiskers, and moustaches, and imperial, all intensely gray even as the locks of that scalp, proclaim the gentleman of style, the mirror of fashion, the gallant cavaliero. This is rather a short man. He dresses in most admirable taste; has one suit for the morning, another for the afternoon, and still another for the evening. He plays with fingers numerously and richly

ringed. He enters the hall with a consequential air. The servant hurries to relieve him of his hat and cane; and while he takes his seat, the markers look knowingly at each other. This is the Elector of Hesse Cassel. He takes several little rolls of gold from his pocket, breaks open one of them, and claps down two hundred francs on No. 10. He plays high. His risk is never less than forty francs. But with what grace and self-possession does he lose! He has now been playing but five minutes, and two thousand francs have passed from his pockets, into the coffers of the affectionate marker. He is not, however, in the least moved. He frowns not, neither does he smile; nor moreover is he ever betrayed into that infernal grin, which your green pretender often puts on, to hide from surrounding spectators his chagrin at ill luck. The Elector is immensely rich, and can afford to lose with grace.

But here is a lady gamester. She is quite absorbed in the vice, and yet her deportment is certainly, in the highest degree, genteel. Your lady is present at Frascati's, not so much to play herself, as, by her charms, to attract players thither. Here, however, the attendance is for a quite different object. 'The play, the play 's the thing.' And most surely by that play is her conscience caught. Heart, soul, mind, affections,—all prostituted to that one fell seducer. Her weakness will be looked upon more in sorrow than in anger. It sends a flush to the cheek, quivering to the lips, wildness to the eyes, and desolation through the soul.

Many of the ladies here, seem to be professional gamesters; and those who do not station themselves deliberately in seats at the table, with mace, and a little counting-paper and pin before them, very generally wander till midnight through the illuminated halls, every now and then pausing, to venture a Napoleon at *rouge et noir*.

If you would be in keeping, dress yourself at three, for dinner, and repair again to the Assembly Rooms. The Germans, having enjoyed their table d'hôte at *one* o'clock, are now lounging in the open air, before the hall, sipping coffee, smoking pipes, and listening to music which plays till five. At this hour, you enter the grand public dining room, and amidst Englishmen, and Frenchmen, and Italians, Austrians, and Russians, and still some Germans, you enjoy a very cleverly cooked meal. Now comes round the music-man with a little plate, into which you may, or may not, as you please, throw a few kreutzers.* Then comes

* The custom of at once addressing two senses, and through a happy intermingling of music with their banquets, of aiding digestion, is very general among the Germans. I have taken many early breakfasts at Munich, in the presence of a playing band. To the gardens of the Austrian metropolis, do crowds of Viennois resort each day at six o'clock, to satisfy any evening appetite, and listen to music from the orchestras of Strauss, Lanner, or Morelli. All the hotels at Baden, and several at Dresden, Berlin, and other cities of Germany, have in their dining halls, an alcove or balcony constructed, for the indispensable musicians. The Germans do not so much seem to listen to music while taking their meals, as to enjoy their meals while listening to music.

round a body with leathern satchel under its arm, desiring to sell you the 'Badische Blatt' for a few kreutzers more. This sheet contains the daily news of the village. Here you read the names of one hundred and nine Dukes, and Counts, and Earls, and Commoners, who have here arrived since yesterday evening, and you moreover learn, that up to this present twentieth of June, the number of arrivals for this season, has been eight thousand five hundred. The leaf likewise contains an account of certain removals from No. 2, to No. 8; and how Madame Deschamps has just arrived with flowers and plumes from Paris; what is to be the opera for this evening; and when the next ball is to take place.

After dinner, you may walk into the theatre. Like all those, which in summer you may visit in Germany, its performance begins early and ends before dark. Between the pieces, the audience, as at Carlsruhe, quit the house, take a half hour's promenade through the fresh gardens, with ice and conversation, and then return to enjoy the conclusion. The evening until twelve, may be spent in conversation, reading foreign news, listening to music, walking through the brilliant and crowded assembly rooms, or, as I spend this, in noting down the sights and sounds of the day.

XIII.

BAIAE—PROCIDA—ISCHIA.

DELIGHTFUL spots are these; among them have glided away some of my happiest hours. Baiae, once a retreat of part of the vast Roman luxury, now one wretched abode of beggars. The chief sources of its interest are human, and they have undergone many a change, in the successive ages of the world. Procida—Ischia—these are pleasant neighboring islands; their interest has been most derived from the hand of nature; it therefore does endure for ever, unchanged, unchangeable.

On a pleasant spring morning, we left Naples in a carriage, from which having alighted at Pozzuoli, we entered a light bark, under the oars of some half a dozen lazaroni. These are your genuine minions of the sun, whose idle vocations, if pardonable any where, are certainly so at Naples, where, even the northern traveller, but briefly staying, feels his muscles—hitherto tough and iron-bound—gradually relaxing, and finds himself, ere he knows it, sliding into lazy dreams. A from-hand-to-mouth-living gentry are they, unknowing to-day whence may come the macaroni that shall keep them alive to-morrow; ragged and starving, yet full of laughter and song. How unlike the poorer classes

among my own countrymen, who are even restless in their toil; never satisfied with the present; looking onward and laboring, as if some mighty events in the future were depending upon their daily exertions!

Swiftly moving over the sea, we soon landed near Baiae. 'Will you see the grotto of the Cumean Sybil?' asked the guide. 'Certainly,' said I. We moved on. 'And what pond is this?' 'Tis lake Avernus,' replied the cicerone. 'The Tartarus of Virgil; and yonder ruins are of a temple dedicated to Pluto.' They stand upon the borders of said lake, rising somewhat dim and roughly, yet distinct is their image reflected in the clear, glass-like waters beneath. Lighting our torches, we entered the grotto. After walking some fifty rods, we were stopped. 'Mount the *horses*,' said our guide. Two ragged and grisly lazaroni stooped down before us. We are now astride their backs, with arms clasped tight and lovingly about necks, which, if free will be no farce, shall not by me be soon clasped again. We were carried off at right angles, through a narrow passage. The large flaming torches were borne before us, by our *horses*. What with smoke flaring every moment into eyes, mouth and nostrils, and what with the intense heat, I was near suffocation. At length we heard a splash of waters. The lazarone, on whose back I was mounted, was wading therein knee-deep. Is this, indeed, the imagined avenue from Virgil's Tartarus to Acheron and the Styx? Much need had the poet's spirits of merciful aid. At length we were deposited

on a pedestal surrounded by water, in a little chamber. From this spot, according to our cicerone, was the Sybil wont to deliver forth her oracles,—far under the earth, away from the sun and sound of disturbing voices. We had stood upon the pedestal. It was enough. All sweltering and begrimmed, we hastened out.

Now for Baiae. We were rowed lazily along the shores. Dazzlingly bright, as polished steel, shone the surface of the sea. The air was mild, and mellow, and in almost sultry repose. In a sort of luxury, the sunlight itself seemed to slumber upon the ocean, and the hills, and those melancholy ruins, that for two thousand years had been crumbling beneath and upon their summits. This then is a scene in Italy,—all beauty, all softness, all luxurious tranquillity. I had often read, and heard and dimly dreamed of such. Hearing, and reading, and dreaming had however given but faint images of the reality. And yet I must say, this Italian spring sky somewhat disappoints me. It is too brilliantly blue. It dazzles and pains my vision. Perhaps, however, these large dark eyes which every where in Naples look forth, from men, and women and children, may not complain. For my part, if memory fail not in furnishing means for comparison, I should set down certain firmaments I have beheld on beautiful days of May, near the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi, as equal to any thing I have yet enjoyed in the heavens of an Italian spring. I dislike these glaring, glistening, these most dazzling colors.

Americans come here and admire, while they talk about Italian sky and Italian climate. Would they but know it, they have climate and sky equally delightful, within any mile of their own several homes.*

* And now I wish to express the opinion, that in Europe is no scene *of its class*, with the exception perhaps of *one* at Naples, whose tout-ensemble of sky and hills, and trees and water, and spires and architecture, surpasses what may, by the eye, at one view be embraced from a certain point of Beacon street in the city of Boston. I am satisfied that if this scene were in any one of the great European cities, it would by all travellers be eternally *cracked up* as a great lion, the seeing of which would be deemed indispensable to the completeness of foreign travel. This scene leaves the famed Prater at Vienna far, far behind. The *Unter den Linden* at Berlin, renowned as one of the most magnificent streets in Europe, is not to be named in the same volume with it. The half-Venitian and half-Italian-Boulevard scene, which on summer evenings may delight you from the *Jungfersteig*, or Maiden's Walk, in the city of Hamburg,—which belongs to the same class of scenes with the above-named three, and which, I think, surpasses the two latter,—advances still not near to an equality with the former. The Prater is quite uninteresting, except in the months of April and May, when towards each evening it is thronged with a thousand carriages, and after nightfall, with many thousand pedestrians, visible through innumerable lamp-lights, and listening to finest music. The *Unter den Linden* is chiefly charming, when towards evening, its Linden-shaded walks are made picturesque by the brilliant uniforms and waving plumes of hundreds of the Prussian military, and the *Conditoreien*, which border it,—whereof Fuch's is to be named as most magnificent,—are crowded with ladies and gentlemen enjoying ices and lemonade. The architecture of that street,—with the exception of the Arsenal, the admirable New Museum and the Old Palace at one end, and the splendid Bran-

But what are those masses of masonry yonder? Some ruins of Nero's villa,—and those farther on are of a villa of the Cæsars. Near the shore, stand dismantled temples of Venus Genitrix, of Mercury, and of Diana. Yonder, where you see five ragged women

denburg gate at the other,—is rather ordinary. King Frederick William's residence is common-place enough, and the surviving house of old Prince Blucher looks altogether barn-like. The little artificial lake formed from the waters of the Alster at Hamburg, whose three promenading sides are each evening gay with illumination, and company and music, and in whose fourth are deep reflections of those tall architectural relics from the middle ages, which Canaletto himself might mistake for Venitian; whose surface is variegated by frequent sailing swans and small fancifully painted water-craft, presents altogether a picture that you will look upon, and long remember with exceeding satisfaction. The above-named scenes, like most of those much boasted of in the old world, derive their great charm from illumination, music, equipage and generally brilliant company. Were Boston Common, with its surrounding facilities, transported to Rome, Florence, Milan, or Vienna, there would be two splendid Cafés opened at once in Colonnade Row, and four in Beacon Street. A fountain would be set to playing up from that water pool. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at six o'clock of the evening, a band would perform in the centre of the Common until seven; at five o'clock on *every* day, equipages would commence their double-file *promenade* up and down Beacon Street,—or indeed all round the Common, as on a Corso,—continuing such promenade, passing and re-passing, recognising and cutting, until the hour of seven. Thousands of men, women and children, of *all* classes, of those who work as well as those who work not, clothed in their decent suits and decent manners, would be seen moving each evening, from all quarters to so beautiful a resort. There would be no fighting,

spinning flax, once stood the villa of Marius, and those huge blocks that look so wave-worn and weather-beaten, are all that remain of one country residence of Hortensius, the great Roman lawyer. A little beyond, you may note where rose the magnificent retreat of Lucullus, the renowned Roman epicure,—Lucullus, the gourmand; and still farther away, your land view is bounded by the promontory of Misenum. I need not detail. I make out no itinerary for here-after-coming travellers. A few objects, with some of their impressions, every sojourner in this land may be pleased to record.

Those Romans well knew where to select, and how to furnish their country seats—abodes of hours stolen from the cares and the storms of city and of camp. Yonder, by thousands, they idled and revelled life away, upon those hills that you still may see, now retreating up in gentle gradations to their summits, now gracefully curved as if to embrace the sea, and from whose tops and sides once gladly upon the waters, looked out gardens, and baths; gorgeous palaces,

no loud screaming, no intoxication, no rude elbowing, no strutting (*strutting* is quite out of the question, and even impossible upon the continent), no unworthy deportment of any description. The results of such combinations here are many. Those which much impress an American traveller are conversational vivacity, universal ease and civility, and a certain cultivated and even refined bearing in the common people, as well as the higher classes, which does not always characterize the public manners of other countries.

temples, and porticos. The lazarone pauses upon his oar. Looking dreamingly upon these ruins, and their shattered image mirrored in the waves, you fall perchance into reverie. Is it truth or a fiction, that now slowly, and at first dimly seems to ascend, thronging those hills with glories vanished some twenty centuries ago; peopling it with life long since quenched, and never more to be re-animated in time? Beguiled by the vision, you would for a moment leave your bark, and mounting the marble steps that rise before you, join those bands that in gold and purple, are walking among the porticos and the gardens. Is it Hortensius who advances with a retinue of welcoming friends, as you set foot upon the shore. Alas, the dream is unkindly broken. Up to you, crowds a mass of beggary and of crime. You see haggard women, tottering men, and deformed children. You hear them imploring, some in laughter, and some in tears, a miserable something to save them from starvation.

And now for Procida,—an island which the guide tells you is full of beautiful women, who dress after the veritable ancient Greek costume. Beautiful women indeed are there, and still more beautiful children, and when dressed in that costume which the curiosity of certain travellers has taught them to cherish and preserve with care, they are extremely picturesque and not unimpressive. Still does the traveller's eye here pass from forms merely human, and modes of dress however fair, to yet fairer forms in nature—Nature, as she appears to him in citron groves, and gardens of

orange trees; in islands bathed in mildest sunlight, around which breaks this pleasant sea; in the sweet voices of birds and of waters. We loitered away many agreeable hours among these scenes. At length not without regret returning homewards, we looked upon the receding shores of Procida and Ischia. The sun was about setting. His long glances shot over waves, now more tranquil than I had yet seen them, whose depths gave back in sharp distinctness, the half-clouded sky, the hills, the vineyards and villages upon their sides, wherefrom was now audible some evening music of peasantry. I had heard much of the songs, peculiar to the class whereof were our boatmen. Inquiring if they had voices, and likewise, which was also necessary, if they liked the wine of Pozzuoli, the answer to both questions was affirmative. Five voices immediately struck up 'O Piscator,' and in time to the slow falling and almost noiseless oar, sang it gracefully and with some feeling. It was followed by 'La bella brunetta,' and a half dozen other favorite airs; strains that embodied, sometimes delicately, sometimes roughly, a part of the emotions and passions, the hopes and recollections of this peculiar people.

The Italian tongue is indeed pleasant when in the form of song, moving as now over the still waves, or when like the sound of many silver bugles, it comes to your ear in the Villa Reale, from Italian ladies, who at evening, throng that delightful promenade. I have long *known* it, as the sweetest of modern tongues; I never *felt* it to be so, until I heard it in Italy. Some

Greek pronounced his native tongue fit language for the gods. With equal propriety, had it existed, might he have assigned the Italian, to any fair sharers in their fortunes. What delightful play does it not give to vocal organs!—demanding no effort, no toil; but in the utterance, wakening that natural activity which is their appropriate exercise. Not only in song, is it most melodious, but likewise so even in wrangling and battle. We heard to-day an instance illustrative of this. Our boat was just reaching the shore. A dispute arose as to the division of the *bottiglia*. And what is the bottiglia? Its other name is *buóno-manc*, and in France they call it *pour-boire*. It is their *bottle*, their *grog* in short. What would Mr. —— and that cold corps, which cries aloud for total abstinence, exclaim, if informed that nearly *every* bargain in this region has attached to it a provision for a bottiglia—a 'something to drink?' This is most veritable; and strange to say, I have not yet seen man, woman, or child drunk on the continent—yes, *one*, a Frenchman; and still so polite was he and genteel, in the manifestation of his excited state, that I hesitate ere I apply to him so hard a word as *drunk*.* Well, the dispute was about this

* At the annual festival of the 1st of May, one hundred thousand of the common people of Paris and from its vicinity, were assembled in the Champs-Elysées. At the annual festival of the Brigittenau on the 17th of July, eighty thousand of the common people of Vienna, assembled for their usual sports, on the Leopoldstadt island. On the 24th of August, the usual popular festival called the Fischzug, took place at Stralow near Berlin,

bottiglia. Never waxed more rapidly violent the gesture, shrug, and the voice. How the fingers flew! How the eyes flashed! How impatient became the shoulders! How roared each voice! And yet it was roared sweetly 'as a sucking dove.' It was all melody in its rage. It disarmed the passions of half their fierceness. The scene likewise served, with a hundred similar ones that have lately passed before my eyes, to illustrate how long this people will fight, before coming to blows. Their anger does not, after the manner of Bob Acres' courage, rush madly forth at their knuckles' ends. It is exhaled through loud vociferations, through most quick and lightning-like

and fifty thousand of the Berliners, male and female, were present. At neither of these great national festivals of the French, Austrians and Prussians, did I see one individual intoxicated. During five months' observation in various sections of Germany, I never discovered one man, woman, or child drunk. On my second visit to England, I had not been in London fifteen minutes, before a staggering man reeled against me in Pall Mall. I have above stated the fact with regard to *my* observation in Germany. It is proper, however, to add that the vice of intemperance does therein, to a certain extent, prevail. There are temperance societies in Prussia. The comparative absence of this vice among the people above named, may be attributed to a vast number of influences. So far as the Germans are concerned, I may state, that the nature-implanted wish for excitement, which they have in common with all mankind,—which they do not, as do certain zealous societies that shall be nameless, strive to repress and destroy out of the national heart,—is gratified by a system, among whose chiefest elements are the theatre, the dance, and music of all varieties.

gesture, and through that symbol which has a place in the corporeal language of every Frenchman and Italian—the universal, the emphatic, the everlasting *shrug*. Had the dispute, whereof I was this day a witness, been conducted in the strong, muscular Kentucky spirit,—a spirit which I have been accustomed to see manifested,—long before it had reached the point whereunto it *did* arrive, every man of the wranglers would have measured his ragged length along the boat's bottom, and a score of Italian eyes would have been flung to the turbots of the Mediterranean.

We entered the Villa Reale at sunset. It was thronged with the old and the young, the mirthful and the sad, the beautiful and the ugly, with beggars and with princes. The music of a fine Italian band swept sweetly through the grove, and seemed to mingle with the sound of waves soft-breaking in the bay of Naples. Wandering through this voluptuous and ever-shifting scene, soon faded into indistinctness the memory of our day's tour among the classical isles. Unto us it became as a distant dream, nay, so soft and noiseless were its remembrances, they seemed a dream within a dream.

XIV.

VESUVIUS.

At length we stand upon the summit of Vesuvius. How wide and delightful is the surrounding view! Lo, Naples and its beautiful bay, with Capri rising in purple bloom from its breast! Yonder are peaks of the distant islands,—Ischia and Procida. Here is the site where stood, and still stands, Herculaneum. There is Pompeii. Curving upon my left is the Mediterranean; and yonder hills are still covered with cities, that seen in the dim distance by an imaginative eye, may faintly recall images of that greater beauty and magnificence, which we have been taught to believe, once looked out from those classical shores.

What vexation in getting to the top of this volcano! No sooner had our carriage turned from the high road that lies *over* Herculaneum, into the path leading hitherward, than fifty importunate ragged men, women and children beset us, offering,—while each declared, 'I speaks Ingles,'—horses, mules and donkeys, with their own most indispensable services. We were each soon upon a donkey, and amidst the barking of curs, and the shouts of twenty boys and men cheering on the stubborn animals, by that word known here to man and beast, *macaroni;* amidst vineyards, and lava walls, and swiftly

darting lizards, were ascending up towards the Hermitage.

A queer animal is this donkey,—this jack,—now lazily bearing me on! Even in his best phases, when sheared and cleansed, he seems to me far from a desirable sight; resembling more, in his dusky hue, a mouse magnified, than a condensed piece of bone and muscle for the whip of man. But when seen as now, rough and foul, his long ears flapping in the sun, his nose obstinately within an inch of the earth, and his pace that at which a snail might laugh, he is past all criticism; he has no paragon but himself. And yet with all his ugliness, obstinacy and laziness, his bones and muscles are converted into most valuable use by this,—I will not say more obstinate, but certainly more lazy,—people. It is not enough that they yoke him to a cart with an ox, or horse, four times his size; it is not enough that they oftentimes compel him alone to drag along some six, eight or ten lazaroni, in a sort of gig, around which they cluster like so many swarmed bees; it is not enough that his back is heaped with load upon load, until he resembles a mountain in miniature; still more—if by reason of much loading, a driver find the back of his animal quite untenantable, does he therefore give up hope of being aided in his pedestrian progress? By no means. Invariably seizing, with most fierce and resolute determination, closely and tight upon the root of the animal's tail, he sags himself back to an angle with the earth of some forty-five degrees, and compels him, in a style not unpicturesque,

to drag along, not merely a great burden of wine and olives, but likewise his own most stupid, lazy and macaroni-fatted frame. The jack endures all this, and with stubbornest, dogged indifference. Indeed he is the most indifferent, I was about to say, most *passionless*, animal I have here met. I can hardly say passionless. There is one passion,—shall I call it emotion?—that seems thoroughly to interpenetrate and absorb his whole existence. Need that passion's name be spoken? When the only object worthy of awakening it into audible manifestation is near, his ears start from their wonted repose, his eye looks out animatedly through its lazy lids, and sounds are heard, 'to mortal minstrelsy unknown,' that in their spasmodic and impatient energy, might perhaps be likened to those which have immortalized his scriptural progenitor. But even when alone and at rest; when pausing by the way-side through long sultry summer days, or tranquilly browsing upon laurel leaves that lie in his path, he seems to you not altogether in repose. His face and attitude have a not unpondering expression. You think him meditating over the past or the future, and inevitably to your memory come the words of an erotic bard:

> 'His dream of light, from morn till night,
> Is love, still love.'

We arrived at the Hermitage, and properly noticing an uncorked bottle of the friars' best Lachrimæ Christi, we moved on to the last foot of the volcano. Thirty minutes sufficed to bring us to the top. The first sound

I heard, was the voice of a cockney Englishman, who had preceded me, a few minutes. Looking into the crater's abyss, he squeakingly exclaimed, 'that's *damned* curious.' His next remark, as he clambered over some rocks was, with an oath, quite too stupendous for the occasion, 'By G— there's snow.'

Standing on the crater's brink, nothing more impresses me than the utter surrounding silence. Out from this so-called 'mighty mouth and thorax of the earth's wrath,' are pouring clouds after clouds, not black, or even dusky, but of purest *white*. Restless and wavering volumes upon volumes boom up; yet all in noiselessness. No hollow murmuring, no hiss of molten lava, nothing meets the ear to break the silence almost appalling. A stone was cast into the crater. Breathlessly we heard its downward bounds, growing fainter and more faint. We once imagined its course stopped, but straining still the ear, another dim reverberation came up from those far depths. I know nothing that could better express the successive sounds of the downcast stone upon the crater's sides, than the uttered syllables of a famous Italian word, *Rim*—silence—*bom*—silence—*ba*—silence—*va*—silence—*no*—silence that endures. We tried to walk around the crater, but such was the 'most sulphurous and tormenting smoke,' we could not. Having amused ourselves, by securing for recollection, some striking points of view; by casting rocks into many wide-yawning crevices that here and there divide the summit; by recalling the memory of past eruptions, and contrasting their

loud roar, 'as that of a thousand whirlwinds,' with the present almost painful silence: and having gratified most keen appetites in the wine and oranges that, unordered had been brought up for our especial benefit, we descended.

* * * *

Entering our carriage after the visit to Vesuvius, an hour's ride brought us into the Strada Toledo of Naples. The sides of this vastest of European streets were lined by thousands on thousands of armed soldiery. What was the occasion? A service was performing at one of the churches, to honor the memory of the deceased Queen of Naples. Though two months have elapsed since her death, the manifestations of sorrow are still vivid, and full of ostentation. And well might this sorrow be strong, and ask still for modes and shows to make it visible, if the character of the deceased approached, in any reasonable degree, to a picture thereof, in this eulogy by Borelli, now lying before me; or even did it half come up to commonest descriptions daily heard in the commonest streets. But three years queen and wife, she passed away in the fullness of her beauty and youth. Guided by the eulogies,—of which, by-the-by, there have been enough to make a large volume,—we are led to believe that the graces of her person, remarkable as they were, but faintly imaged forth the graces of her mind and heart. Piety, modesty, gentleness, charity,—these were her great active virtues. Her charitable deeds, for which she is most remembered, were always

wrought secretly. The hand that each day aided thousands of the Neapolitan poor, was unseen; nor were the sources of this bounty known till death revealed them. Therefore, with grateful emotion, is her name much mentioned, and honors fitted to the taste and past habitudes of this people are daily given to her memory. Churches are hung in sables; lofty candelabras send up flames from morning till evening; a gilded coffin is seen by their funereal light; melancholy music is heard from the choir; at this church's entrance you are addressed in Latin words, embodying portions of the general grief, and which remind one how pass away the beauty, and high splendors of the world. I copy only the conclusion:—

'Princes and Dignities vanish.
What alone lives for ever?
Thy Truth, O God.'

Through the long files of soldiers, themselves in mourning badges, we pass to our chambers.

* * * * *

What a ponderous system, thought I, is this of the military! How widely and strongly, like an iron network, is it extended through all departments of Neapolitan life! Here are soldiers in the churches, and soldiers at the theatre; horsemen are stationed at this and that corner; soldiers are at the museum; soldiers are at every promenade; soldiers are at every little gathering, though it be only to hear some wretched ballad-monger in the open streets. The government knows itself not anchored strong in the hearts of the

people; therefore, in timid self-defence does it send out these Briarean hands. Stared at threateningly by huge eyes; jostled about by insolent elbows; domineered most capriciously, into this and that position by gruff voices, the people have one flattering idea to console their self-esteem—they are *feared*. This vast army was created by abject fear. To fill its ranks, how much energy is taken from actual life! To sustain them when filled, what sums are extorted from the sufferings of the people! It preys, like a vast goitre, upon the social frame, absorbing into its own self the vital powers that should invigorate that frame, and preserve it ever in fresh life. And also is here a political Argus,—ever on the watch, ever on the alert. Naples, with its five hundred thousand inhabitants, is said to contain more lazaroni than artisans; more soldiers than lazaroni, more ecclesiastics than soldiers; and more spies than ecclesiastics, soldiers, lazaroni and artisans altogether. By this all-pervading, all-seeing agent, are you thoroughly looked through. You are stared at, and at every corner scrutinized through all your features, in all your movements. The only object of your visit here may be to look at some old ruined temples, that have the power of suggesting pleasant thoughts, or, perhaps, to re-build a broken-down constitution. The government treats you as if you were full of terrific State plots, and passed your nights and days in scheming out the political damnation of the kingdom of Naples. You bring to yourself the consolation of the people. You feel that you are *feared*.

XV.

JOURNEY FROM NAPLES TO ROME.

I LEAVE Naples for Rome. I leave it while still surrounded by some charm of novelty. I leave it before it is quite disenchanted, by too close and thorough knowledge. With it, I have none but delightful associations. Happy he who goes not so far as to learn from experience, how full of worthless thoughts is one sex, how untrue to honest virtue is the other, and how hollow and corrupt are the various departments of Neapolitan life. I travel with a Vetturíno, who engages to convey me to Rome in thirty hours, with horses to be changed at every poste. As is usual, he engages to keep me *in food and lodging*, during the journey. I engage to pay him fourteen dollars, and likewise a *buónomano*, if I be pleased with his conduct, and also a small *buónomano* to the postilions of each poste. These engagements are *in writing*, of which we each have a counterpart; so distrustful are we of human integrity, that thus we pin, each the other, down to his duty. 'Passports,' said a voice, as our vettúra paused at one of the departments of the police. We delivered them, and after a delay of some fifteen or twenty minutes, they were restored, with an added

stamp and signature, for which we were expected to make the usual payments.

What traveller does not complain of the vexations and expensiveness of passports? I am happy to add my slight grumbling to the general growl. At Naples, the demands are more exorbitant than at any of the cities, I have yet visited. To get out of this trifling territory, your passport requires for itself something like five dollars. Here is one charge by the Austrian representative; another by the Pope's representative; another by the Police; and still another by the American Consul. And all this much ado about passports is invariably made without one's ever looking into your visage, or up and down your form, to ascertain how far your veritable self may tally with the description thereof. You are expected to have with you a written description of your nose, hair and eyes; but whoever inspects your nose, hair, or eyes? The only inspection is into your purse.* Your passport is not so much a means enabling you to travel peaceably through their kingdoms, as it is a means enabling these money-craving governments, every now and then, to travel peaceably into your pocket. Hence, if

* At Vienna, you cannot get the required permission to remain in that city, until you have presented at the police office, a written statement from your banker, that your letters of credit have been duly accepted. There are features in this system, which imply in its authors, as profound a sense of the degradation of human nature, as any most zealous believer in total depravity could reasonably desire.

you be an Englishman, you are eternally on the growl; if a Frenchman, ever on the shrug; and if an American, you bless the state of things in your own country, and pronounce this system of passports a part of that general system,—whereof baggage-searching is still another part,—established by the avarice, timidity, and the mystery-surrounding self-importance of these little princes.

The business of baggage-searching has in it a little of the amusing, a good deal of the vexatious, and more than either of the ridiculous. Take a single instance. It is of kin with all, and may illustrate, if it do not prove the above remark. Embarking from Marseilles for Italy, you have in your trunk a book of French patriotic songs, and likewise Silvio Pellico's imprisonments. A friend at your elbow, untravelled and therefore green, warns you of fearful examinations, and insinuates that those volumes may be crowded with peril. Thereupon you take counsel, and being yourself likewise green and untravelled, fling the prohibited patriotism into the Mediterranean. Arrived at Civitavecchia—forty miles from Rome—a crabbed looking soldier waits upon you at the wharf, and conducts yourself and baggage to a police office. Keys are now demanded, your trunk is opened, and the hand of a searcher gently touches the topmost articles, pressing them down two or three times. The trunk is hereupon locked, and the keys are again in your pocket, out of which must instantly proceed the *promised* remuneration to the searcher, for the trouble he

has occasioned you. A Russian gentleman stands unconcernedly at your side, regarding with folded-arms his multitudinous baggage, in perfectly delightful self-possession. It passes from the office untouched. Why? Its travelled owner has long ago slily slipped a fat *douceur* into the claws of the policeman. But here is a young English buck, grumbling at even the prospect of a search, and swears in 'orrid Hitalian, that he will not pay a shilling, that 'this is all a d——d himposition, nay more, it is a d——d 'umbug.' His trunk is rudely opened, and lo, shirts, and vests, and cravats, and kid gloves bestrew the floor in admirable disorder! We all now walk into the next room, and signing our names, *pay for it.* Then to the American consul, and procuring his seal to our passports, pay for it. Then back to the police office, and getting the seal and signature of its officer, pay for it. Then to the plumbing office where, strange to say, there is another farce of a trunk search, and we pay for it. Ropes are now put around the trunks, a bit of lead around each rope, and a stamp upon each bit of lead; this is plumbing. We pay for *this* also. A paper is then given to us, certifying that we have been properly examined; rather that our time has been wasted, our patience exhausted, and our purse pilfered; and we pay for *this* too. 'By means of this paper,' says the officer, with the air of a man who expects to be gratefully thanked as well as *paid*, 'you will be enabled, gentlemen, to pass hence to Rome without any interruption at all.' Now it so happens, that between Civita-vec-

chia and Rome, there is no office whereat under *any* circumstances, there ever *could* be an examination. However, congratulating yourself, that since you must arrive in the Eternal City at midnight, you will be permitted to pass unmolested to your hotel, you fold your mantle about you and, as your carriage lumbers on, slumber. A loud knocking at length arouses you. You pass beneath the mighty arch of the just opened Porta di San Pancrazio. Your passport is taken from you, and a receipt thereof is returned in its stead. A guard mounts your carriage, whom you are ready to overwhelm with gratitude, for thus unsolicited conducting you safely to your abode. Alas, he conducts you to the Dogana! At first deeming this a hotel, you start on being told, that though now one of the departments of the police, formerly it was a magnificent temple of Antonine. Your baggage is taken from the carriage, and conveyed laboriously into distant rooms. A good-for-nothing examination takes place, the rules of a long-established system are complied with, the searcher has exacted something wherewith to purchase his to-morrow's existence, and you depart from the hall shaking violently all dust from your feet, and if an American, again blessing your own country; if a Frenchman, shrugging up shoulders; and if an Englishman, exclaiming *humbug*, at least three times.

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But we are now sweeping over the region from Naples towards Capua. Thence departing, we move through miles and miles of what has often been, and

with propriety still may be called, a succession of magnificent gardens. We soon arrive at the midst of a large plain. On our right, is an antique aqueduct; on the left, an amphitheatre in ruins. Nothing else of man's habitation is visible. Here are only two masses of stone, connecting the distant past with the present. Here crowding this plain was once,—long before the time of the Romans,—a vast Ausonian city. How completely, how completely, has it vanished! You can see yonder but two meagre evidences, not of enduring virtue, but of luxury and pride. Its walls and palaces are not merely down, but dissolved; its institutions no longer in human memory; its passions still; the very bones of its inhabitants undistinguishable from the clay beneath my feet. As the vehicle passes on, I stand in the midst of silence. There is nothing to disturb the charm. Here should be a chapter on human vanity, worth the whole book of Ecclesiastes, the Preacher. First was nature all simple and harmonious; then came man with some thousand years of fears and hopes, and earth-beginning, earth-ending aspirations. His jars and discords cease at length, and the sway of nature, still simple and harmonious, speaking as now through birds, and winds, and the ever-reviving fields, is again resumed.

We arrive at Fondi. No sooner had we entered the village, than a black and squalid mass of beggary thronged about the vettúra, and almost blocked up the street. Never, even in all-begging Italy, have I seen human nature in so destitute, so imploring forms.

Old men and old women; young men and young women; small boys and small girls; nay more, the unspeaking infant taught to wrench its jaws hideously about, as if in the agony of starvation,—all throng around you. One puts his finger to his mouth, and passing it down his breast to the pit of his stomach, stops it there with emphasis, thus evidently indicating the direction in which something eatable *ought* to go. Another extends a seemingly plague-stricken, and festered arm into so close proximity to eyes and nostrils, that you turn away with a loud '*pah.*' A young female, with an emaciated infant at the breast, doubtless manufactured from *terra-cotta*, and being cursed, perhaps, with 'nine small children' at her fruitful home, calls upon you in the name of the virgin and of several saints, to give them relief. A boy in rags screams into your ears, 'I am dying with hunger.' An old man on crutches, taking off his hat, merely looks into your eyes imploringly. That appeal cannot well be resisted. You drop a bit of money. A hundred voices are raised, and terrible is the contest for that pittance. It seems a struggle for life.

How multitudinous, how various, how hideous, and oftentimes how amusing, are the forms which beggary assumes in Italy! Ingenuity is taxed to the extreme, for means to work upon a traveller's humanity or his vanity. Upon these, do thousands on thousands of the Italians live. Here is a blind old man with a harp, who assumes to be an improvisator. Imagining you to be an Englishman, he commences a strain in

praise of London. As you drop a piece of coin into his hand, you hint that you are from America. He still continues his praise of London, but passionately concludes every stanza thus—'Ma, l'America è la *più* bella citta.' Then again comes to you a hideous object, wrenched awry into most torturing attitudes, as if possessed of twenty thousand damned spirits of the miracle-age. You give him a *bajócco* to rid your eyes of his presence. As he moves away, you slightly cast a glance at the dilapidated frame. Lo, a miracle! That frame is quite erect, standing in perfect self-possession, and you are not a little chagrined on detecting a slight laugh in,—what *should* be,—his sleeve. Then here is a gang of boys and girls pursuing your carriage, with screams so shrill that you fling them a *carlino* to save your ears. Yonder is one who, accompanying your carriage upon the run for several miles, entertains you every now and then, with most grotesque gymnastic exercises. He well earns any coin that is flung to him. But here is a Tuscan. He is but eight years of age. He accompanies you upon the trot, reciting, and sweetly too, some very clever poetry; asking, as he closes each strain, if you will now hear the history of this prince, or of that princess; the 'story of the owl,' or the mournful tale of the 'fair camerièra.' But why detail instances illustrating the infinite and curious variety of modes, wherein Italian beggary assails you? Their name is legion. Nor is any notion of ignominy attached to the asking of alms. It is too universal. It is indeed the only

language spoken, or even known, by vast multitudes. It seems oftentimes to be one form of salutation. You look civilly at a ragged man, and he is sure to ask something, for the honor of charity. Your being a traveller is sufficient reason for making a money request, and many have been the strong men and fair maidens, that passing our vettúra, as they returned from the day's labor, have shouted out, in the midst of most roguish laughter, 'qualche cosa, Signori, qualche cosa, Signori.'

One might say that if the time and ingenuity devoted to begging were given to work, these men and women would be well enough off. Most veritable. But what to do?—that's the question. What channels of labor are open, or,—without some general social and political revolution,—*could* be opened for the profitable action of these bones and sinews? We now see the strong unanswerable plea of an Italian beggar,—necessity, invincible *necessity*. You may walk through all the borders of fair Italy, and vainly will you search, reminding you of the wholesale action of America, for an advertisement like this;—'Wanted—one thousand able-bodied men, to whom the highest wages will be paid, to improve the navigation of the Tiber.' Let us rejoice, that while Italy so far surpasses us in objects well calculated to delight and improve taste, we have—what she has not—a thousand avenues wide open for the employment of adventurous industry, that for ages will make with us quite inadmissible the plea, which, when advanced by a beggar in Italy, cannot easily be resisted.

Dining at Terracina, at ten o'clock at night, we come to appreciate, through the wretchedness of the meal, the full force of that clause of our contract, wherein the vetturíno binds himself to keep us in good provisions during the journey. Indeed, he had stipulated as to even the *number* of dishes. They were five. But *such* dishes! Nothing, but some recollected philosophy of Gil Blas, could for a moment have saved us from indignation, and outrageous English grumbling. In midnight, we move on through Pontine marshes, and at the opening dawn, get from lofty points some fairest views of Italian scenery. We now begin to look through the powers of Claude, and of Salvator Rosa. We get near to the elements of their compositions. We see the very fountains of their impressive beauty. The dark, wild majesty of the one is no longer so deep a mystery; and we seem to understand the mellow pencilling of the other, sketching his landscapes in so soft and delicious combinations, and clothing streams, and hills, and vales with incense. And yet, the most we can say of their greatest landscapes is, they are but elegant extracts from nature, and of course have some of the very unsatisfactory character of that form of composition. But here we have, spread out before us, the grand pictorial volume—uncurtailed —unexpurgated. We cannot now but see, how wide is that chasm which separates Nature, the great original painter, from those distinguished of her *élèves*, who have made such admirable, such wonderful compilations of her works.

At Gensano, we stop and run up to the little lake of Nemi,—

'Nemi, navelled in the woody hills,'

on whose margin are the ruins of a temple, erected, as says tradition speaking through our cicerone, by Thesus in honor of Diana. Formerly it was called the looking-glass of that goddess. It is a beautiful circle of water, situated within the crater of an extinguished volcano, and well might serve as a mirror not only for the immortal huntress, but for all gods and goddesses from the ugliest upwards. It lies far down the hills that quite encircle it, around whose summits, the winds were active and loud, while the surface of the waters hardly stirred. Now and then a gustful breath strayed downward, and that still polished bosom seemed, for a moment living. Swift changes passed over it, now imaging, in their shifting hues, clouds flying athwart the sky; and then,—as its waves radiated swiftly from this and that point, coming suddenly and slowly vanishing,—not unlike some large blue surface of marble, wherein might be fancied momently springing to life, and then fading slowly away, the petrifactions of leaves, and winged insects, rose branches, and flowers. I rested upon a prostrate column of the fane. This, then, said I, was one of the centres of heathen worship. Thickly were they distributed throughout Italy, at points the most impressive, on high hills, on the borders of still lakes, near falling fountains, and in meditative groves. A fine judgment it was that made

choice of spots beautiful as these, whereat might be revealed the devotional heart of each generation, as it came and passed away. And this, upon which I now stand, fancy would gladly believe to have been one of the fairest. Here, though many years have passed away, it seems to see the temple rising in its original harmony; in yonder niche, still standing the lofty form of the goddess, while up to her shrine are advancing, matrons and warriors, young men and maidens. That vision passes. The fane is dismantled. The fountain is dry. The worshipped divinity is in the dust, and a beautiful belief has ceased, with the hearts in which it resided. Imagining the past, and thus looking at the present, you more deeply feel how mighty in this region, has been the revolution in religious thought, and modes of its manifestation. You conjure up something, faint though it be, of the vastness of that labor which, eighteen hundred years ago, Christianity had resolved to perform. A faith unworthy, though poetical and beautiful and deeply entrenched, was to be torn out from the world's heart, and another, sublimer and more spiritual, was to be planted in its stead. Take but the single Roman nation. How wide, how strong was belief, consecrated by those great and impressive thoughts which the past is ever accumulating for the present and the future; consecrated by a thousand intertwined affections of kindred and of home; linked with the ideas and emotions of youth; associated with glorious names; its objects imaged every where forth in most lovely and

majestic creations of classic art, and itself continually refreshed and invigorated by gorgeous and impressive ceremonies. But these ceremonies, these temples and statues, with the faith whereof they were but the objects and the symbols, were to be abandoned; nay, must be for ever after abhorred. In all their various departments they were to cease,—in their sternest and their gentler forms. They were to cease from the battle field, and also from the fireside. Even the graceful ceremonies attending burial of relatives and of friends, approved by taste and consecrated by long usage, were to be given up. The splendid sacrifices, and feasts and games, must be abandoned. The cinerary urn was to be carried no longer to its resting-place, in funereal pomp. The libation was no longer to be poured, and affectionate sorrow was forbidden henceforth to place myrtle, and amaranths, and garlands of roses around the sepulchres of the departed. These rites, and those thousand others, whereof they made but a little portion, were to be trodden under contemptuous feet, as the appendages of gross and heathen superstition. One cannot well conceive the faint heart-sinking, that at times must have come over the earliest Christian teachers, when looking abroad they surveyed the vast change that was to be wrought, and turning to each other, they reckoned the little force by which that change was to be commenced. How shall it be commenced and carried through? By fierce men clad in strong armor, and bearing the sword? Rather by simple thoughts clothed in sim-

plest words. It was begun. Thus far has it been carried through. Each generation has witnessed the few teachers, and the many taught, from whose hearts have been fading but very slowly away those shadows of a Pagan faith. I rise from the ruins of this heathen temple, and ascending the hill, the first object that arrests my eye is from one of the great centres of the new worship ;—it is the distant dome of St. Peters.

XVI.

THE COLOSSEUM.

EVERY traveller goes to see the Colosseum. While looking at its ruins, every body feels, or pretends to feel, something akin to the poetical. Every beholder thereof desires to say, or write something impressive about it. Every one, by judicious selection of time and circumstances, is anxious to secure to himself a fair share of the emotions, which its presence is naturally calculated to awaken. Therefore in his *first* visit, does he avoid the broad glare of day. Moreover, does he eschew for companions all cockneys, and likewise those other prosers, who are continually pronouncing moonlight nothing but humbug. He may not be so punctilious as to visit it, according to a prescription by Madame Starke, exactly 'during the moon's second quarter,' or immediately after having witnessed certain illuminations in Holy Week; nor even upon a most empty, and therefore most sentimental, stomach. Sufficient, haply, may it be, if he select an hour like this, of midnight; when but faintly the wind stirs these ivy leaves around me; when the windows of yonder broad full moon seem flung wide open, and over hill, and wide campagna, and arch, and temple, and fountain and ruin are

poured floods of light, not golden; but of light, soft, rich, mellow and mellowing, such as may be seldom seen in other than the sky of an Italian evening.

I recline upon the loftiest approachable resting-place. The sound of a sentry's footsteps, as he stalks through the arena below, faintly reach me at this far height. All things are in repose. The silence is unbroken, save by the desolate hooting of an owl on yonder arch of Constantine, and the silver-like falling of water from a fountain near by. There is nothing to break the charm. A good fortune this, and rather unusual to the mere lover of ruins in Rome. I was about to say that for such romantic individual, this is one of the least favorable resorts in the world. His serious, antique memories are not merely marred, but broken continually into a thousand fragments, by common-place, modern, modernizing sights and sounds around him. Ancient Rome is in the midst of modern Rome. Her temples are within the smell of fish markets. Her palaces are serving as stables for oxen and horses. Her theatres are converted into shoe shops. The mausoleum of Augustus is now appropriated to the exhibition of jugglers, and circus riders; and fritters are at this moment frying in the Portico of Octavia. Whoever comes hither for the agreeable impression which ruins, properly beheld, sometimes awaken, must prepare himself for vexations and disappointments. Perchance he flings himself into poetical attitudes, with the 'mighty ruin' directly in his eye. The melancholy, and of course delightful sensation

has commenced. The mysterious influence, rife with all antiquity, is passing into his deepest heart. He is just beginning to enjoy, when alas! the jingle of a beggar's tin cup, the scream of a market woman, or some other of the thousand disenchanting sounds here audible, breaks in, like the crow of a morning cock, startling into sudden flight the ghosts of departed beauty and majesty, which haply he had invoked into his imagination and presence. He starts off for his lodgings, unsatisfied and chagrined. He reminds him of his likeness to that miserable one, from whom by some invisible hand, luxuriously crowded banquets are fabled to have been snatched away, just as they were on the eve of gratifying his half-famished appetite. He denounces ruin-seeing in the Eternal City as a bore, and for a moment imagines himself translated to the vasty plains of Thebes, or among the untenanted ruins of Balbec or Palmyra, where, meditating among voiceless solitudes, he may satisfy his taste thoroughly, without interruption, and without deception. I say *without deception.* He cannot always boast of that freedom in Rome. He is continually in danger of being gulled. About the origin, history and objects, of a great majority of the antiquities here seen, there are some half dozen contradictory theories. The antiquaries are all pulling in different directions. The temple of one, is the bath of a second, the palace of a third, and the basilica of a fourth. Behold yonder ruin-admirer. His eye is upon a lofty column. He has been told that it belongs to the times of the

Republic. It is one of the few relics of that heroic era, which time and human passion have permitted to live. Instantly, in his fancy, is it surrounded with magnanimous associations. It is the very column, at whose base have rested the noblest of Roman patriots,—the purest of Roman matrons. It has in his memory become sanctified. Happy he, thus to have before him an object, linking the present with one finest period in human history. What must be his chagrin when, on returning to his chamber, and opening a description of the Antiquities of Rome, he finds it positively stated, that this very column was first erected, *not* in the time of the Republic, but five hundred years thereafter, in one of the most degenerate periods of the Empire, by one of its most dissolute, and degraded rulers. His face falls into the expressiveness of one who has been gulled. His patriotic enthusiasm oozes strangely off, and he calls aloud for pen that he may write himself down an ass. Now, this but illustrates what is here of most frequent occurrence. Take the following instance of confounding, contradictory, opinions. It is from Burton's description of Roman Antiquities. On Monte Cavallo, stand two vast marble horses. 'With each horse is the figure of a man in marble, and one group is said to be the work of Phidias, the other of Praxiteles. But this is very *uncertain*, as also the subject which they were intended to represent. *Some* call them Castor, and Pollux; *others* Alexander taming Bucephalus. This latter conjecture *cannot* be true; at

least, if it be so, we must give up the idea of their being the work of Phidias and Praxiteles: for, &c. &c. The former conjecture, that the two figures were intended for Castor and Pollux, *seems* more probable. But it is *not at all likely*, that they are really the works of those great artists: for, &c. &c. Some antiquaries say that the names *Opus Phidiæ*, and *Opus Praxiteles*, were affixed by the people of Alexandria, from whence the horses were brought to Rome. Evelyn says that they were sent to Nero by Teridates, King of Armenia.' In the midst of these, and similar jarring statements, the antiquity-gazer is wisest who permits himself to be governed by that theory, which haply shall invest objects with the greatest quantity of the antique, and the greatest number of impressive associations. If now and then cheated, why should he be sad? He has enjoyed the impression, and thus far happy, has secured one end of mortal life. We know it is but a very small portion of the agency, which works in us our deepest feelings, and our happiest, that is truly worthy of so doing.

But of *this* ruin—the Colosseum—whereon I now rest, there can be no doubt. It *is* what it claims to be. It comes down to us, bearing around it a thousand well-ascertained truths, whereof we need not have the slightest distrust. Even those of you, the most skeptical as to the safety of feeling emotion in the presence of a ruin, may do it here, without the least possible danger. For the benefit of prosers,—that utilitarian gentry, whose interest is deep in dates and measures,—

I will note down, that it was commenced by Flavian Vespasian, seventy-two years after Christ, and was completed in four years; that its shape is oval, and computed to be one thousand seven hundred and forty-one feet in circumference, and one hundred and seventy-nine feet in height; that its arena, likewise oval, is three hundred feet long, one hundred and ninety feet wide; that its entrances were by eighty arches in the outer wall; that it furnished seats for more than one hundred thousand spectators, that not more than one third of the stones composing the original building now remain,—the other two thirds having been conveyed away, to serve for the construction of several Roman palaces and churches; that to Catholic worship is now consecrated its arena, around whose sides are fourteen painted *stagioni*, representing different events which happened to our Saviour as he was going to Mount Calvary, and in whose centre stands a cross, that for every kiss, holds out to the faithful, an indulgence of two hundred days. But of what avail are wordy descriptions, to convey into the distant mind an idea of the *magnitude* of the Colosseum? For be it remembered, that the ruin illustrates, not the grace, or beauty; only the bigness, the enormous *hugeness*, of Roman thought. None but those who, having read such descriptions, have afterwards been so fortunate as to judge of their inadequateness by actual inspection, can answer. For myself I speak. I had often seen the Colosseum through written language, through painting, through oral descriptions. The second, not

the first view, proved to me how inadequate were those vehicles of representation. There might have been some deluding fancy about my inspection. The interest of personal situation, might have operated deceitfully upon me. I had suddenly passed between two very distant extremes. I had stepped, at once, from the cradle of one people, into the grave of another. But a few months before, I stood upon the banks of the Mississippi; I was now upon those of the Tyber. *Then*, around me were forests yet untouched by the axe, cities just bursting into their youth, institutions developing their earliest influences, multitudes all bustling and anxious, their energies just quickened into first vigorous action, their career of glory or of shame yet to be run, their backs upon the past, and their faces all intently on the future. From those fresh scenes and the hopes they created, I had been suddenly transported. I was *now* among prostrate pillars; among fanes dismantled, and palaces even with the earth; among the relics of a nation that had had its day; among a people whose faces seem ever towards the past. Other scenes had produced other ideas. The To Be was exchanged, for the Had Been. The one was all for hope, the other for recollection. In the former was much joy, in the latter was all sadness. A transition so great, sometimes works strangely upon curiosity, and through that, upon fancy and the judgment. To one who has passed through such transition, much may perhaps be pardoned in the way of enthusiasm; and hardly need he fear any charge of

sentimentality, if, while standing for the first time beneath the arches of the Colosseum, saddening recollections throng thick around him, and these huge ivy-mantled stones, arising on every side, are clothed in something like supernatural grandeur.

In thoughts like these were the midnight moments gliding away, when I was startled by the sound of musical voices. Without prefacing any romantic exclamations, I at once say, that they came from a party of Germans, who, giving notice thereof to a few friends, are accustomed, on fine evenings like this, to repair hither, and increase, if possible, the natural impressiveness of the scene, by the artificial aid of well-chosen songs. I can hardly say that the charm of the time was injured by an auxiliary of this description. The words embodied some brief, impressive event in Italian history, and as their last tones died away upon the desolate silence, the sound of falling water was again heard from the fountain, and the owl resumed his hoot upon the arch of Constantine.

XVII.

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

Saturday Evening.

I HAVE just come from an exhibition by an Improvisatrice. To me the occasion was a novel one; I record its first, freshest impressions.

Seated with four hundred Italians, before a table and harp, resting on a slightly elevated stage, I awaited the arrival of Signora Rosa Taddei. At length she appeared. She was dressed in white. Beheld through the mild candle-light, her face was thoughtful in the extreme, nay, overflowing was it with melancholy. Never before, even among the all-expressing eyes of these Italians, have I seen movements and glances so full of the intellectual,—of the sadly intellectual. Her nose is veritable Roman, and gives a character of masculine energy to her profile. Her form is not slight, but strong. It is such as she would wish to have, that she may not sink under the prostrating exercise of embodying the strange thought, which is momently springing into life within her heart. She receives from persons in the company, some half a dozen themes, whereupon she is expected to improvisate, and likewise certain rhyming words that are to be introduced into the midst of her inspirations. At her suggestion, the

harpist,—a man somewhat advanced, and with a visage far too flaming-red for so poetical a vocation,—now touches the strings of his instrument. She rises, and with the paper in her hand, whereon is written one of the topics for the evening, seems to muse. How fair to look upon, are now her features in that repose! The deep dark eyes look full on vacancy; but where is their speculation? The thought that a moment since was in them, seems far away. But mark,—that startled wave of the hand,—that quick gleam, like sunlight, shooting athwart her countenance! They betoken the coming and abiding of certain new and beautiful ideas. Tranquil again are the features, and memory and imagination resume their noiseless labors. At length she becomes restless, and prepares to join the harp's music. Her theme is Coriolanus. In a low chant she begins. Her voice is in harmony with the voice of the harp. It is far from being musical, though far from being unimpressive. It wants the exuberant richness, that full flooding melody, which in Italy may so often be heard; yet is it emphatic, energetic, and at times inexpressibly tender. As she advances in her theme, she increases in action. Her tones become more and more frenzied. Impassionedly they fall and swell. The attitudes grow full of grace and energy. The gestures are all life and quick variety. Her countenance has burst forth, from its deep soft rest, into the highest state of excitement. The veins of her temples and forehead throb hard and quick, the cheek is flushed, and that eye, frenzied and rolling, may haply bring

to memory what you have read, or fancied of mysterious sibyls. Thick crowd the thoughts, seeming to demand all physical energies for their utterance. What a mighty embodier of thought, is the human countenance and form! This is *expression*—restless—toilsome—all fatigue;—how wide its contrast with the beautiful repose of conception! But mark; there is a little embarrassment. Ah, she has for a moment failed. Her foot is stamped wrathfully upon the stage, and she seems determined to rend into a thousand fragments, the bit of innocent paper in her hands. She is now quite silent, but suddenly her eye gleams up, memory or imagination has caught the vagrant idea, and now again, hand in hand with the strains of the harp, she is sweeping onward. The exulting pride of Coriolanus is touched upon. The terror and the desolate hearts of Rome are portrayed; and then, how happily!—she spoke of Veturia and Volumnia, and of many noble Roman matrons, and of woman ever ready in the hour of peril. It was a worthy theme, and worthily was it treated. When she had finished, she sank down into the chair, not exhausted, for a moment after another topic was in her hand, and her heart and intellect, passing far up the tide of time, were upon the fine scriptural theme of Susanna. That finished, the death of Pliny in the eruption of Vesuvius, was taken up and given with energy almost terrible. An impressive apostrophe it contained to that love, deep and enthusiastic, of nature, of her sublime mysteries, which penetrates the hearts of a few in every age, and sends

them out in paths of toil and peril. Several other topics were treated, in one of which she spoke of the hospitality of the Italians to strangers, a somewhat unfortunate subject for truth's sake, inasmuch as the ordinary phraseology is the happiest proof I can recall of the relation in which foreigners stand to the Italians,—as their fair plunder—their legitimate booty, their game, their prey. She concluded the evening's exhibition, with a complaint against her head for not doing its duty, and a wish that it would deign to supply fit language, for the deep outbursting emotions of her heart.

I was much impressed by these manifestations, the first I had ever witnessed, of a very wonderful gift. And why does not improvisation flourish out of Italy? Is it the offspring of the all-inspiring skies, and scenery, and airs and associations of this region; or can it only be linked with this most flexible language, this language of vowels, whose little phalanx, every where victorious over most rough and sturdy consonants, gives merry play to the vocal organs, seemingly inviting, not compelling them into action, and forming a language, such as well befits a lazy, luxurious, and a labor-hating people? And yet the art does not seem to be so very difficult. A reading upon many topics it certainly does demand; but yet a reading only superficial. Nor need the topics be other than the poetical, or bordering thereon? Suppose that in the true utilitarian spirit of this age, in the veritable spirit of an American, I had this evening called for an improvisa-

tion upon a topic, most dear to many of us, ay, the very poetry of some of our lives, to wit,—the moral and intellectual influence of canals and railroads. There would have been a vast deal of reluctance in her heart and voice; and even those tones all-kindling, of the impatient harp beside her, would hardly have quickened that improvisatrice to intellectual life on a topic, even so empty as this of really hard thinking. Looking at the exhibition closely, there seems to be in it very little deep thinking. Let the ideas given forth with such graceful energy, and sweetly resounding tones, be condensed into little, brief, unassuming Saxon words. How would they look? Meagre enough. Let us dwell upon *them* for a moment abstractedly. Let us throw far in the back-ground, the countenance of the lady, itself a world of meaning, her startling attitudes, her eye-fixing gesture, her widely modulated voice, and her accompanying harp. Let us bring forward the *thought* alone, and contemplate *it*, and demand its claims to applause, its power to impress. Those claims will wonderfully sink, that power will strangely vanish. Compare the poor agency of the idea, with the mighty agency of its heralds, its vehicles, its accompaniments, and you will be almost ashamed that you have been borne into enthusiasm and admiration, by such mean, perishable, common-place devices.

As Signora Rosa Taddei is the second in ability among the present Italian Improvisatori, and as she will perform again during the Holy Week, I reserve any farther remark until I have witnessed a second exhibition.

XVIII.

RAMBLINGS IN ROME.

'To the studio of Thorwaldsen,' said I.

My cicerone led the way, and in a few minutes we were in the workshop of the greatest living sculptor. He was not himself present. He has given up hard, or constant labor. Old age forbids it. Now and then, some finishing strokes he gives. By *élèves*, a statue, or a group is carried up almost to the point of life. By them it is there left, and the chisel of the Master comes. The *élèves* sculpture it for the multitude; Thorwaldsen, with a few touches, then finishes it for the connoisseurs, and for immortality. I was much interested in wandering through his five or six rooms. They were crowded with artistical objects in curious forms. In one apartment were several clay models. These are the first visible manifestations of the sculptor. They are the immediate embodyments of conception, and demand the highest genius-efforts. All subsequent labor is mechanical quite, or bordering thereon. After the model, comes a mould, bearing its impression. Then from this mould is fashioned the *cast*, which is ever present to the artist's eye, while chiseling. Scattered about, were many marble blocks just from the quarry; and many others

but rudely wrought,—an arm shadowed out here, and a leg there. In this, the form was faintly beaming forth into expression; in that, it had come forth into its nearest proximity to life. I was attracted by a statue of Christ. The features were indeed heavenly. Before me, to be sure, was earthly marble; but all else earthly, had been purged therefrom. The figure is gently bending; its countenance is in repose; the eyes are downward turned; and the whole expression is of humility, but the humility of a celestial being. Fastening the eye upon it long, the beholder seems advanced into the presence of high, heaven-born qualities. These every-day schemes, and pursuits, have for a little while relaxed their hold upon his heart. He is amazed at those mysterious powers of Art, which so vividly and impressively can make a bit of marble, the visible home of noble and spiritual affections. How near may the creature approximate to a creator! He may go quite up to that mysterious line, which separates life from that which is just *below*, just *less* than, life. He can endow the stone with an intellect, and a heart. He can enliven it with thoughts, and with passions. He can make it meditate, and love, and fear, and hope, and hate. He can only not make it breathe.

In an adjacent room was the statue of a Russian princess, and one of the most beautiful works of the kind, which I had lately seen. All completely cleansed was it, of every thing material. Perhaps it was too entirely, too purely intellectual. It might

have been warmed into more interest, by some slight glimpses of *feeling*. And yet to you steadily gazing, like a mild sky-blue seen gradually through some white, dissolving cloud, soon may be beamed forth from those, till now passionless features, an emotion like that of love. Never was there more admirable skill of artist. How delicately and dexterously, were intellect and feeling with each other interwrought, and there intermingled!

Among a hundred other objects of interest, was the bust of Thorwaldsen. It reminded me of the features of Franklin. It had their philosophic calmness; their kind, manly, honest expression. It represents the artist at the age of sixty. Covered with years and fame, Thorwaldsen is about retiring to Copenhagen, the place of his nativity. That city may well rejoice, as indeed she has often done, in the fame of this illustrious son.

Leaving the studio, I reflected upon my next move. It was a warm, hazy, dream-like day, fit for cogitations among the ruins. I had already killed the chief lions of Rome; palaces,—churches,—antiquities. One, however, remained. We passed to it;—the Column and Forum of Trajan;—Trajan, a virtuous emperor, in an age when virtue was little more than an empty name. After the lapse of near two thousand years, 'still we Trajan's name adore.' 'This column,' began my guide, 'is one hundred and thirty-two feet high. It is historic. Those *bassi relievi*,—whereof are twenty-three spirals, and twenty-five hundred figures,—

represent the Dacian victories of that Emperor. The top was formerly surmounted by his bronze statue, in whose hands was a golden urn containing his ashes. They are gone. That you see above, is the statue of St. Peter.' It looks somewhat triumphant, thought I. At last, the brazen image of the saint has got the better of the mighty heathen's, though the great original, living, could hardly stand against the imperial idolater of his day. And well may the Faithful esteem this an emblem of the all-victorious spirit of Catholic Christianity. Its foot is on the neck, not only of its relentless foes, but of their very statues. And this column is historic. A happy thought to perpetuate heroic deeds; not in volumes prisoned up in libraries inaccessible save to the literary few; but in marble, or in brass, that shall stand broadly, openly, readable out to the eyes of all, and through their eyes, appealing to their understandings and their hearts. Doubtless there was much in these ever present embodiers of stirring events, to create and keep alive a patriotic ambition among the citizens of Rome. Had an orator, warrior, poet, or a statesman wrought worthily for the empire, or the age; the call was for the architects and the sculptors. A practice this, that while subserving many good ends, served likewise to feed the importunate, all-consuming vanity of the nation. And here stood the Forum of the Emperor. This was one of the most magnificent structures in Rome. It was designed by Apollodorus, the Athenian. Yonder was a splendid palace. Upon this side

was a beautiful marble temple, dedicated to the Conqueror. Upon that, were a gymnasium, a library, a triumphal arch, and porticos; and above and beneath were equestrian statues, and numerous sculptured forms of Rome's most illustrious citizens. This was regarded as a wonder, even when that city was in its glory. Says Ammianus Marcellinus: 'Its gigantic edifices, it is impossible to describe, or for any mortals to conceive.' When the Emperor Constans entered Rome, he was struck with astonishment and admiration, at the magnitude and beauty of this work. He despaired of executing any thing equal, and said the only object he would, or could imitate, was the horse whereon was seated the bronze statue of Trajan. Where now is that equestrian group? Vanished. I stand upon the spot where it stood. Long has it been crumbled to like fragments with those, wherein are the bones of the prince who wished to imitate it. And where is the statue, that looked abroad triumphantly from yonder summit? A certain cardinal has its head,—that was not long since dug up from amongst the rubbish at the foot of the column,—stowed away in his closet. And where is the gilded urn, that holding the dust of the departed emperor, rested in the statue's right hand? You may see it, as you ascend the capitol, upon an old Roman mile-stone. And where is the Forum? I see before me a large open space, cleared up by French curiosity. Yonder are halves of some twenty enormous granite columns, still standing and strewed

around. I behold fragments of capitals and friezes—the arm of one statue, and the leg of another. These, however, are but the relics of a little part. Still vaster remains are fifteen feet under the earth's surface, beneath those churches and that palace. The curiosity of some coming age may perhaps dig them up.

Truly, a most thorough desolation did those northern Barbarians make, in their destroying enterprises! Not one of those immense columns remains whole. With what fiendish and eager zeal, must they not have gone on, heaping destruction on destruction! For a moment you may seem to see as in some dream, the beautiful porticos, the sacred temple, the triumphal arch, on whose top is a car drawn by four marble steeds, standing out with chiseled distinctness, in the clear sky. The vision changes, and lo, savage forms with fire and sword, are desecrating the heathen fane, and you hear their exulting shouts, as the statue of the Emperor tumbles, from that far height, headlong to the ground. That vision swiftly fades. Temple and tower have gone down. The cries of vanquisher and of vanquished have ceased. A thousand years pass away, and before you is nothing but this melancholy rubbish.

XIX.

THE MISERERE.

The ceremonies of Holy Week are at last concluded. My Protestant feeling at once writes forth itself into the following words:—To the ennui of seeing said ceremonies, shall hardly be added that of recording them. Why note down for hereafter inspection, the strange, gorgeous things that within the last seven days, have been acted out for the salvation of the faithful, by the highest head down through to the lowest foot of the Church? They will amount to but some melancholy record of human credulity;—a series of facts that would be saddening were they not laughable;—curious proof of how man's heart relies for aid in its spiritual aspirations, on perishable matter; with what fond trust it clings to time-consecrated forms;—and how vast and complicated a mass of machinery has been fashioned; what multitudes of jarring, contradictory, and most artificial influences have been put into operation, that human hearts may be brought into that childhood-simplicity, whereof is the kingdom of heaven. The end to be accomplished is, making pure the spirit. For such end, what means are necessary? A solitary chamber and a single bible. But look abroad and survey this far-spreading catholic system,

whereof the ceremonies just ended are but a little part. Contemplate the single end; contemplate the multitudinous means; and behold the millions on millions of minds confiding in those means. You are surprised, indignant, saddened. You doubt if there be any thing solemn here below. Human life seems to be not a comedy, but a farce. You laugh; you weep. And yet there is little wisdom in quarrelling with these things. As a traveller, you look at them, and their novelty impresses. But whatever mystery at first surrounds them, can soon be penetrated. You at length see but very common-place hands, performing very common-place exercises. That unto the Faithful, there may not, here and there, be wrapped up significant meaning in these ceremonies, I do not deny. When questioned, they so aver. It may be that those which are called symbols, really serve the worthy end of symbols; that they are indeed suggestors of mysterious truth; that their influence does not pause at the outward eye or ear, but descending far into the heart, quickens it to gratitude, to devotion, to thoughts of heaven, and eternity. That such is their actual effect, cannot well be denied, especially before one whose personal experience declares it positively to be so. That such are their legitimate tendencies, may, perhaps, with some propriety be doubted. One would think, there was not singleness of design enough therein to secure such ends. The eye and ear are momently assailed, by too many distracting sights and sounds. Yonder is the Pope washing the feet of Pil-

grims. Were this ceremony performed in a simple, silent temple, where every surrounding circumstance had some near relation to the act, and was dexterously fitted to fix your eye and every thought more intensely thereon, perhaps the ceremony might serve as a symbol, leading you forgetful of the present, up through the past, to the interesting event which it desires to have preserved ever-living in human memory. But what is the fact? You behold it in the midst of gorgeous and noisy St. Peter's. You see it in the midst of certain music that conveys no idea to you; in the midst of grenadiers ordering here and there, the restless multitude; in the midst of curses on the heat, on the dust, on the tremendous jam; in the midst of artists haply criticising yonder masterpiece of Canova; in the midst of bucks ogling groups of surrounding beauty; and within the circle of a thousand fair Italian eyes that rain down most distracting and disastrous influence on pope, and cardinals, and musicians, and grenadiers; artists, and bucks, and the ever-restless, ever-shifting, ever-staring multitude. To withdraw one's self from these last influences, and to fix attentively, singly, and usefully, the thought upon that almost smothered ceremony, requires a gift of abstraction which the catholic may possibly possess, but unto which the protestant has not much right to lay claim. It may moreover be added, that those who, in knowledge and understanding, are so far advanced as to perceive all the religious ideas which cluster about these symbols, have little or no need thereof; while those

who are not possessed of such necessary knowledge, or but faintly, can only look upon them as mere sensual exhibitions, speaking not one word intelligible to the heart, or even to the intellect.

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One performance in the exercises of Holy Week, I desire to note down. The pleasure it gave me at the time, I would wish, as far as possible, to have perpetuated for the pleasure of memory hereafter;—I mean certain music in the Sistine Chapel. I had heard much of the Misereres there sung. From many enthusiastic representations from many quarters, my demands had become somewhat exorbitant. They were, however, fully answered. There is much of striking fact and occurrence around the hearing of a Miserere, which exceedingly augments the fine impression, that may naturally be wrought by its own intrinsic power. You hear it in a hall made interesting, by many gorgeous ceremonies of the Roman Church. You hear it with your eye resting upon some masterpieces from the pencil of Michael Angelo,—upon sibyls and prophets, mysterious forms, voiceless for ever, though seemingly ever on the eve of speech. You hear it after the surging and roaring of one of these great catholic days have gone down, and while the shadows of night—slowly descending—are mantling with sable hues the impressive objects around you. You are prepared for it, by an hour's previous chanting of some twenty voices, so uninteresting that you grow impatient in longing for the great perform-

ance to begin. During this chant, the tall candles that illuminate the chapel are, one by one, at regular intervals, extinguished. The extinction of the last, announces that the moment has arrived.

A short silence preceded the opening of the Miserere of Allegri, the one which I was so fortunate as to hear, and which by amateurs is regarded as the finest. The strain commenced, and instantly with it, a thrill through every nerve. I have no words, that ever so dexterously placed upon this unsounding sheet, can other than faintly symbolize the tones, that during the succeeding half hour came to my ear. While listening to their swells and falls,—to their vast, far-soaring, still enlarging volumes, and to their cadenzas so graceful, so touching, so divinely falling, they seemed oftentimes but silver echoes from some far-off melody, wafted for a moment hitherward,—I tried, in order that I might make a comparison, to recall the finest music I had ever heard. I brought up the splendid strains of the French and Italian bands. I recalled the voices of Rubini, and Tamburini, and Grizi, and Lablache, and of that orchestra, acknowledged to be the finest in the world, with whose efforts I had so often heard their own. It might have been the effect of some inappreciable association; it might have been the effect of lapse of time, but those strains seemed now to me unworthy and common-place. I had once supposed their united harmonies the perfection of sound. I now felt that I was mistaken. Each one of those voices is a wonder, a miracle;—yet united and

combined in all their multitudinous varieties, and moving on in finest concord with those hundred instruments of the orchestra, their effect upon the heart—and that is the great test of their power—cannot, it seems to me, be any thing like equal to what may be wrought by these twenty human voices in the Choir of the Pope, when performing the Miserere. Until now, I had no true conception of the impressiveness of merely human tones, when ingeniously combined;—for let it be remembered that the effects of this music depend, not so much upon individual voices of wonderful power, wonderfully cultivated, as upon their judicious combination. Therein is the secret. Tones after tones are evolved. Now a single soprano thrills you; a sound, by-the-by, seldom heard but here. Then with it are gracefully interwoven notes of far different, yet of harmonizing powers;—and unto this slowly developing mass of melody shall soon be joined other tones, outbursting here, dying away there, seemingly harps upon harps, bugles upon bugles, organs upon organs, with never-ending variety of strong and gentle, rapid and slow-moving, majestic and beautiful. As I have already observed, written *words* do not describe this music. *They* cannot sound and resound. But frame for your mental ear a vast Æolian harp, give to it a thousand strings, and send through them some gustful wind from the Mexican seas, and haply in your retired chamber, after some solemn meditations of the eventide, you may thus seem to hear tones faintly imaging forth those of the Miserere of Allegri.

I left the chapel subdued and saddened, and in returning towards my chambers, paused for a half hour at the Church of the Pilgrims. Here were some hundreds of this gentry of both sexes, in sandal shoon and scallop shell, hither come from all quarters of the continent, to have their feet washed by Roman Nobility, and to enjoy three nights lodging and three days eating, free of all expense; nay more, to enjoy their soup and vegetables, served up to them by Titled hands. I first entered the washing-room. I heard the voice of a priest in his sacerdotal robes, reciting the forms appropriate to the occasion, and I saw six dirty and ragged pilgrims, who had arrived during the day, taking off their shoes and stockings, preparatory to lavations and the sandal. Snuff and hartshorn are generally my abominations; I never longed for them till now. The water-filled tubs were soon brought, and the solemn work of washing was commenced. My eye was attracted by one of the ugliest, dirtiest, and most ragged of the pilgrims. From the pilgrim, it passed to the kneeling form of the nobleman, whose hands were deeply engaged with his lower extremities. It was clad in sacred vestments. Its countenance was fair. The eye was dark, but so constructed as to give continually and obstinately, a most sinister character to all the features. 'Pray, sir,' inquired I of the gentleman next me, 'can you tell me the name of yonder nobleman, who is just about applying the towel?' 'What, the one with so much devil in his visage?' 'The same.' 'That, sir,' answered he, 'is DON MIGUEL, ex-tyran' of Portugal.'

I passed to the eating hall. Hundreds of old men, and of the young; of the emaciated, and of those with well stuffed sides, were doing justice, most decorously however, to soups and vegetables momently presented them, by the condescending hands of Roman nobles. The tables were ranged up and down the long hall on either side, and between them were at least five spectators for every eater, drawn hither, of course, by nothing save curiosity. As one thereof, I gazed my fill at eaters, provender and waiters, and thereupon retired, somewhat amused that men should hope to advance themselves heavenward by gastronomic exercise of this description, and still more, that noble Romans should hope to offset a whole year of high, unbending, uncompromising pride, with a single evening of badly-feigned humility.

XX.

JOURNEY FROM ROME TO FLORENCE.

Eteme aquí ya fuera de Oviedo, camino de Peñaflor, en medio de los campos, dueño de mi persona, de una mala mula, y de quarenta buenos ducados, sin contar algunos reales mas que habia hurtado á mio bonísimo tio. GIL BLAS.

FROM Rome to Florence, I travel in the style called, *en voiturier*. The Vetturino enters into a written engagement, to convey me and my five companions, in six days to Florence,—a distance of near two hundred miles,—without change of horses, furnishing two good meals each day, and comfortable lodging each night,—wherefor I engage to pay for myself twelve dollars, and an additional dollar as buonomano.

Travelling slowly, the second day brings us to Terni, and we visit the cataract of Velino, four miles from said village. Byron's description of the 'roar of waters,' the 'fall of waters,' and the 'hell of waters,' which I read beneath the precipice, had prepared me for a grand spectacle. Never was traveller more sadly disappointed. Unfortunately for me, I had already seen and heard Niagara. *There* indeed, has nature wrought upon a great scale; and in those words of the poet, is a far better transcript of that scene, than of

this. If any thing, Niagara is as far beyond the poet, as the poet is beyond Velino. Neither of the cataracts have, however, given me other impressions than those of beauty. The power of awakening the sublime, belongs to a higher class of physical agents. All the mighty things that have been rhymed and prosed about these waterfalls, seem—with due submission be the thought recorded—to have come from minds, in which for the moment, the standard of grandeur was extremely low. How can any one, before whose intellectual eye may move the vast visible universe of planets and stars,—the only worthy physical standard of sublimity,—think of exhausting comprehensive epithets upon these cataracts, leaving no thought, language, or imagery, for those other objects. Let the mind return for a moment from that distant wandering; let it relax its expanded embrace from those mighty works of the Creator, and descend for an instant to a contemplation of this little part of the immense whole—these bubbling waterfalls—and it will perceive how insignificant things they are among those great agents, that worthily may awaken the emotion called sublime. That they are beautiful, who can deny? It is hardly necessary for me to give a description of Velino, as if I were a traveller, the first to see it. That useless toil shall not be attempted. Moreover, waterfalls are to be seen and heard with the natural eye and ear, not vainly made to roar and shine through words. Language is a significant embodier of forms and modes in human life. It is the instrument which

can worthily image them forth. My only instrument points out its topics.

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Thursday.—This night we sleep at Terni. It is an Italian village. How wide the contrast between it and a village of New England! Not one of those ideas of comfort and enjoyment is awakened at the mention of it, which ever comes into memory at the name of those pleasant spots in my own country. Here, all is narrowness and suffocation in the streets; dusty roughness in the pavements; dreary dinginess on the outside of buildings, and still more dreary dimensions within. Men, women and children are ragged and dirty; ugly to the eye, and foul to the nostrils. They lounge about the streets,—the men looking stupidly at your baggage and yourself, wondering why you have hither come;—the women knitting and twirling distaffs; and the children reiterating cries of 'caro signore, qualchecosa per carità.' From these scenes, the traveller goes forth for relief into the country. The contrast impresses and refreshens. There can hardly be a greater difference, than that which separates the wretchedness of an Italian village from the fresh spring bloom, and well-watered luxuriance of an Italian campagna. We are now in a village, and at a hotel selected by the Vetturino. Our agreement has subjected us, in these matters, entirely to his choice. The dinner is served up at six o'clock in an immense hall, whose marble floor rattles and echoes, as you walk over it; whose windows are half concealed by ancient,

worn-out tapestry; around whose sides are distributed arm-chairs of huge dimensions; and upon whose walls are suspended most wretched engravings of certain triumphs of Napoleon in Italy. You begin to perceive something strange in the odors of this apartment, and upon examination, are not a little surprised to find that they come from the lodgings of horses, cows, pigs and goats, directly underneath. Often, indeed, throughout Italy, is the first story of hotels and dwelling-houses, appropriated to these animals and to the cook, while the second is converted into sitting and dining apartments, and the third portioned off into sleeping chambers. All unsavory stenches generated in those lower regions, pervade and interpenetrate, as they go reeking upwards, every nook and crevice of the mansion. Always offensive, it now seems intolerably so, as unfolding our napkins we prepared to enjoy a dinner, provided according to the prescription of our vetturino. It is one of those stipulated for in the contract of travel. Your appetite is strong, and you thank the kind camerière for serving up the meal with so much despatch. Having, however, tasted one spoonful of the soup, you beckon him to convey it hence, quickly as possible. The boiled beef appears. A gentleman at your elbow pronounces it tainted,—and you wait for the next course. That course is made up of potatoes leaden and watery, of the leg of a cheveril baked into a crisp, and of a boiled chicken, which a German wag declares to be the great tough progenitor—the original Adam of poultry. You still

anticipate something eatable, and wait in patience. Yonder Frenchman takes snuff, and every moment exclaims 'diable.' This German lights his pipe, muttering forth a jargon whereof nothing is intelligible but the words 'bei Gott.' The Englishman denounces every thing in Italy as 'orrible, and wishes himself in Lunnun. You drink a glass of sour wine, while the next course is entering. Looking at it closely, you find that it is, alas! an Italian pudding. You can endure your hunger no longer, and rushing forth, you search out the vettúra, and rummage the pockets thereof for certain crusts of bread, which your providential foresight had the day before stowed away for a case of such emergency. Out of that crust you make your dinner. The Vetturino after a while comes in, rubbing his hands, asking you if you are contented with your meal, averring that he pays therefor six *pauls*, and desires that you will rise in the morning at three o'clock, as on to-morrow he has thirty miles to make, and he wishes to put up at a good hotel, and that too, before dark, for fear of banditti. You retire to your chamber. You ascend into your lofty bed, by the aid of a chair. You are no sooner between the sheets, than you leap impetuously forth, impelled by their death-like dampness. You now put on morning gown, and address yourself again to slumbers. The dampness pervades even that thick vestment. Regarding health as a good, and rheumatic ills as among its worst foes, you again rise, and wrapping your limbs about in a large travelling cloak, resign your-

self to troubled dreams of rheumatism and catarrhs. Aroused at the early hour of the Vetturino, you feel stiffness and agony in every limb. What with perils of starvation, and perils of robbers, and perils of odor, and perils of fleas, and pangs of rheumatism, you feel yourself wretched and haggard. You wonder why you ever journeyed into this comfortless region. The works of painters and sculptors become quite worthless in your estimation, and you are astonished and ashamed, that you have ever been humbugged into enthusiasm by looking at them. But an hour's ride conveys you among the Appenines. You hear the song of birds. You breathe the gales cool and fresh, as they sweep rejoicing over the mountains. You see the sun arising in the east, and a light seems to arise within you. You are invigorated. The pains of last night, one by one, drop off. You move with elastic step. The past is once more remembered with melancholy pleasure, and on the future are again dimly pictured scenes all novel, and pleasures soon to be enjoyed.

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We stopped last night at Passignano, on the borders of lake Thrasimene. Here were renewed all the usual discomforts of lodgings *en voiturier*,—with an addition. My bed-chamber was in the second story, and the room contiguous, had been converted into a hen-coop. What with cackling and crowing, I had no repose. An earthquake might, as in olden time, have here rolled unheededly away. There was little disposition, as arising this night at the hour of twelve,

from perturbed slumbers, I looked out upon the plain and lake, to enjoy the recollections of that memorable spot. It is not with trembling nerves, and hot, swift-shooting pulses, that one may survey a scene like this, over which, as the noise of battle has died away, and vanquisher with vanquished has sunk down to equal silence, nature resumes at length her tranquil sway. There must needs be a feeling of stillness in the heart, sympathizing harmoniously with the still spirit of that nature which here presides.

Departing, this morning, from that wretched village, we soon emerge from the dominions of His Holiness, into the fields of Tuscany. A change in things for the better, is instantly apparent. We have passed from comparative barrenness into rich fertility. We have evidently entered in among benign, and more salutary influences. Indeed, we have now passed within the boundaries of the least illiberal of Italian governments. Plains expand before me, fresh in olive trees, and watered by many streams. The roads, every where admirable through Italy, are here very superior, and bear around them evidences of much supervisionary care. The miserable *patois* of the Roman States, has given place to the sweet Tuscan tongue, spoken by high and low, with almost equal purity. The wretched visages, and ragged forms, and begging hands and voices of the Pope's subjects, are superseded by the healthy faces, well dressed persons, and merry songs of the Grand Duke's peasantry, as they saunter along the high roads, or look out upon you from trees and

vines, unto which they are now applying the pruning knife. What a pleasant change is this! It is a change from idleness to activity; from poverty to competence; from wretchedness to happiness. You look upon the fine faces of the people, and you get another idea of Italian beauty. Words cannot easily express the general ugliness of the female peasantry in the Pontifical States. Old and young seem to be equally blasted. Or if perchance, in early youth, there be something of bloom, grace or impressiveness, time rushes swiftly in to tear away said gifts. Nowhere do the young grow so hideously old, and old so rapidly. I have seen no woman out of a city, reminding me of a hale Roman matron, such as might have been the wife of Cincinnatus. You find them at the age of thirty, in gray hairs, wrinkled and expressionless. Beheld in triple groups at twilight, under half-fallen arches, they remind you, as silently they ply their distaffs, of those mysterious Fates so hideously sketched by the pencil of Michael Angelo. Passing into Tuscany, you see countenances much fairer,—at least among the younger part of the population. Nor are they disposed to deny you the pleasure of gazing upon them. In truth, they return any traveller's gaze with a directness and steadiness that, for a moment, may send his own regards discomfited into another direction. As their large black eyes look full and long upon you, from beneath their hats of amplest rim, you are doubtful whether to pronounce them impudent, or exceedingly self-pos-

sessed. Should you engage in conversation, that doubt will be instantly put to flight.

Surely, there is something very agreeable in a Tuscan peasant's conversation. Therein is an off-hand freedom and ease, that captivate you. The self-possession is most unwavering and universal. There is nothing even distantly bordering on *mauvaise honte.* Sheepishness indicates an idea, that never looked out blushingly from a Tuscan's, or indeed from any Italian's face. A young female peasant converses with half a dozen of the other sex. Her countenance is true to her thought. Her gesture is quick, abundant, and significant. Her eye turns just as it should turn. Her smile and frown are admirably well-timed. Her voice is modulated with pleasing and natural dexterity, and her whole deportment, purged totally of affectation, fixes long upon it, the eye and memory of a traveller. The Italians, great and small, citizens and peasants, intermingle much at public promenades and piazzas. They have regular hours for resorting each day, to some central point to look at, and converse with, each other. Freedom and polished gracefulness of manners, are among the results of this intercourse.

As we cross the dividing line of these two governments, we leave beggary, in a measure, behind us. The Tuscan law prohibits the asking of alms, save by the blind. Here then is presented the spectacle of a sightless old man grasping the hand of a lusty youth, as they both keep pace, in a gentle trot, with our vet-

tura, piercing our ears with dolorous cries. They are in partnership, and divide the *paul* which compassion extracts from your purse. Thus is the law avoided, and laziness, strong and hearty, gets a subsistence. I have been privately and rather sneakingly importuned, by one whose eyes were sufficiently good to discover that I was a foreigner, and hence probably ignorant of the Tuscan law. I got rid of his importunity, by threatening to report him to the police. The prohibition just mentioned, might be deemed comprehensive enough, and yet it leaves unincluded a vast number of unhappy beings. Those who are accustomed to lavish indiscriminate and unbounded eulogies upon Italian climate, should travel observingly through Tuscany. 'What is the cause,' said I to the superintendant of a hospital, 'of these numerous instances of ophthalmy, in this fine region?' '*The atmosphere*,'—he replied. I started back. Is it possible that this much sought, and more praised Italian *air*, confessedly and constantly works one of the greatest human deprivations? But *more* than the eye suffers. Were my conclusions with respect to Italian climate, to be determined by my own personal experience during these present spring months, there could be but one language for their expression—the language of complaint. Those who are accustomed to cry aloud at sudden changes in New England atmosphere, should have enjoyed the benefit of a tour through Italy, in the past months of February, March and April. An Italian beauty's face, now smiling like sunshine, then swiftly overcast with cloud-

like and tempestuous frowns, is no unapt image of the sudden and unaccountable weather-changes, that I have lately suffered at Genoa, at Naples, and more than either, at Rome. With spring, we are accustomed to associate soft airs, a mild sun, a fair heaven, a green and freshly-budding earth. But with this Italian spring, we are compelled to associate storms, and clouds, and blasts, and hail. 'O, this is an extraordinary season,' says the Italian, as in the month of May, muffling himself up to his chin in his cloak, he flings one corner thereof cavalierly over his left shoulder. 'This is a *very* extraordinary season. It is no good criterion of our usual spring.' Alas for the traveller of 1836. Many volumes and voices had spoken to him of the beauty, and health-giving properties of an Italian atmosphere. He has obeyed his resolution to make trial thereof—and now, his skin, nerves and muscles, and many-remembered aches, and remembered fevers rise up, to rebuke those volumes and those voices. When I reflect upon the multitudinous discomforts of Italian travelling; the desolate chillness of vast apartments; the death-giving dampness of beds; the undrinkable water; the un-eatable meals; the miasmas of marches, and the nerve-piercing blasts from mountains, I am a little inclined to surprise, that Americans should hither travel, for the purpose of wooing back departing health, or of confirming a constitution never yet marred, in vigor and elasticity.

But while I am thus reflecting, the hail-shower has ceased; our vettura has ascended a hill; an exclama-

tion of delight is heard, and lo! before us springs up yonder city from a garden; the city of Florence,—Florence, the beautiful,—the birth-place of Dante,—the home of Boccacio, and Machiavelli, and Michael Angelo, and Galileo,—Florence, one fairest centre of Italian literature and Italian art. I first see it, in the light of an evening sun. It seems encircled by hills, whose sides are covered with palaces and villas. So abundant are they, Ariosto imagined the soil produced them. 'And if,' said he, 'thy palaces which are thus scattered, were walled within one city, two Romes could not contain thee.'

XXI.

CONNOISSEURSHIP.

* * * * *

When, previous to the composition of one of his Madonnas, Raphael retired into his solitary studio, and there in meditation, as he writes, 'certa idea mi viene alla mente,' and when by severe elaboration, that imagination had been expanded, and purified, and wondrously combined, he at last seized his pencil and with assiduous art confined it to the canvass, he hardly thought that the deep beauty and strength thereof, were to be felt and understood by every superficial gazer that chanced that way.

When one pauses before a master-piece, and finds, alas, that it does not impress him, he may, as he chooses, either make an exclamation of affected delight, or he may modestly regret his little attention to art, and his unacquaintance with, if I may so say, its language. Indeed, any one may see how painting, and sculpture,—ay, and architecture and music,—considered as vehicles of thought, (and unless *so* considered, what are they, but little objects of curiosity to the mere *artiste* ?) have analogies, in many essential points, to language so called. What is the Apollo but a magnificent vehicle of those ideals, manly beauty,

grace calm and full of dignity, and of triumphant pride? And what is the group of Niobe and her offspring, but marble words wherein are written woe and grief, and over both triumphing, a mother's love? Ovid has that group in the Latin language.

> 'The verse and sculpture bear an equal part,
> And each reflects the images of art.'

Thus also does the death of Laocoon and his sons shine forth, not perhaps with exactly equal graphicness, from the words of Virgil, and the marble in the Vatican. And what is this soft, chiseled form before me; this ever-renowned Medicean Venus; so airy, so graceful, so light, that, as the eye looks long and steadfastly, it seems to repose upon some unsubstantial vision, perchance the goddess herself when just moulded into life and beauty from the plastic spray; what is this but marble carved by the artist's hand into a receptacle of thoughts, of emotions, of the attributes of the queen of love? So of architecture and music; the ingenuity of man has made them vehicles of thought, endowing forms and tones with the capacities of a spoken, and written tongue. Now, no one ever thinks of feeling, or expressing emotion at thoughts, qualities, or scenes, when contemplated in language, unless he be well acquainted with that language;—not with its technical divisions, but with its powers. Yet that enthusiastic gentleman yonder (a representative, by-the-by, of a large class of English travellers in Italy), though till now, he has seldom thought of art,

affects to understand it, reads all its ideas at a glance, tells you that study is a great injury, inasmuch as it tends to dispel that certain *charm* which overhangs a picture, or a statue, and advises you not to inquire coldly into the meaning of a painting, but to manifest that you have some enthusiasm for the art, by giving up yourself at once, and unreservedly, to divers vague and glorious impressions, which he can neither account for, nor describe. It is one peculiarity of this gentleman, that he never enjoys said glorious impressions, until told that before him is the effort of a master. A close study and profound knowledge of the *character* and *meaning*,—not the canvass, and mode in which colors are mixed,—of a work of genius in painting, no more tends to dispel its charm, or dissipate its interest, than such a study and knowledge of a great poet, Milton for example, tends to destroy our interest in his inspirations. Far otherwise. Such study, while it detects and disenchants mediocrity, only leads us far deeper into the soul, and strength, and beauty of the truly great masters. The more we study the works of God, the more we admire and enjoy. The more we study those works of the human mind and hand, whose mysterious excellence approximates them to the mysterious nature around us, the more we shall admire and enjoy, whether the object of our study be ideas combined in marble, in colors, or in language.

While thus at random cogitating, I find myself in the Pitti Palace, the richest of the world, in art. What treasures are these of the Grand Duke of Tuscany,

and with what free and bounteous generosity, are they not all made accessible to the eyes of all the world! Not the slightest compensation is permitted, even to the man at the door, who takes charge of your cane or umbrella. This man at the door is, however, one of the gentlemen of the Duke's household, and with fine civility, points you to the ten or twelve apartments ;— apartments whose walls are actually concealed by the multitude of paintings, and whose polished marble floor mirrors your very form, as you walk over it. Surely there could be no combination more magnificent than this ; the most costly halls thronged with the most costly master-pieces of the pencil. Walking for the first time, idly and perplexed, through the rooms,— 'What is this ?' said I to my companion. 'A Carlo Dolci ; and there are the finest pieces of Salvator Rosa ; here is a Claude ; yonder is a Tintoretto, and by his side is a Vandyk ; all those, at your right, are by Raphael ; here you see Michael Angelo ; there is a Guido, a Caracci, a Titian ; indeed wherever you set your eye, you see the greatest works of the greatest painters.'

Threading many rooms, we reached a small one in which is the Venus of Canova. Every body of course, says it is less heavenly than the Venus di Medici. Still it is a masterly composition. That any one should *hesitate* in preferring to this, the Antique, is no slight proof of merit. For who shall say, that this latter is not the loveliest intermingling of ideal beauties that marble contains ? All admire it ; those who have

a sensibility for the Beautiful, because they have some bland and delightful thrills never felt before, when beholding it, and which are as deep emotions now first awakened, and those who have no cultivated taste, seem still to admire, for they know the statue to be celebrated, and they consider themselves safe in admiration.

There is one class of gazers, in whom the power, as well as the right, to enjoy the Venus di Medici, seems to me very questionable. It is those, whereof a representation was before the statue when I first saw it; a young lady of twenty, whose waist was by cords and pullies contracted into the narrow spindle-dimensions, and hour-glass-like shape, which fashionable taste has introduced for the beautifying of nature. How is it possible, said I, that one whose ideas of beauty in the human figure are thus manifestly pinched up, and so to speak, *corsetted* into that agonizing narrowness, can endure yonder free, full, exuberant, unrestrained expansion of chest and waist in the Venus? Were one of the Almack spirits to introduce a form thus unimprisoned, and unimproved, into the mazes of any waltz, 'horrid, how vulgar,' would be the universal exclamation. And still less ought she to approve the fine head, and features of the goddess. That head bears sweet proportion to that developed waist. But the heads and waists of those, whom this gazer has been taught to believe beau-ideals in form, if judged by this allowed standard before us, have no proportional harmony at all. Huge faces above little waists,—nay the

former are oftentimes broader than the latter! Thus wide is the chasm between this model, and the forms admired and persisted in by those who, strange to say, still enthusiastically admire this model. But more. The grace of attitude in the Venus, can hardly be approved by one, whose every effort seems directed to defeat the possibility of an advance to such perfection in her own person. What ease is *there!* What delightful repose, just on the dreamy confines of motion and of rest! The victim of the existing corset-system, however, doing her best, could not even most distantly realize in her own limbs, those lovely *bends;* there would be distorted angles without number. And then, if from that pedestal her goddesship were, for a moment, to step forth,—would her *motion* be in graceful harmony with her form and present attitude? The Venus animated and moving! She would hardly exhibit the constrained, jerking, contracted, *corsetty* action of those fashionable paragons, whose gait you may have heard represented as worthy of all praise, and to catch which so many thousands strive. But suppose for an instant, yonder living lady's person,—narrowed and wrenched as it is by fashion,—innocently denuded, and raised to the vacant pedestal. Before it, in your mind's eye, now stands the descended Venus, a connoisseur of modern notions of beauty in the female form. Certainly, there can be no objection to such an imaginary change. One who has had so many moderns gazing for ages, so fixedly at her, and passing severest judgments upon her this and

that, may be permitted to return a few of such inspections, and to assume for a brief while, the character and severe countenance of a critic. It is not, however, so much the Venus, which I would have pronouncing opinion here, as that Grecian spirit of taste respecting female form, which with propriety may be said to dwell within her. To give the tone of that criticism is not now necessary. One is safe in saying that it would be the voice of truth and nature, against the decree of one of the most graceless fashions that ever abused an age.

XXII.

GALILEO—DANTE.

Uom, se' tu grande o vil? Muori, e il saprai.

ALFIERI.

It was my second day in Florence. I had passed it among the master-works of art in the Ducal Gallery. I had enjoyed, as it were, the intellectual presence of Michael Angelo, and Guido, and of Raphael. For hours, I had surveyed inspirations of the ancient mind, preserved for these late ages, in marble and in bronze. A multitude of strange remembrances perplexed and overburdened me. To classify them, and assign to each some proper place in my memory, I walked abroad alone upon the banks of the Arno. The evening twilight was just beginning to descend. As I wandered along, careless of my path, an old structure framed of brick, gloomy, with no pretensions to either majesty or grace, suddenly stood before me. A female form, veiled, glided forth from a half-opened door in its front. Led on by idlest curiosity, I entered. Before me rose altars and columns, and through the dim light, mellowed as it passed inward by lofty windows of stained glass, glimmered here and there some half a dozen tapers. I was evidently in a church; a church, however, of whose name and character, I knew nothing.

It was spacious, yet unpretending, and a gloom, strange and depressing, seemed to shade its pillars and vaulted ceiling. My eye was arrested by the beautifully stained window-glass, the first I had seen in Italy. I was also struck by an absence of that gorgeous decoration, that rich, gilded, dazzling ornament which I had been accustomed to meet in the great churches of Naples and of Rome. I rested for a time upon one of the seats, trying to conjecture where I might be. The sounds of business, of the gay tumultuous life of Florence, did not reach me. The silence was unbroken, save by the murmurs of one solitary worshipper, and the faint voice of evening bells, sounding as if from some far distance.

Meditating upon the solemnity of the surrounding scene, my eye chanced to light upon a group in marble. One of this group was a female, whose right hand held a garland of leaves, while her form, bowed down upon a sarcophagus, expressed the most self-forgetful, self-abandoning grief. On the opposite side, at the distance of a few feet from this figure, was another erect and majestic, in ample drapery, with a tower surmounted by a star upon her head, in whose right hand was a rod, and whose left, while her eyes looked abroad in triumph, pointed emphatically to a colossal form, seated at a little distance above. That form was in an attitude deeply impressive. Its brow, wreathed about with laurel leaves, rested upon its hand, and the face was downward turned, as if in melancholy thought. I had seen that face before. It was full of power, and

severe pride, and sorrowfulness. A conjecture as to where I was suddenly started up, I looked around more intently. Tomb after tomb appeared. There could no longer be any doubt. I was in the holiest sepulchre of Italian genius ; I was in Santa Croce, and before me were the sarcophagus and the statue of Dante. The surprise which at first arose, was swiftly chased away by a higher feeling,—a feeling of reverence for the spot, where lies the dust of some of the noblest men that ever visited this sphere. Here, among others, are the tombs of Aretino the historian ; of Alfieri ; of Pietro Micheli, called the Lynx of Botany ; of Machiavelli ; of Michael Angelo ; of Galileo. I paused long before them. Knowing some events in the lives of those whose ashes they enclosed, I felt in their presence, as all must feel, a mournful and a pleasing interest.

The tomb of Galileo is simple, surmounted by his bust, and reposing thereon are figures of Astronomy and Geometry. Though simple, it awakened a thousand scenes and thoughts ;—scenes of triumph and of sorrow for Galileo ; thoughts of gratitude and indignation towards those who cherished and persecuted him. With a life of philosophic inquiry we associate peace. We imagine, and most often rightly, that it is undisturbed by other than intellectual excitement, and we think that its close must be honorable and serene. Its intercourse is with the forms, or the spirit of Nature,—not with the passions and contentions of the world. The life and death of Galileo do not, however,

realize this thought. Though only engaged in consulting nature ; in listening to, and promulgating abroad her oracles, he was, if we except a portion of his earlier years, subjected to hard sufferings of body and of spirit, which have generally been peculiar only to the great political and moral agitators of an age. I see him upon that tower in St. Mark's Place, observing through his optic glass, the distant stars. He notes their forms, motions, and changes. The truths thus discovered, he, in his meditative closet, combines and so arranges, as therefrom to deduce some of the most interesting and sublime conclusions, that adorn the philosophy of the heavens. Those conclusions he reveals to his age. How are they received? Not alone with scorn and laughter ; likewise with the humility and persecution of their revealer. I see him writing that famous letter to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, wherein he maintains his belief, that the sun stands still ; that the earth moves round it ; that the Scriptures are given to instruct mankind in duty, *not* in science and philosophy ; and that revelation and nature are from the same great fountain, that their voices are in harmony, and their end the same. For writing these truths, behold him kneeling, but a short time after, before the Inquisition at Rome. At its command, dreading the threatened dungeon and chains, he renounces them aloud. 'I believe that the earth stands for ever at rest ; that it is the centre of the universe, and that around it revolves all that in the heavens is visible.' The Inquisition rises. Galileo humbled,

has abjured his philosophical heresies, and the intellectual supremacy of the Church is reinstated. Seventeen years pass away. The philosopher's devotion to truth triumphs over his weakness. He has again proclaimed those heresies. He is summoned again before a similar tribunal. Clothed in sackcloth, he passes through a deeper abasement. Again he abjures his opinions. Popery and ignorance again triumph; human nature and science are again disgraced and degraded. To make more wide that ignominy, his abjuration is publicly read in the cities of Italy, and even at Florence, where universal admiration had already crowned his genius, from yonder pulpit in Santa Croce itself, within sight of the very spot which his bones were destined to make renowned through all coming ages. At the time of his second condemnation, Galileo was sixty-nine years of age, and was tottering under severe bodily infirmities. By one clause of this condemnation, he was ordered into imprisonment. Thus pined away nine more of his years. The death of a daughter plunged him into deep grief. Deafness soon came upon him, and his eye-sight totally failed. After his death, the malice of his foes still followed him. He was refused burial in consecrated ground. Nearly a hundred years elapsed, before his remains were interred in their present resting-place. The spot is indicated by this monument; a monument of impressive beauty; a shrine frequented by pilgrims from every land, whose hearts feel interest in

'The starry Galileo and his woes.'

As I passed from the tomb of Galileo to the monument of Dante, the shadows were thickening; the kneeling form of the worshipper had vanished almost into indistinctness; the lamp struggled faintly with the sepulchral gloom, and the silence was like that of the dead. There was here no object, no thought, no association, but of solemnity.

By the side of the sitting form of Dante, is a harp. The weeping figure represents Poetry, and the image which points at him in triumph, is of Italy, at length, after five hundred years of neglect, glorying in her illustrious son. By the lamp's light, I read upon the sarcophagus this inscription :—

ONORATE L'ALTISSIMA POETA.
DANTI ALIGHIERO
TUSCI
HONORARIUM TUMULUM
A MAJORIBUS TER FRUSTRA DECRETUM
ANNO MDCCCXXIX
FELICITER EXCITARUNT.

The monument is conceived and wrought throughout, in the spirit of very high art. It does not contain the bones of Dante. Those are still at Ravenna where Dante died, an exile from his native land. Many attempts have been made by the Florentines to obtain them, but invariably without success.

The career of Dante has one strong point of sympathy with that of him, whose tomb I have just left;—its persecutions,—persecutions of the one, by the Pope and the Inquisition; of the other, by the Pope and his

adherents, the Guelfs. The memory of Dante, like that of Galileo, was pursued after his death. John XXII. even sent a Cardinal to demand his bones, that they might be dealt with as those of an heretic, and their ashes scattered to the wind. Galileo observed the natural world, studied its laws, and drew from them practical conclusions. Dante, out of existing fragmentary notions of Hell, Purgatory and Heaven, framed a world for the imagination, where nevertheless may still be seen shadows of the forms among which, the poet and the soldier had moved while on the earth. The minds of both were *creative*, in the only intelligible sense of the word. While Galileo so combined his physical observations, as to make them reveal new and beautiful truths, Dante also combined what he had beheld in human feeling and action, so as to make visible therein much that is lovely, and fearful, and impressive in the heart and in mortal life. Galileo was among the first of the new philosophers; an early pioneer in the yet hardly trodden pathway of the heavens. Dante was the earliest Tuscan bard. He made his intellectual way, through clouds and darkness. Before his efforts, even the language now called Italian, had no existence. Both were persecuted in their lives, neglected after their death, and honored by succeeding ages. Galileo was only a philosopher. Dante was philosopher and politician, and warrior and poet. Galileo did not scorn ignominy, if therewith he purchased life. With his crown of genius, he was not anxious to interweave

the laurels of martyrdom. Dante, stern and uncompromising, hating and intensely hated; loving and deeply loved, would not permit at any price, his character and memory to be blasted by an ignoble act. The Inquisition offered to Galileo some relaxation of penalties, if he would renounce what he knew to be the truth. Humbly kneeling, and penitently, he made that renunciation. After fifteen years of exile, the Florentine government offered exemption from farther punishment to Dante, if returning, he would remain awhile in prison, and then do penance in the principal church at Florence. 'Away from the man,' was his indignant reply in a letter now to be seen in the Laurentian Library, 'away from the man trained up in philosophy, the dastard humiliation of an earth-born heart, that, like some petty pretender to knowledge, or other base wretch, *he* should endure to be delivered up in chains. Away from the man who demands justice, the thought that after having suffered wrong, he should make terms by his money, with those who have injured him, as though *they* had done righteously. No, this is not the way of return to my country for me. Yet if another can be found, which shall not compromise the fame and honor of Dante, I will not be slow to take it. But if by *such* an one he may not return to Florence, to Florence he will never return. What then? May I not every where behold the sun and the stars? Can I not every where under heaven meditate on the most noble and delightful truths, without first rendering myself inglorious,

ay, infamous, before the people and city of Florence?'

Dante's life was full of events. He lived in the stormiest period of the Italian Republics,—not as a spectator, but an interested actor. Such minds as Dante's do not crave rest, rather action and toil. They wish to develope their energies, amidst the aroused energies of the age. In many changes of sunlight and of storm, were his powers called forth. His sensibilities were touched continually by the gentle and the stern; and the entire compass of his feeling and faculties, in the restless and quickening events of that time, was revealed and strengthened. The life he had lived was necessary. It was necessary that he should be in activity with the stormy characters of that age, that he should move in public spheres, that he should meet with sad reverses, and that he should feel the ingratitude of his country. Where else could he have found materials for his divine compositions? What other agents could have so actively excited his peculiar genius? Persecution and misfortune,—these were necessary for the developement of such a mind. Had he not suffered them, he would have come down to us as only a small occasional poet, and a very good theologian. He did not cloister himself in solitude, and there dream out soft and pleasant fancies. From his youth upward, he walked abroad among great human passions, and grappled in conflict with stern human events. Some results of that intercourse have been embodied. His great work remains, one

of the glories of Italy, awakening and gratifying genius in each successive age, and quickening a tardy gratitude in his countrymen that has at length found expression in this monument before me.

> ' 'Tis the doom
> Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
> In life; to wear their hearts out, and consume
> Their days in endless strife, and die alone:
> Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
> And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
> The name of him,—who now is but a name;
> And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone
> Spread his, by him unheard, unheeded, fame.'
>
> BYRON.

As I was moving to the adjacent tomb, which is of Michael Angelo, the bust of whom upon a sarcophagus, I saw overlooking chiseled representations of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture,—a cowled and sable-mantled form approached. The sight and sound of a bunch of keys advised me of his object. The hour for closing the church had arrived. I departed, saddened and still gratified. Whoever loves to meditate, not merely to loiter, among tombs, let him come to Santa Croce. The monuments are not of titled personages, whose name when sounded awakens no associations. They are the monuments, not of great men, but of great minds. Around each, cluster a thousand recollections. Each recalls some great discoveries, or great movements, or great achievements of its age. Machiavelli; Galileo; Michael Angelo; Alfieri;—their names are linked with all that is most worthy of thought or remembrance in modern Italy.

XXIII.

RAMBLES IN FLORENCE.

Friday—My diary of to-day is full of variety; I extract therefrom a few passages. Living in Florence is, as every traveller hither knows, extremely cheap. Your well-furnished parlor and bed-chamber, cost but thirty cents per day. Your well-made boots are furnished for three dollars; your good frock-coat for fourteen; your equally good dress-coat for twelve; and your vest, wherein you are not ashamed to attend the Grand Duke's ball, for two. The other subordinate articles of clothing are in like reasonable proportions. For your dinner you pay fifty cents; and for your breakfast, you pay as follows:—that is, if you take it at my favorite resort,—the central, much frequented Café des Colonnes.

Enter said café at ten o'clock. It is half full of citizens and ladies, priests and foreigners. Before each, is a little round or square table, whereon is the *colazióne*, and likewise a French, German, English, or Italian newspaper. There is continual coming in of empty stomachs, and a going out of full ones. There is continual conversation in the company, and continual shouting out of orders by the waiters. If you

be a gentleman of weak nerves, you turn about, resolved to seek a breakfasting room of more peace and quiet. If you are bent on observing men, women and things, you sit down at the first vacant table, call for the particulars of your breakfast, which are immediately shouted out by the waiter before you, to a waiter at the kitchen door, who re-shouts the same particulars, to a provider in the kitchen:—'*Caffè con uova, pan'e latt'e burro.*' You now take up the Milan Gazette. Accustomed to what are called mammoth sheets, you smile at this before you, which is just eight inches square. Accustomed to encomiums on free institutions, and denunciations of Metternich, you read with much curiosity an anecdote, stating that on Wednesday evening last, this illustrious Prince, returning from an imperial fête, heard certain groans. Alighting from his carriage, the illustrious Prince found that said groans came from a starving man beneath the hedge. The illustrious Prince instantly gave to the unhappy being the aid which his necessities required. 'We are happy to find,' concludes the Gazette, 'that this illustrious Prince combines within himself, the highest powers of the intellect, and the noblest virtues of the heart.' While enjoying your breakfast,—consisting of an egg beaten into a tumbler with coffee and milk, and of little rolls of white bread with delicious butter bearing, stamped upon it, the ensigns of the Grand Duke of Tuscany,—look around and listen. A fat gentleman enters. He is in the sable livery of the Roman Church. He has just come from

shriving certain sinners. '*Mezz' arrostíto*,' shouts out the waiter, knowing the taste of the priest. Instantly is brought forward in a saucer, a tumbler of sweetened milk with half a toasted biscuit, buttered by a waiter stationed in one corner of the room for that especial purpose, and who is known by the emphatic appellation, 'Biscuit-butterer.'

A lean gentleman enters. As he takes his seat, the waiter shouts '*méscere*,'—that is to say, 'pour out.' This gentleman takes hot coffee, and hot milk with bread alone. An individual at your right hand, in outswelled flaming cheeks, who notices no one, and occupies all his spare time in looking over Galignani's Messenger, is an Englishman. He goes the *entire*, and what with boiled eggs, and coffee, and immense quantities of bread, and immense quantities of butter, informs you that his habits are not dyspeptic. The lady upon your left, with a little white spaniel attached by a silver chain to her wrist, calmly whiles away the time, over a glass of lemonade and a single light cake. She is an Italian.

Having finished your breakfast, you tap your tumbler with a spoon. The waiter comes. You give him a *paul*. He carries off dishes and paul, to a money changer at the counter, shouting out as he walks thither, '*cinque resto*.' You gave him ten sous, and he announces that five remain your due. You declare the breakfast cheap, and depart. You feel clear and intellectual. You have not devoured meat and potatoes, and worse than either, *hot* biscuit. There

is no heaviness of stomach, reminding you of the other side of the Atlantic.

* * * * * *

I have just visited the cast for a marble statue of Washington by Greenough. It appeared suddenly to my eye, seated and full of energy. Every part of it is emphatic. I was impressed by its simplicity. How completely is the marble purged of every thing but Washington! An Italian sculptor would have been more abundant in ideas. He would have had there, the Genius of America, a half dozen additional Geniuses, and victorious garlands, with other appendages. Greenough has put into the features of Washington, the stern spirit of his times. An Italian would have made a good likeness, and then placed that spirit by its side. If any thing, the image is too sternly severe. But how admirable is the hand that points heavenward, and how expressive is the arm that delivers up the sword,—expressive of complete, unqualified surrender! A critic would ask, why Washington is to appear thus to the eyes of every succeeding generation, in a form wherein he never, for one moment, appeared to the eyes of his own,—in *sandals*, in a mantle that *half* conceals him, with a sword, *not* revolutionary, but Roman. An admirer of genius will pronounce happy that heart, wherein could arise a conception, so pure, so emphatic, so admirable; and fortunate that hand which could embody such conception so impressively.

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In my way this afternoon to the Laurentian library,

I was arrested by a print in a shop-window, representing a *man-bat*. Looking into the pamphlet, what was my surprise to find it an Italian translation of a certain waggish account of the moon and its inhabitants, which first appeared, some time ago, in a New York periodical. 'It is worthy of a poet,' said the shop-keeper, who desired me to purchase it—'there is enough imagination therein to supply half a dozen poets.' The Laurentian library, one of the most elegant apartments of its kind in Italy, was built under the direction of Michael Angelo. The librarian bustles about with his keys, showing you first, the veritable fore-finger of Galileo, whereof the traveller is permitted to make the usual remark, 'this is, I suppose, the *very* fore-finger which its immortal owner was wont to point towards the moon.' The librarian then shows you a volume, saying, 'this, gentlemen and ladies, is a copy of Virgil, made in the third century. You see it is on beautiful, marble-like parchment, and in capitals. It is executed in a style quite equal to the finest printing of the present day.' 'But here,' continues he, opening wide his eyes, and evidently expecting you to open yours wider, 'is a manuscript edition of the great work of Dante, done about the time of his death, with painted marginal illustrations, almost as numerous as the words themselves.' Thus we saw the imagination of Dante through two vehicles, the language of words and of colors. A grotesque picture was shown us, representing Francesca di Rimini and her lover. The librarian, perceiving our interest

therein, recited the story,—the saddest strain which ever came from the sad harp of Dante. 'This,' said he again, 'is the handwriting of Petrarch.' It was pure and intellectual, purged of all slovenliness, imaging his character, and a beautiful receptacle for his emotions. This library contains nine thousand antique books, each in brass clasps, and *chained* strongly to its place. The literary thieves were, however, making rich spoils thereof. Some twenty gentlemen in quaint black costume, were at work. They were packing up and carrying off the stolen thought, leaving but clasps and covers, leaves and words.

Departing from the library, the first object that caught my eye, was a Catholic procession. Several hundred men and boys in various dress, some bearing torches, and some rods, accompanied by a band and singing voices, and preceding a cross whereon was, large as life, an image of our Saviour, passed slowly before me. The street was here and there illuminated, and ornamented with rose garlands, and tapestry of various colors suspended from each window. The pavement was covered with fresh leaves. 'What is the meaning of this?' asked I. A shop-keeper presented me a sheet of Italian poetry. Upon this I read, that about two hundred years ago, a certain house in Florence was destroyed by fire. Miraculously two orphans and a crucifix, with an image of Christ, were preserved. The orphans, half-famished, prayed to the image. Strange to say, they were instantly supplied with bread. Now once, as they were

thus praying, the image was seen to *perspire*. This miracle was made known to certain monks in the vicinity. So wonderful an image must be treated with the proper reverence. The monks took it into their charge, and resolved that, every five years, it should be carried in solemn procession, to the spot of its miraculous perspiration. A quinquennial revolution has just terminated, and the ceremony is now performing. 'This,' said my companion, 'is another centre in the vast Catholic system around, which rally and cling fast, the wonder, the credulity, and the devotional sentiments of the Faithful.

XXIV.

THE ARMENIANS AT VENICE.

'Will Signore visit the Armenians this morning?' inquired my cicerone, as I settled myself down into the velvet cushion of a gondola. Armenian was a word associated in my memory with the 'Ghost Seer' of Schiller. It was a masked Armenian, that dogged the ill-fated Prince through the Piazza of St. Mark, and through the gambling houses of Venice. I seemed to hear his sepulchral voice mysteriously announcing, 'um neun Uhr ist er gestorben.' 'Is it far?' asked I. 'A short way only from the Lido,' was the reply. My gondola left the stairs of the White Lion, and sailing by the Foscari Palace, soon left the Grand Canal, and rapidly approached the island of St. Lazarus.

It was a calm, clear, sweet morning. The little island, surrounded by a brick wall, above which were visible clusters of irregular buildings, themselves surrounded by gardens, and orange trees, soon rose before us, all silent as death, and to me clothed in not a little mystery. We disembarked at some steps leading up to a gate. A bell was rung, and instantly a person appeared, inviting us with a smile to walk in, and begging that we would excuse him for a moment,

while he ran to give notice of our arrival to his superior. We were interrupted in our momentary examination of the little court in which we stood, by the approach of a venerable man, blackly arrayed like a monk, with a bunch of keys dangling from the girdle around him, a sable beard hanging down over his breast, his countenance pale, his eyes intensely black, his forehead expansive, his mouth rather intellectual, and his voice thorough-bred, clear, and vivacious. 'Bless me,' said he, taking each of us by the hand; 'Bless me,' and it was the first English which I had heard at Venice; 'you are Englishmen. I am very happy to have a visit from you;' and then he laughed heartily. 'Many of your countrymen come to visit us; yes, they wish to see where Lord Byron studied and wrote, and to see me, his instructer in Armenian;'—and then he very faintly tried to conceal a little chuckle of innocent vanity. 'We have had here Lord D., pray do you know him?—and the Duke of P.—and Sir John R. I hope you are acquainted with them. They are Noblemen indeed. Bless me, I am glad to have this attention from you; and now, if you please, we will walk a little about the Convent.' The excellent man's good nature took captive our friendship immediately. He seemed to receive us at once into his inmost confidence. He told us what he was formerly, what he now is, and what he soon expected to be. He gave us a brief history of the Convent, of its founder, of its objects, and its present condition. He told us much about Byron; how ungovernable was

his temper, how unhappy he seemed to be, and what were some of his tastes and habits while residing in this vicinity. Nothing was concealed which could gratify our curiosity, and I need hardly add that two agreeable hours swiftly swept away, like so many moments. The mystery about the Armenian's name totally vanished. I was among plain-spoken, benevolent, open-hearted men; learned and pious Armenians, here apparently isolated from all the world, yet preserving pure their language, their customs, and their literature, and associated together for the accomplishment of many noble, scientific, and religious ends.

The Convent is about one hundred and twenty years old. It owes its existence to the enthusiastic and benevolent zeal of an Armenian, by the name of Mechitar. This man was born in 1676. In his youth, he manifested very strong intellectual powers, and so unremitted and intense was their application, that before the age of twenty, he had made himself a complete master of all the theology, and philosophy, and literature of Armenia. To these high active powers of mind, were joined some noble qualities of the heart. Looking abroad over his country, he perceived that the glory, for which in past times it had been distinguished, existed no more. Violent religious convulsions, originating mainly in differences of opinion with respect to the divinity of Christ, had shattered the fabric of its social and political prosperity. Suddenly, and as if heaven-inspired, he was penetrated with

a wish to do something for the regeneration of that country. His education had been chiefly religious. Its object was to prepare him for the service of the church. His experience of the monastic institutions established in Armenia, was unfavorable to them. They were not on a sufficiently broad, enlightened, and enterprising scale. 'I will found a religious order myself,' said he. 'The object of that order shall be, to spread knowledge, spiritual, scientific and literary, throughout my nation.' This was a solitary thought, born in the solitary meditations of his cell. He had no money, no public friends, no public feeling aroused and tending towards the point before him. He had only a benevolent and comprehensive mind, vast intellectual acquisitions, and a zeal which nothing could quench. I need not record how often his labors at proselytism were baffled; how few of even the most enlightened among his countrymen were able, or willing to embrace his large design; how in the year 1700, he arrived at Constantinople with but three disciples, which city, some suspicious enemies soon compelled him to leave; how, with a small accession to his numbers, he then established himself in the Morea, thence, after a few years, compelled to take flight, in consequence of a war between the Turks and the Venitians; how he laid before the Senate of this latter people, a plan of his enterprise, and therefrom solicited protection and aid. Venice, jealous of societies existing within the city, gave to him in 1717 this little island of St. Lazarus;—an island which, in the 12th

century, contained a hospital for lepers, and which until lately, had long served as an asylum for the poor. Here now, out of funds bestowed by wealthy Armenian merchants, these walls were erected. The few men, whom kindred zeal had united to Mechitar, commenced their labors. Their system of operations was established,—a system under which young men of talents were to be educated for Missionaries into Armenia; under which, not only were suitable works in foreign languages to be translated into the Armenian, but likewise original works on science, philosophy and religion to be composed, and all to be distributed among their unprovided countrymen. Their founder died in 1749. The society continued to pursue its worthy labors. At this time, its condition is flourishing. It numbers in its little circle, fifty devoted minds. It has translated many works into the Armenian from various languages:—the Iliad of Homer, the works of Cicero, the Telemachus of Fenelon, and among those from the English, I noticed a beautiful edition of Paradise Lost, and another of Young's Night Thoughts. It has given birth to an admirable dictionary of the Armenian tongue, and to a very comprehensive history of the nation. Among its other original productions, are a Universal Biography, and a complete Treatise on Mathematics. Even Father Aucher, who was now waiting upon us through the cloisters, had well translated portions of the text of Eusebius, enriching them with copious illustrative notes, and at this time, he is engaged upon a kind of

Conversations-Lexicon, which will help to supply a desideratum in Armenian Literature.

We had now made the circuit of the cells, and arrived at the dining hall. Over its door is written in Armenian, 'Silence should be preserved, while the Scriptures are read.' The members of the society were at their simple repast, and during that time they speak nothing, listening to one of their order, who reads a chapter from the Bible. I have never seen a finer collection of heads, or of intellectual and benevolent countenances, than were these before me. I looked upon them with a feeling, quite different from that with which I had so often regarded the lazy monks, that crowd many Italian monasteries. Before me were men of action, not of idleness; men inspired with noble and comprehensive wishes, not narrowed down to the narrow cells in which they lived. After dinner, they enjoy, by their strictly-followed regulations, two hours of recreation, which they generally spend in walking among the gardens, conversing with each other or the boys under their charge. Seven hours are given to sleep, seven to active intellectual labor, and what remains after that employed in bodily exercise, is given to God.

We now visited the printing office. The press is very finely constructed, and from it have proceeded pages of great beauty and delicacy. I purchased a little gilt-bound volume, containing, in twenty-four different languages, the prayers of Niersis Clajensis, an Armenian patriarch. From the printing office, we

passed to the studio of Father Aucher,—who, I may here say, is secretary of the society. It realized all that I had ever conceived of the studio of an orientalist. It is small, and its walls are quite concealed by surrounding books and manuscripts. Many of these were in wire-protected cases, in binding most strange, and type quite incomprehensible. Here were some translations from the Greek, whose originals were lost. We were likewise shown several works in Sanscrit, in the Chinese character, and in other symbols that looked more outlandish than either. Father Aucher seemed to be delighted at handling them, translated a little for our edification, and then put them under lock and key again. He now pointed to a quaintly fashioned chair, standing by a window that looked out upon the quiet waters, and desired each of us to favor him, by inserting our names in a book for that purpose, which lay on an adjacent table. After this ceremony, he in a little triumph turned to the name of Byron, written by his own hand, under the date of November 27th, 1816. He related to us, that on the first arrival of the poet at the Convent, quite unaware of his title, he addressed him no otherwise than as Mr. Byron. The nobleman asked him if he had a dictionary of English proper names, and if so to look out the word Byron. The hint of the lord was not misunderstood, and no further occasion for offence was given. After a visit to the chapel, we entered the library. 'And now,' said Father Aucher, walking towards a table, 'I am going to show the spot where I was accustomed to

give Lord Byron lessons in the Armenian language. He did not make very rapid progress. He was often very pettish, and complained a good deal of the hardships he experienced in trying to learn it.' 'And is this the very desk?' asked I. 'Why, bless me, it is the very same,' said the monk.

It was to this island that the poet was wont, each morning, to row himself alone in his gondola, from the palace of the Merchant of Venice, with whom he then lived. And why, in this solitary spot, did he begin to study the Armenian tongue? 'I found that my mind,'—these are his own words,—'wanted something craggy to break upon, and this, as the most difficult thing I could discover here for an amusement, I have chosen to torture me into attention.' It was hither that he came, heart-riven and yet erect in pride, after his exile from his native land. The bridge between that land and him, had not only been passed, but broken down. He had left behind him many spots blackening his fame, but not yet had he plunged into those dark paths of Venitian vice, which tainted not merely his body but his soul. He had not yet familiarized himself with those elements,—worse indeed than worthless,—which afterwards his imagination wrought up into the scenes and associations of Don Juan. Happier he, and better far some thousands who still enthusiastically admire him, if while intermingling with these venerable men, and receiving their language into his mind, he likewise had engrafted within his heart some of the worthy habits, and principles, full

of purity and benevolence, which characterized their life. It was here that he assisted in the framing of an English and Armenian grammar, for the use of the Armenians, and for promoting whose publication, he advanced a thousand francs. It was here that he translated two epistles,—a correspondence between the Corinthians and St. Paul,—not found in ours, but received into the Armenian version. Byron said, *he* considered them orthodox, and therefore did them, for their first time, into scriptural prose English.

We now accompanied our excellent guide to a little portico in the garden, which overlooking the wall, embraced a prospect of the sea, and rising therefrom, the towers and palaces of Venice. In this charming spot, had Byron often written. And what was here his inspiration? It is embodied in his Manfred. That was the composition to which his powers were devoted, in the early months of 1817. I have ever held this drama, which he pronounced 'mad as Nat Lee's Bedlam Tragedy,' to be one of his sublimest productions. I now almost imagined that I beheld its noble author, here meditating and alone, working up his own remembrances, emotions, and aspirations into the passionate creation of Manfred, and deriving from the heavens, and seas, and melancholy scenes about him, some of the images which adorn that extraordinary poem.

> 'Good, or Evil, life,
> Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
> Have been to me as rain unto the sands.'

And well, at this forlorn period of his career, might he seem to hear a spirit addressing him in these prophetic strains;—

'And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse.
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare.
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice.
And to thee shall night deny
All the quiet of her sky.
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.'

I remembered the passage in which Manfred addresses the witch of the Alps, beginning;—

'From my youth upwards
My spirit walked not with the souls of men.'

What a portraiture does it not furnish of Byron's own character and career up to this time! That career, alas! was not to grow more bright, rather gloomier, clouding his heaven more thickly than ever, and closing at last in darkness and storms. I also fancied that, in the Father Aucher before me, I could discover the prototype of the Abbot of St. Maurice.

'*Abbot.*—Peace be with Count Manfred.
Manfred.—Thanks, holy father. Welcome to these walls.
Thy presence honors them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.'

And in the dialogue which follows this salutation, I

half thought that I heard Byron and the monk, the latter saying,

> 'Rumors strange
> And of unholy nature are abroad
> And busy with thy name, a noble name
> For centuries—'

And he is answered,

> 'Whate'er
> I may have been, or am, doth rest between
> Heaven and myself. I shall not choose a mortal
> To be my mediator.'

And truly might that dusk and awful spirit,

> 'On whose brow
> The thunder scars were graven, from whose eye
> Glared forth the immortality of hell,'—

that spirit which Manfred had summoned to destroy him, be but a mournful image of the *will*, stern and resistless, which, always impetuous, now began to hurry poor Byron downwards, more rapidly than ever, to his doom. These, however, are mere idle fancies and recollections, awakened while I stand on one of the solitary resting-places of the poet. Nor was this the only poem which Byron here conceived. The impressions contained in the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, were now beginning to unfold themselves;—impressions which, during the ensuing summer, he embodied at La Mira, in a form which can never perish. Embarking from this little portico in his gondola, the poet was often accustomed to row over to the Lido,—a strip of beach, several miles along the

Adriatic,—and mounting one of the horses which he there kept in a dismantled fortification, take his exhilarating exercise upon the strand to Malamocco, at the other end of the island.

Our attendant was never weary in speaking of his pupil, and he showed us a written testimonial from the bard, quite laudatory of the institution, and wherein he says the virtues of the Brethren are well fitted to strike the man of the world, with the conviction that there is another and a better, even in this life. The moment now arrived for taking leave of our kind friend. We did it with some regret. His own amiable manners; the modest civility of his Brethren; their calm, intellectual expressions; the sweet serenity of the spot; the oriental associations about it, and the good ends which its possessors are striving to accomplish, all seemed like cords mysteriously and suddenly put around our hearts to bind us here. We at length shook our friend by the hand, and bidding him good-by, promised, and that with sincerity too, that if ever we studied the Armenian Tongue, it should be under the superintending eye of Padre Pascal Aucher.

Our gondola bore us to the Lido; and afterwards, having visited some works of art in various palaces and churches, we landed at St. Mark's Place, just as the twilight shadows had settled down around it. The Florian, where we are accustomed to take our coffee, was crowded with Austrians and Germans; with Turks, Albanians and 'Ebrew Jews.' The Venitian ladies and gentlemen,—husbands and cavalieri serventi,—

soon began to promenade beneath the arcades, only now and then pausing to take coffee or an ice, and what with their melodious voices, and graceful forms, and transparent complexions, and fathomless eyes, presented a scene altogether brilliant and impressive, such as can only be beheld on a pleasant evening of spring, in St. Mark's Piazza at Venice. It was near eleven o'clock, before we reached our apartments at the White Lion, and at this late hour do I sit down to record the impressions of a day, among the most interesting in my foreign tour.

XXV.

GOLDONI IN ITALY.

THE opera and the ballet seemed to me the only theatrical amusements of the Italians. In Genoa, Leghorn, Rome, Naples and Florence, I had witnessed no representation of tragedy or of comedy. In the land of Alfieri and Goldoni, this appeared not a little strange. Where are these immortal authors? I said. Surely they are too dramatic to repose for ever on the shelf. At length, as I was loitering through the last-named city, my eye caught an announcement suspended in the Piazza of the Grand Duke. It informed me, that in the evening would be performed at the Teatro Giglio, by 'most famous Comedians,' the play of the 'immortal Goldoni,' entitled *La Donna Vindicativa.* My heart throbbed with anticipated pleasure. At last, said I, I shall witness Goldoni exhibited in his own land. I shall have an opportunity of judging how this great painter of Italian manners, is appreciated by those to whom he should be most dear.

I entered the theatre at eight o'clock, and was somewhat mortified at its small dimensions, and somewhat startled when informed that a seat in the pit might be obtained for about three cents, and that my evening's right to an entire box, cost only two pauls and a half,

a sum equal to about twenty-five cents of our money. When the curtain rose, there were about one hundred persons in the house, and that small number was not afterwards increased. Nothing could well be more wretched than the scenery, the music, the actors,—in short, the whole establishment. The prominent and most repulsive feature of all was, the total and absolute ignorance in both actresses and actors, of each and every word of what they were to say. A remedy for this was supplied by a prompter, who in black cap surmounted by a gilt tassel, was perched up before the orchestra, in a semi-circular, projecting screen, not unlike the *banquette* of a French Diligence. With a book in his left hand, and in a voice so pitched as to be in scarcely audible harmony with the buzz and hum of the pit, he dictated to each speaker,—suddenly designating him or her with his right hand,—the sentence which was to be pronounced. This necessarily concentrated the performers about himself, and while it limited the freedom of motion, gave to the whole representation the appearance of a school-boy recitation. My box was next the stage, and I had thus the means of seeing through the whole. I had before me an open pamphlet-copy of the comedy, and as I followed the speakers, was enabled to perceive how much was interlined, and how much was omitted. There was not so properly an action of Goldoni's comedy, as an action of his *plot*, by very wretched improvisators. Is it possible, thought I, that while the miserable, characterless music of Donizetti,

and Persiani, is nightly given forth to the most polished ears of Italy, in theatres most spacious, and amidst scenery most rich, the admirable intellectual productions of Goldoni,—the glory of this land, and indeed one glory of dramatic genius throughout the world,—are given over to the cherishing care of this small company, assembled within the walls of this wretched, narrow, and filthy house? Truth, nature, wit, pathos, intellect,—these are all postponed; only more sensual agents can now give pleasure. The ear must be charmed with sweetly falling cadenzas, and the eye made dizzy by most elaborated pirouettes. Goldoni is quite forgotten in the presence of Signora Unghuer the singer, and of Signorina Brignole the dancer. I left my box, somewhat saddened at this strange appreciation by Italians, of one whose purpose had been to give them pleasure, and do them good. What encouragement can there be for the dramatic heart and mind, where only the voice and feet are liberally patronized?

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Bologna.—I have just returned from witnessing the representation of one of Goldoni's comedies, in the Teatro del Corso. The house was large and well-filled. The performers were very good, and were listened to by a most attentive audience. I can almost feel an emotion of gratitude towards those, who here have fresh in their breasts an enthusiasm and admiration for Goldoni. How different this, from the disgraceful neglect of him by the Florentines! And yet

we are not taught to believe them less intellectual, or less disposed to appreciate worthy genius than the Bolognese. I observed here likewise, the same disenchanting feature of the prompter, protruding himself up through the stage, and reciting to each performer the sentence which he was to pronounce.

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Milan.—This evening at the Teatro Re. *Il Barbero Benefico* was the play. It is one of the masterpieces of Goldoni, written by him originally in French, and first performed at Paris. I much enjoyed its representation to-night. Never till now have I had a true conception of the deep character, and meaning which pervade it. And how intensely did the house appreciate the shadowing,—no, the *sculpturing* forth of that character and that meaning! There was no indifference, miserable and damning,—by some called genteel. Every point of pathos, and of nature, was perceived, and felt and responded to. Certainly, to an admirer of Goldoni, nothing could be more gratifying, than the listening silence of the male part of the house, and the breathless spectacle of Italian ladies, extending far forward, from every box, their countenances all intent, and fixed as if from marble chiseled, upon that brief fragment of human life and character passing before them. The actors and actresses were all very excellent. The enacting of the part of Geronte was, I must believe, the conception of the author completely embodied. Seldom have I witnessed a finer personification upon the stage. In gratitude do I re-

cord *thy* name,—Luigi Taddei,—for a remembrance of the new delight, which thy inimitable acting has this evening given me. It is a noiseless unknown tribute, yet all that a soon departing traveller can express of his admiration for thy genius, and thy masterly appreciation of Goldoni.

XXVI.

LAST DAYS IN ITALY.

'How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!'

Lakes Como and Maggiore are the last of a thousand links binding me to Italy. I write this page of my diary at Baveno;—at an open window in a chamber of mine host's Cross of Malta,—a window that looks out full upon the last named sheet of water. The sun is going down behind the Alps. Its last golden rays, flooding the lake now tranquil and clear, as if of crystal, create for it a new aspect, quite different from any of those which heretofore it has worn; an expression of mild evening beauty, that surpasses any thing, in this class of scenery, I have yet beheld. The two last days have been spent upon the borders, and the bosoms of these lakes.

On the evening of the day before yesterday, I exchanged the stirring piazzas and gardens of Milan, for the still solitudes of Como. Through what swiftly and widely contrasted scenes, does not the traveller to these regions pass! From the roar and rush of city life, he moves through the humbler bustle of villages, to the still soft voices of nature in the fields. This moment in hospitals, and prisons, and mad-houses; in

the next among the gay and beautiful. He rushes from tombs and churches, to the thronged theatre and café. That solemn chant in the chapel, and those peals of the cathedral organ have scarce ceased to sadden him, when in their stead, he hears the martial trumpets of Austria, the blind ballad-singers at the street's corner, the rumbling of a hundred equipages, and the discordant sound of a thousand chatting, laughing, wrangling foreign voices. The majestic and beautiful in nature, are followed by the ludicrous, the mysterious, the melancholy in man. Swiftly move before him the new, the strange; the mournful, the merry; the squalid, the magnificent; the worthy and the ignoble; religion in sable liveries; pride in its gorgeous trappings; the quick motions of industry; the lazy strollings of idleness; palaces and hovels; princes and beggars. Objects like these, multifarious and contradictory, address each hour his eye and ear. His mind is stirred into quick motions; every heart's string is touched; all feelings, high and low, are aroused; one emotion rushes up rapidly after another; he is indignant, and sad, and mirthful; he frowns, he weeps, he laughs.

Within a few hours, I passed from a mad-house in Milan, through its brilliant promenades, to the stillness of Como. A mad-house is terrible any where. But an *Italian* mad-house! This was situated in some lonely suburbs, about two miles from the city. Our letter of permission to visit the establishment, was long and closely scrutinized. At length bolts and bars rat-

tled, a huge door opened, and we stood in a narrow court. Listening, I heard far off screams and singing, and broken laughter and groans. Our guide conducted us through all the apartments. In one were about forty men and boys, chained in their hands, or chained to the wall; in all attitudes, all expressions, and uttering all sorts of unearthly sounds. When I entered this room, one of the men addressed me with a majestic inclination of the head, announcing himself as the Viceroy of Italy, and expressed happiness at receiving a visit from so illustrious a personage as myself; was anxious to show me his palace; desired me to look at the happy subjects by whom he was surrounded, and concluded by requesting me the favor of a chew of tobacco. Never was there a sadder spectacle of human nature, than this room contained. Therefrom we passed into another, of which the tenants were convalescent. Of the myriad forms, which their malady assumed, I note but one. It appeared in a lawyer, who had made out a *brief* in Italian poetry, whereof the subject matter was his false imprisonment. He commenced reading it to us, taking, at the close of every period, his spectacles from his nose, and looking into our eyes, as if for our assenting judgments. In the midst of his pleading, he was interrupted by a gentleman, who announcing himself as the famed Rubini, began to give us audible evidence of the identity, in sounds which sent a thrill through every nerve. We took advantage of the interruption, and departed for the chambers of the females. As we entered, twenty

aged crones cried out, '*giovine*, *giovine*,' and one of the most haggard, putting her finger upon my shoulder, whispered, 'I *once* was young.' But why do I dwell upon these scenes? They gratify but a poor curiosity; they give no pleasant thought to the intellect; they awaken no fresh emotion in the heart. All is appalling, soul-sickening, barren,—an intellectual desert, the mind in the dust, its sweet bells jangled. Yet there is one remembrance haunting me still; a youthful form, from whose face grief has wrested the bloom, around whose shoulders flows the thick and raven hair, whose eye stares wild on vacancy, whose hands are wringing, and whose voice, faint and trembling, still whispers to itself, '*infelice*, *infelice*,—*promessa sposa*.'

We left this scene, and ascending our carriage, in a short half hour, were at the Royal Gardens. Thousands of the Milanese, in gayest dress, and gayest countenances, thronged those magnificent promenades, listening to the music of a fine Austrian band. This is the spot upon which they each day assemble, and here you may study one phase of their public manners. They are indeed a graceful people. How admirably do they understand the art of walking, of recognising, of chatting! Their words are few. As the exculpatory word, *pardon*, will enable you to travel safely through all France, so the phrase, *vostro servitore*, is all you want here. There is no indifference to each other in this multitude. Men, women, and children are, one and all, most thoroughly scrutinized.

Not a ribbon is well tied in vain. Not a dress is tastefully wrought, and arranged for nothing. Not a movement of grace, or of style is unappreciated. You are to be sure in the open sky, but every moment are you reminded of the finish, fashion, and criticism of the ball-room. There is no striving, no *effort* in all this company. With what ease do smiles, and words, and motions glide into, and out of each other! Here is gesticulation in all its shapes. Is the Italian language inefficient, or inexpressive, that to unfold a thought, so frequent recourse is had to the muscles? Or is it rather southern elasticity of feeling, that marshals all forces of voice, and countenance, and arms, and body, to enunciate the simplest idea? And among the thousand ever-varying motions, here shall you see in all its glory, the ever-active, the many-tongued, the indescribable *shrug;* the language of the shoulders; the embodier of doubt, of ignorance, of dissatisfaction, of content—the very short-hand of gesture. Mighty is the shrug with your Frenchman; with the Italian it is omnipotent. Look now at yonder aged gentleman. He is in high white cravat, white vest, neat natty frock coat, and polished tasselled boots. He twirls a little black cane, and a rich eye glass dangles upon his breast. His moustaches look out fiercely from each side of his nostrils, and though sixty winters with their frosts, have swept over him, still does his pert and most significant hat rest upon locks as black and glossy as the raven's. Ah, Time, thou hast been completely cheated out of thy triumphs here! Vivacity of spirits,

and the art of the *perruquier*, have quite kept the better of thee! But mark. With his fore-finger, he touches the elbow of that equally aged gentleman walking at his side. They pause in the midst of the moving throng. Surely our friend is engaged in some momentous communication. His hands fly to and fro before the face of his companion. His head jerks convulsively back, while his arms branch out themselves. And now the forefinger of his left hand is directly upon the tip of his nose, while that of his right reposes impressively upon the bosom of his hearer. This is a most important moment in the conversation. All that quick and spasmodic action has been sprinkled with some twenty recognitions of passing acquaintance; with a thousand sudden dartings of the eye, a thousand sudden contractions and expansions of the brow, and with shrugs innumerable. Here is not so properly conversation with a good deal of gesture, as gesture with some conversation. Gesture is central; the voice and words are circumferential. But he has concluded. His friend now takes out a snuff box, and with a violent shrug, taps it. They both take snuff, and thereupon resuming their promenade, shrug off their feelings and conclusions at least six times. What *was* the communication so dramatically made? Only the common-place fact, that a certain Russian Countess had made the acquaintance of a certain young Englishman in the Austrian service.

But here stalks an object, deeply capped and booted; and what with his cap and boots, measures you at

least seven feet. He is a huge German officer, transported hither to aid in carrying out the despotic policy of Austria. The gentleman who has just passed him, with an expression upon his brow of sadness and of scorn, is an Italian well born and well educated, and imbued with some of the enlightened liberty-principles of the time. A few years since, his property was confiscated, because forsooth, when forbidden, he had passed beyond the boundaries of his country. Desiring to visit Naples, he three months ago applied for a passport. Week after week, the granting thereof is postponed. Yesterday he called at the police office, and upon asking if his passport was made out, received this reply: 'It is not deemed fit to allow you a passport for Naples—if you wish to travel, why do you not go to the capital—to Vienna?' To him, his home is one large prison house. He is but the type of thousands—ardent, enlightened, revolutionary spirits, who feel this nightmare of Austrian despotism. They have clear ideas of their political rights; they each moment whisper the Aulic Council into destruction, and are ready, whenever the back of their foreign oppressor is turned by a European war, to leap forth from secrecy, and plunge therein a thousand daggers.

But the music ceases, and therewith the promenading. The multitude disperse, some to their homes, and some to restaurants, to enjoy their hour of dinner, previous to a re-assembling at six o'clock, for another still more dazzling display. It consists of the moving to and fro of some thousand elegant equipages. It

takes place in the vicinity of the just named gardens, upon what is called the Corso. The course traversed, is so elliptical that the finest opportunities are momently given, for each to inspect and criticise the style of the other. How cool and grateful to the eye is the freshly watered course, bordered by Lombardy poplars, and wherein, for the preservation of order, are stationed at regular intervals, Austrian cavalry richly plumed and caparisoned! Upon your right hand is the famous Lazzerétto; upon your left is the villa presented by the Milanese to Napoleon; before you are the prisons where pine away political offenders, and every instant are passing by your side, the beauty, the nobility, the pride, and the wealth of this luxurious city. These surrounding objects are not all in harmony, and your thoughts are various and conflicting. The Corso is now full.

Mark yonder carriage. It is drawn by four horses, guided by postilions and a coachman, whose beards extend down to their middle. Behind, are two footmen, and all are in livery *à la Cossaque*. Who is that lady, pale and with folded arms, thus attended and borne along? It is the rich Russian Countess S. You may perceive two dogs, immense and from the great St. Bernard, who are her *compagnons du voyage*. She affects the dog. Her predilections are intensely canine. She supports thereof a family of thirty. She has for them a coach especial, with apertures in its sides, wherethrough, as they ride out airing, they may project their heads and ears. 'Tis but a few days, that by elegant card, the dogs of a friend were invited

to visit the kennel of her highness. The consequence was a grand *déjeuner à la fourchette.* The Countess has evidently exhausted the simple sources of enjoyment. She is driven to these fantastic freaks, that life may not be every moment merged in ennui. Upon the Corso, she appears invariably. Last night she galloped over it, accompanied by five gentlemen. The night before, however, she was absent. Alas, for the style-gazing gentry of Milan, the Countess had seen a handsome English officer, aged only twenty-three ! !

But here is another equipage, with six magnificently caparisoned horses, and postilions, and an *avant-courier.* It is the carriage of the Viceroy, uncle to the present Austrian Emperor. It is filled with ladies, and yet you look about in vain for the civility of bended body, and uplifted hat. These respectful symbols universally accompany the public appearance of any members of the grand duke of Tuscany's family. That grand duke's government is popular. This is detested.

But I leave this scene,—this animated exhibition of public manners in the Milanese. I ascend my travelling carriage, and moving rapidly through a clear moonlight, arrive at Como, near the hour of twelve. The beautiful lake spreads out before my chamber window. I hear the soft sound of its waves, and the voice of nightingales. The hour is in soothing contrast with those through which I have this day passed.

* * * *

By this lone lake in this far land,
Thy loose hair in the light wind flying,
Thy sweet voice to each tone of even
United, and thine eyes replying
To the hues of yon fair heaven.

SHELLEY.

I am writing my diary, still from this window at Baveno, which looks out upon Lake Maggiore and the Borromean Islands. Yesterday I sailed through lake Como. The day was favorable. A warm, misty hue softened down the near, as well as the distant. We passed the beautiful villas, Tanzi, Pasta and Pliniana, and in two hours, were between the palaces of Count Sommariva, and the Duke Melzi d'Eril. Untenanted now, we walked through all their halls. The feeling of solitude had never to me seemed half so beautiful. From an elevated terrace, I saw redoubled the opposite shore of the lake,—once in the air, and once distinctly reflected in its glass-like wave. I listened—all was in stillness. 'This is a spot,' said my companion, 'wherein the most world-weary might find rest.' Never indeed was there a finer combination of outward things, to awaken images of intellectual and moral peace,—nature not slumbering, but in deep sleep. There are but few human associations to distract you. Here meditating, haply some sounds of social life, late left in villages and in cities, may be heard. But they disturb you not. Rather are they blended into order and soothing harmony. Lake Como is all that one could desire, enjoyed in silence and in solitude. And yet, the finely colored waves;

the grand mountains that surround them, from whose summits are, here and there, leaping downwards to the lake, snow-white cascades; and clothing whose sides, are green groves of olive and the chestnut, through which are shining fair country seats, and the frequent spires or churches, do not impress you with all their power, if while surveying them, your ear do not catch the song of Swiss maidens, resounding over the still lake, in time with the oars, which moved by their own hands, are slowly bearing them to and fro, in their evening pleasure-excursion upon the waters. That combination of sights and sounds was the last I enjoyed, previous to leaving for lake Maggiore. This lake now spreads out before me. Its objects have all been seen. I contemplate them with fresher, and a sadder interest, for they are the last of Italy, upon which my eyes are to rest.

What pilgrim to these shrines of nature and of art,—particularly if he journey hither from a far distant shore, whereunto he is now destined to return for ever,—does not, in reluctant sadness, withdraw from them his eyes, his mind, his affections? Let me not say his affections. Happily these are not subjected to the laws, which rule and bind the body. The body departs, the affections long remain. Wonder—love—gratitude—admiration—guided by memory, wander still among the ruins of Rome; the gay, laughing scenes of Naples; the mysterious beauties of Genoa; the intellectual associations of Florence; the sorrowful, noiseless, dream-like grandeur of Venice; the won-

drous offspring of the chisel and pencil, which enrich these great centres of mortal interest; and more than all, among the scenes of nature, every where interesting, yet rendered a thousandfold more impressive here, by deeds of human hands, and conceptions of human hearts, with which they are irresistibly associated. I have now passed through these scenes, and these centres of interest. My eyes have surveyed, thoroughly as the traveller swiftly passing can survey, the magnificent succession of pictures, whereof these Passages reveal but brief and shadowy glimpses. Italy is now in the past. I turn to her once more, and she rises before me, vast and ever-changing, and lovely like a dream. Her palaces are again distantly visible. Her sculpture and her paintings still breathe with life. Her music still sounds not faintly, but in tones distinct and clear. I sit by this far removed lake; yet do I hear the voices of her sons and daughters, and I see their shadowy forms and impressive features, as they throng through the arches of St. Mark, or enjoy their holiday thoughts and peasantry sports, upon those happy plains of Lombardy and of Tuscany.

What topics for memory and meditation, does not the traveller through Italy secure! And more intensely full of thought will they be, if passing beyond the sight which catches the eye, and the sound which falls upon the ear, he penetrates to the spirit—the soul,—whereof those sights and sounds are but the letter and the form. Vulgar and wretched indeed is that curiosity which pauses at these outward, these

merely physical symbols;—which stares at magnitude because it is great; which visits the tombs of the gifted and the prison of patriots, merely pronouncing the one damp and the other strong; which gazes at penciled or sculptured groups, merely because they are well executed; which notes certain forms of foreign life, only because they are different from any which have heretofore passed beneath his eyes. Such observer can hardly enjoy Italy, whose objects of interest are emphatically for the heart and mind. And not the hurrying traveller can enjoy and understand them, as they may be understood. A residence at important centres, such as the mere tourist can hardly appropriate, is essential. Thus only may he pass into the spirit of men and things. Thus only can he appreciate their designs and bearings. For myself, but a few months swiftly passing have necessarily sufficed. In those few months, what multitudes of wishes have been gratified! I well remember the feelings, with which I first embarked from the south of France for Italy. I was about to realize what till then, had been to me as a vision. Italy, that so often I had seen, only on the pages of her poets, and orators, and historians;—Italy, once world-triumphant, now chained to the earth;—Italy, the ever-memorable, the beautiful, the oppressed, the wronged,—was soon to be more than a dim, distant image. She was to become a present, actual enjoyment. Resting at evening upon the deck of the vessel which was hastening me towards her clime, the very airs seemed to be borne on

fresher wing; the sky was clothed in fairer colors, and the waves themselves, as they broke around the prow, made music to my glad ear, for they were the waves of the Mediterranean, and had washed the classic shores, I was so soon to stand upon. At length, I was among the palaces of Genoa. I heard unknown voices. I saw a strange costume. Behold, said I, this book of human nature and human art, at length opening for my inspection. I felt, as seldom we feel, thronging in upon me thoughts of gladness, of high rejoicing hope, which to all but the young, in their first voyage hither, might appear weak and unworthy. The scenes in the future then, are in the past now. The objects of hope have become the subjects of memory. The poetical part of my travels seems almost to close. A voice is calling. The carriage waits to transport me into the mountains, and thoughts of Switzerland. I shut one volume; the pages of another open before me.

XXVII.

CHILLON.

'Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar.'

LEAVING Geneva in the steamer, at eight o'clock in the morning, I arrived at Vevay at four o'clock on the same day. I say nothing of the deeply blue waters through which I passed, and the fine scenery of either shore. Transferring them to words, will make not more vivid their image on the memory.

While taking a lunch at 'The Three Crowns,' in Vevay, I desired the landlord to send me a *batelier*, as I wished to arrange for a visit, by water, to the Chateau of Chillon. In a few minutes a woman, under an immense straw hat, ornamented with a single blue ribbon, and whose broad rim, at her every step, flapped—gracefully if you please—upon her shoulders, entered my apartment.

'Ah, is this the oars-woman?' inquired I.

She courtesied.

'Eh bien,' I continued, 'I wish to see Chillon,—I am alone, you see—I wish to move quick, and perhaps shall remain there long.—What's the fare?'

'My boat,' replied she, 'is very handsome, *très*

jolie. You shall have two good bateliers. Eight francs, Monsieur. I have taken many English to Chillon.'

'Eight francs,' exclaimed I; 'too much, altogether too much.'

'Ah, Monsieur, it is two hours away from here, and my boat is very good.'

'I'll give you two,' said I.

She shook her head.

'Eh bien, landlord, call me another batelier.'

'Six francs,' said the Swiss dame.

'Be quick, landlord,' said I.

'*Four* francs, Monsieur,' said the woman.

'And who are to be my bateliers?' asked I.

'Myself and my daughter,' she replied.

'Aha, your daughter! Is she young, and does she sing?'

'Oui, Monsieur.'

A bargain was closed. In two hours I was under the walls of Chillon. I saw upon them largely written, the words,—'Liberté et Patrie.' They belong to the ensigns of the Republic of Vaud. Tyranny, said I, has at length here ceased, and over *one* of its strong holds, its foe is now triumphant. While surveying the Chateau from divers points, I read out of a pamphlet before me, some passages touching its history.

It was built by order of a Duke of Savoy, in 1238, as a prison of State. For that purpose it served until 1536, when it was besieged and subdued by Charles V., assisted by troops from Geneva and Berne. De-

scending into its vaults, the conquerors there found, among other prisoners, three citizens of Geneva, who once had been among its magistrates, and François Bonnivard; an illustrious name in the annals of that Republic. It is his character and career, which have surrounded these desolate walls with interest. He was born in 1496. He studied at Turin. On the resignation of his uncle, he became Prior of St. Victor, at Geneva. This Republic he adopted;—drawn, he says, by love of its liberty, whose interests he now ardently espoused. Marrying those interests, his offspring, was alas, but a dungeon and chains. He declared himself the defender of Geneva, against the Duke of Savoy. By that Duke, was Geneva captured. Bonnivard taken prisoner, was thrown into the dungeons of Chillon in 1530. In the vigor of his years; in the full vivacity of his spirit; in the highest energies of his intellect; in the perfect bloom of his affections, we find him torn from the sphere wherein those qualities are so useful, and so graceful, and chained to the pillar of a damp dungeon. There he pines away, without the satisfaction of feeling that his miseries tend to redeem, or in any way to benefit, his adopted country. But, Martyr-patriot, your sufferings have been not altogether in vain. Thinking of you, shall hearts in every age feel their devotion to liberty waxing fresher, and more strong;—and deeper, sterner, and more destroying shall grow their hatred of oppression. It is the sound of chains like yours, which arouses to deeds of retribution the free spirits of the world, and out from your

dreary dungeons shall go for ever forth, 'appeals from tyranny to God.'

Entering beneath the huge portals, I found myself soon descending into the cells, under the conduct of a female. 'The jailer of Bonnivard had not so pleasant a voice as yours,' said I. God hasten that time, when all the political dungeons on the earth, and under the earth, shall be entered only by persons with motives like mine, and I well may add, under like fair guidance.

> 'There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
> In Chillon's dungeons, deep and old;
> There are seven columns, massy and gray,
> Dim with a dull imprisoned ray.'

Among these columns I now passed. 'This is the ring of Bonnivard,' said the damsel. 'He was chained here for six years. Here are still traces of his footsteps in the stone pavement.' I walked around the pillar, and seating myself upon an adjacent rock, perused the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' by Lord Byron. The name of its author, carved by his own hand, was upon one of the columns before me. But how indifferent seemed to me the poem! I knew the truth about Chillon, and I was now reading Byron's fiction. That truth is far more impressive than that fiction. Byron's prisoners are all from his brain,—three brothers, two of whom die, and their survivor whines out lamentations, that never could have come from the soul of Bonnivard. Why did not the poet take the simple truth, and surround it with illustrations from his great

genius? Then might the poem have been worthy of the spot. Now, Bonnivard's praises, his noble self-sacrifice, his lofty patriotism, his onward courage, are all unsung. And what are these walls without that associated patriotism, and courage, and self-sacrifice? Chillon may give some interest to the lines of Byron, but, in my mind, those lines add nothing to the interest of Chillon. They are quite merged and forgotten, in the mightier impressiveness of those other associations, full of truth, and full of dignity, that invest these sad memorials of the vengeance of the Duke of Savoy. And yet how many are there, with whom this spot is interesting, only because, forsooth, Lord Byron rhymed about it. 'Have you made the visit to Chillon?' asked I of an Englishman, a few days ago. 'Chillon—Chillon?' muttered he, half-inquiringly. 'Yes, dear,' interrupted his wife, 'Chillon, the castle about which Byron wrote that beautiful poem, you know.' 'Ah, yes,' said the gentleman, 'I'm told its quite a place since Byron wrote about it. A good many English visit it, I'm told.'

I desired to climb up to the grated window, and get a view of the exterior scene. 'Oh no, Monsieur,' said the guide, 'you will have a much finer view from up stairs.' I was resolved, however. What did I care for the view from her kitchen window? I wished to look abroad from the crevice, through which the prisoner's eyes, all glazed and lustreless, had so often looked. Lake Leman lay before me. The sun was just setting. Had Bonnivard ever turned sighing, from

a scene so fair, back to the desolation of his prison? Of all the lovely forms of nature about this far-famed lake, the one before me outrivalled any I had yet beheld. No wind was stirring, and its waves were still. The sun, descending behind a cluster of clouds, was reflected therein. Its image was like a vast ingot of burning gold. A moment after, the appearance was changed, and by a fortunate position of the clouds, its light streamed down into the far depths of the lake, and for an instant, I seemed to behold therein a city with a thousand golden spires. As the sun disappeared, the picture was again changed. The light, many-colored, was scattered far over the waters, and Leman was as if a thousand rainbows had been broken into fragments upon its polished breast. The shadows came down. Once more was the scene varied. The last expression was the fairest. Words can give no conception of it. Imagine one vast, wide-wavering, out-spread mantle of changeable silk. But I forget the snow-blanched Alps, rising high in the distance. I forget 'Clarens, sweet Clarens,' upon the right;—the Rhone upon my left, bursting, as it were, through a garden into the lake; and those little vessels of delicate construction, faintly and far distant seen, as if painted upon the sky. And there is a moral association about these objects. It lends to them one fairest charm. It is of a later time. For a moment Bonnivard is forgotten, and Rousseau arises. This is the scene of his Heloise. *There* are the mountains and the waters, which he once peopled with affections. The heart of

Rousseau seems to live and beat in all things, within the view of yonder Clarens,—the home of Julie, of Claire, and of St. Preux. I turned inward to the cell. The darkness had descended. Already were the damps and solitude beginning to oppress me. A single hour had sufficed to fill me with chills and with dreariness. Alas, for the wretched prisoner of six long years!

The other apartments of the Chateau were visited,—the chamber of the tyrant Duke, and many cells. They have but little definite history attached to them. I took leave of my fair conductress, and as the boat bore me swiftly from the lessening castle, I fell into some reflections.

Since Bonnivard's death, three hundred years have passed away. Great have been the revolutions in the civilized world. Mighty and many truths have been revealed. Each generation pronounces itself wiser and happier, better and more free, than that which preceded it. Man's destiny and his rights have been more clearly revealed, and more widely promulgated. Tyranny is denounced with a louder, and more general voice. We look back with horror upon the chains and dungeons of the feudal age. The memory of the Duke of Savoy is blackened by the sufferings of Bonnivard;—Bonnivard, the worthy gentleman, the enlightened scholar, the noble patriot, and the martyr. The small province once lorded over by the Dukes of Savoy, is not far removed from the present dominions of the Austrian Emperor. In these dominions, I see a prison far more fearful than that which I have just

now left behind me, and lingering out life within its dungeons, are some of the first gentlemen and scholars of Italy.

Alas, thought I, for the political prospects of the human race. The voice of liberty is loud, but the power of its foes, though noiseless, is strong and still unbroken. The sufferings of Bonnivard, of Pellico, and Maroncelli, are but links, a little way apart from each other, in a chain of wrong that will be forging until the end of time. History proves that the spirit of tyranny is immortal, as the spirit of freedom. They are both born from one womb,—ambition in the human breast. Destroy that ambition,—the wish to excel, to be great, to be *above*,—you indeed kill the spirit whose action we call tyranny, and you lay likewise waste some fairest realms of the intellect and the heart. And yet fondly do we look forward to a worthier political life, among this portion of the earth's inhabitants. We hope for an age, when chains shall cease to clank, and dungeons for the free shall be forgotten things; when men shall stand erect in the presence of each other, conscious of equal political rights, and what is more, actually enjoying equal political privileges. Shall that age ever be, as for thousands of years it has ever been, a beguiling dream?

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When our boat touched the shore at Vevay, it was after ten o'clock. A knot of Swiss damsels was waiting for the long delayed bateliers. I had forgotten all about

the songs. Mentioning the subject, four of the party rowed a little distance from the shore, and began what they called the 'Vaudois,'—a *cantonal* song. The sentiment was patriotic and affectionate, and the words were very impressively sung. It was the first Swiss song I had heard, at such an hour, on a Swiss lake, among Swiss mountains. Thus heard, it has a character and impressiveness that totally vanish, when transplanted into some dry street, on the other side of the Atlantic. I had heard the Swiss song from various instruments, and likewise from American voices in crowded theatres of my own country, but they did never worthily embody it. Its only fit harp is the Swiss voice; its only theatre is the Swiss lake and mountain; its only worthy auditors are Swiss ears. I enjoyed the present song much, but the native listeners around me, seemed to enjoy it far more. And why should they not? To me it had but the vulgar interest of novelty. To them it was one of the finest teachers. It was an agent in their system of education. It was an influence that wrought kindly upon their character. Its words embodied their recollections, and their hopes; its strain sent quicker pulses through their hearts, and a warmer grasp into each hand. For an hour, I could have passed gladly from an American into a Swiss. One mode, and that not the least interesting, of enjoying a Swiss song, is, closing your ears, to open eyes upon the natives who are listening to it. You will perceive how deeply those tones go beyond the auditory nerve. They touch a thousand heart-strings.

XXVIII.

BERNE AND ITS BEARS.

THE canton of Berne is the largest and most populous of the Swiss cantons. It includes a surface of one hundred and seventy-five square miles, and contains about three hundred thousand inhabitants. It is the second in rank in the Swiss Confederation, and alternately with the cantons of Zurich and Lucerne, presides in quality of Canton-directeur. Its capital city bears the same name, and numbers a population of some fifteen thousand.

Taking my breakfast at the Falcon, the morning after my arrival, I desired the garçon to send me a good valet-de-place. 'And are there any curious things to be seen or heard here?' was among my first questions to him after his entrance. He shrugged his shoulders, and answered that perhaps Monsieur could spend a few hours agreeably in walking about the city. Quite ignorant of what was curious in Berne, and really looking forward to a tame day of it, I put myself implicitly under his guidance.

The first place I was shown into, was the Arsenal. It contains, among its antiquities, the veritable armor of Berthold Fifth, founder of the city. Upon the breastplate is written, in outlandish letters, his name.

His sword is of a weight, which my single arm could with difficulty bear up. The Arsenal is admirably furnished with arms, and speaks in many words, of the warlike part of the Bernois character. 'Every citizen is a soldier, and every soldier is a citizen,' said my guide. The republic is one of citizen warriors. Each man comes up to Berne to be drilled for a month, at the end of which time he returns, a citizen-soldier, to his plough. The administration of the police is simple, and by no means oppressive. Soldiers are not, as in Italy, thronging every resort, and prying into your every thought. Those you meet, look like substantial yeomen, not like ruffians. An Austrian soldier is a personification of the impudent ruffian. A Bernois soldier looks only a little more martial, than a major of your New England militia. An Austrian soldier speaks seldom, and communes not with the citizens around him. His horrid eyes look out frowningly upon them, from a stone-colored visage, whose upper part is made savage by a shaggy bear-skin cap, and whose lower seems far more savage, armed as it is with moustaches and whiskers. A Bernois soldier bears a pleasant phiz; his dress has nothing threatening about it; he speaks neighborly with the poorly clad citizens around, has a smart sentence for any blooming Bernoise *jungfrau*, and chats cozily with the wrinkled antique dames. 'Stand back,' growls the Austrian, lowering his bayonet. 'Old woman,' says the Bernois, tapping her shoulder with a bit of switch, 'you ought to move your basket of butter back a little,

so as to give the passers-by a chance.' The Austrian is obeyed sulkily by foes, by men who frown. The Bernois is obeyed cheerfully by a friend, by one who smiles.

From the Arsenal, my guide moved on to the Cathedral, a gothic structure commenced in 1421. It contains the tomb of the aforenamed Berthold, and tables like those in the Pantheon at Paris, whereon are written the names of martyrs who fell fighting the French, bearing this inscription :—

'Dem Andenken der im Unglucksjahr 1798 für das Vaterland gefallenen.'

Ascending to the belfry, the guide observed, 'this bell is the largest in Switzerland; it is rung only at great festivals, and at the close of the year; and this other, on which you see written the words, 'Castigo Nocentem,' is sounded only at the execution of a criminal.' 'You are an excellent people,' said I. 'So wide would you have the chasm between guilt and goodness, that even the bell which represents the rejoicing of the one, shall not sound the knell of the other.' My valet was resolved that I should be pleased with every thing in and about Berne. Indeed he subsisted upon the curiosity of travelling beings like myself. His end was to keep that curiosity alive. 'From this point,' said he, 'you get a fine view of Oberland. It is the most interesting part of Switzerland for scenery. Yonder is the Jung-frau.' I looked. The glacier top of the distant mountain shone, like a mass of silver in the sun. 'Nothing can be more beautiful

than the regions about that mountain,' continued the valet. 'English and French often visit that spot, and that only. They come to Switzerland, and having seen Oberland, thereupon depart, deeming nothing else of interest after it. Monsieur will certainly go thither, and if he should want a guide,' insinuated he, touching his hat, and slightly inclining his shoulders, as he took a volume of recommendations from his pocket. I understood him, and half resolved upon the excursion.

He now conducted me through two hospitals, the museum, a library of thirty thousand volumes, and among the very numerous and lovely promenades, which thread and surround the city. We had now seen up all the lions, and were returning home, when pausing before the tower of the clock, he bade me look upwards, as twelve was about striking. At one third the distance between the ground and the belfry, was seated in a niche, a bearded old man, with an hour-glass in his right hand, and a rod in his left. Upon one side of him was a cock, and upon the other a lion erect. Over his head, was a little image at each side of which was a bell, and *below* him was a procession of very grotesque figures. 'Hark,' said my guide, 'the cock is crowing.' I observed his wings spreading, and his neck extending. When he had finished an effort, that sounded like a splintered fragment from the strain of some hand-organ, the little image above the head of the old man, Time, commenced twelve alternate strokes on the bells beside it, and at the same instant, that grotesque procession below,

began to move circularly,—coming out at one door and disappearing through another. That procession was composed entirely of *bears*. One was mounted on a horse; another was beating a drum; another played a fife; another armed, held a spear in rest; another was dressed like a burgomaster; and still another moved in its own natural position, with a gilded crown upon its head. The image soon ceased striking, the procession ceased its motion, and the cock again crowed. A large statue in the belfry far above, now solemnly began to strike the hour of twelve. The hour-glass suddenly turned in the hand of Time, while at every stroke, his chin fell as if gasping for breath, the rod in his left hand was spasmodically jerked, and the head of the lion erect was twitched to this side and that, without mercy. The cock concluded the performance by again crowing. As I moved away, I recollected that the figure of a bear had met me at almost every corner. When I entered the city, two huge bruins perched upon the gate posts, as invitingly as they could looked out upon me. In the library, every book bore upon its cover the image of a bear. In the museum, his form was preserved, from the tender age of eight days, up through to the shaggy period of eight years. On one of the fountains, I had seen him largely erect, armed cap-à-pie, a sword on either side, with visor down, and bearing in his right hand a flaming standard, while a cub beneath, in the attitude of a page, was peacefully working away at a bunch of grapes. 'What does all this mean?' said I to my

valet. 'Aha,' replied he in the Swiss style, 'I will explain it to you, and in the mean time, we will go and see the veritable bears themselves, living and breathing.'

In bad German and worse French, he related that when, in 1191, Berthold Fifth had founded the city, he was in great perplexity about a name for it. Not being of quick invention himself, he assembled all his chief warriors at a sumptuous banquet, and for three days they all cogitated and ate, and ate and cogitated. However, at the end of that time, neither intellectual nor physical digestion had produced any desirable result. They were as far from a name as ever. The child was still unchristened. At length it was resolved that there should be a general hunt, and that the name of the animal first brought down, should be adopted. That animal was a stag. Berthold was indignant that the name of the emblem of timidity, should be given to a city founded by a warrior,—and likewise, as some wickedly say, being fearful of the wags, since, while *he* was old, his *wife* was young and pretty. He commanded the chase to recommence. A bear was the next trophy. The city was named Berne, from Bar, the German for bear. Bruin was now taken into almost religious consideration. He was made part of the ensigns of the canton. An enclosure was set apart near the city, for the residence of a male and female. A rich lady dying, left sixty thousand livres for their support, and for centuries have the honors of those original progenitors been transmitted from parent to

child, until at length they abide in the four shaggy individuals now before us. On looking up, I found that we had arrived at the just named enclosure. It is divided by a wall into two parts, one of which is destined for the parents, the other for their offspring. Of the elder bruins, the husband was taking a nap under a shading tree, while his antique bride, seated on her haunches, was, with open mouth and paws, catching the bits of bread flung to her by the straggling Bernois, who hither come at all hours of the day to manifest their reverence, and have refreshed their recollections of the heroic age of Switzerland. When these veterans perish, their young take their place, and go on propagating the Bernois glories as usual.

I confess that while looking at them, I felt an emotion towards the general bruin race, which till now had been quite a stranger to me. While I could not but smile at their pacing awkwardness of gait, their ludicrous brevity of tail, their quizzical expression of countenance, their continual apparent effort to make fun without being able; I still remembered that before me were links of a chain, that hold together some most pleasant remembrances of this people,—the deeds of a fierce and chivalrous age, through them associated with the peace and pastoral enjoyments of this less martial day. Bruin arose into something like dignity. The honors paid him here, seemed to be some remuneration for the obloquy heaped upon him every where else. Let the bruins, said I departing, though persecuted in every other land beneath the sun,—though doomed for hours

to dance on plates of red hot iron; though shown in cages, merely that ragged boys may laugh at their awkwardness; though exhibited in literary servitude, with chains about their neck, to a most wretched curiosity under the soothing appellation of 'learned bears,' and though serving to thousands as an emblem of incivility, or of gluttonous hunger;—let them still be consoled. Not totally are they outcasts. If every where else they are but bears, in one spot are they assuredly lions. In a fair city of a fair canton of Switzerland, by worthy men and beautiful women, they are regarded as types of heroism; as the memorials of a glorious age; as worthiest ensigns of a flourishing republic; as centres around which may well be gathered some most enthusiastic recollections of a most chivalrous people.

XXIX.

OBERLAND.

HAVING resolved upon a short tour through Oberland, I engaged a place in the *coupée* of the Diligence, departing from Berne for Thun, at four o'clock of the afternoon.

A Diligence is not like an American stage coach, in which every passenger has an equal right to any and every place,—always excepting the back seat, which the gentlemen are invariably expected to resign to ladies. Every place therein is *numbered*, and its number is appended visibly thereunto. Purchase No. 14. It entitles you to a seat, like mine, in the coupée. You feel sure of your place. You look not forward to any interruption. There is no rushing for seats. There is no desiring of gentlemen to change places for a moment, as one of the passengers is unfortunately made sick, by riding backwards. There is no door-opening, just as the Diligence is setting off, for the squeezing and boosting in of a fat woman, to oust three gentlemen from their comfortable lodgings on the back seat. All is admirably regulated. At least, it is so in theory. Sometimes here, as in other important cases, the application of the theory may be attended with some difficulty. I have

just had an illustration in this way. When I arrived, five minutes before four, at the bureau of the Diligence, I found, that although the horses were not yet harnessed in, the coupée was completely filled by two smoking Germans, and a lady. I respectfully gave notice, that I was entitled to a seat in this part of the Diligence. As no one took particular heed of my suggestion, I was in doubt as to who was the intruder. On application to the *Conducteur*,—whose business, quite distinct from the driver's, is to superintend the baggage and behavior of passengers,—we ascertained, by a calling of names, that the intruder was the aforenamed lady. 'Madam, the gentleman is entitled to No. 14. Yours is No. 8, will you please to take it?' Now No. 8 was in the *interieur*, a far less favorable situation for enjoying the air and looking abroad, than was No. 14. The lady talked German words; she had a red face; she had a big fiery nose whereon were several carbuncles, and moreover was in frame, of most stout, expansive Dutch dimensions. There was nothing here that warranted immediate chivalry on my part, and so I let the conducteur pursue the usual course. The woman stuck firmly to the seat. 'Madam, you *must* descend,' said the conducteur, slightly strengthening his tone. The woman now shouted out that she would not. She had *sent* for No. 14. The boy, by mistake, had purchased No. 8. She was not going to sit in No. 8. She was in the place she sent for, and she would keep it; and thereupon she settled back in silence. There were two immense

obstacles to removing her,—her obstinacy and her weight. The conducteur looked disconsolately at me, I looked dubiously at the conducteur, and the stable boy laughed aloud. There was no longer any doubt as to what should be my course. I sprang into No. 8, denouncing the boasted superiority of the Diligence system; denouncing fat women, who with their fatness unite obstinacy, and vainly striving to console myself for an almost total loss of the beautiful scenery between Berne and Thun, for the purpose of enjoying which, I had been very vigilant in securing a right to No. 14.

We arrived at Thun at seven o'clock in the evening. I took a chamber in Knechtenhofer's hotel, on the strength of a card, in which it was represented as commanding some of the 'most ravishing scenes in nature, unsurpassable not only in the beauty of its site, but likewise in its *agrémens et commodités de la vie.*' I was pleasantly situated. The Aar, which has its source among the glaciers, flowed beneath my window; lake Thun, one of the loveliest in Switzerland was in sight; and far away in the evening sunlight shone the summits of the Jungfrau, the Blumlisalp, and the Schreckhorn. The music, which is usually heard about Swiss hotels on pleasant evenings, lulled me to slumbers, in which I dreamed of happy hours on the morrow, in the far-famed Oberland.

This name is given to a tract of country, lying in the southern part of the canton of Berne. It is composed of four valleys, around and through which run

the Alps, in their every form of beauty and sublimity. In a vast region, characterized for lovely scenery, these spots hold pre-eminent rank. Talk to a Swiss of the beauty of Geneva, or of Zurich, or of the Tyrol. 'Ah, but you should go to Oberland,' will be the answer. I *am* going to Oberland, said I, and on the morning after my arrival at Thun, I rose at five, and with my guide walked to a summit, that commands one of the first views into that fine region. We were anticipated. Half a dozen damsels were there, thus early plucking flowers for presents to the strangers, from all parts of Europe, at the inns of the village below. I shall say nothing of the view before me. Seen in this freshness of the morning, no pen can describe it; nor yet is it the fairest in Oberland.

At ten o'clock, the steamer moved off for Interlaken,—a little village situated in a vale, at the eastern extremity of lake Thun. 'Avoid a steamer, if you would enjoy lake scenery;—take a small boat with oars,' says somebody. The remark is well enough, but can hardly apply to the fairy-like, noiseless craft constructed of iron, in which I am now sailing. It is small, and ornamented like something intended for the eye alone; no motion is felt; no mechanical noise is heard—while swiftly and mysteriously, as if impelled by water nymphs, it glides through the waves to its destined port. A sort of organ, placed upon the prow, is playing Swiss airs to some dozen listeners in the '*premieres*,' and to some twenty youth in the '*secondes*,' whom, clad in rough

hunting-shirts, with wine-flasks suspended from their necks, I ascertain to be Bernois school-boys, about to make with their teacher, a health excursion among the Alps.

Having arrived at the port, my guide engaged a *char-à-banc* to convey me to Grindelwald. Now a char-à-banc is a vehicle so very ridiculously inconvenient, that seemingly it could have been invented, only to prove that no one mode of carriage-construction is superior to any other. It is drawn by one horse, and is generally designed for three persons; and so placed is the seat, that these three must inevitably ride *sideways*. Hence, exactly one half the world through which they are passing, is quite shut out. Now as the face of the vehicle, instead of looking out, as does that of all other vehicles, boldly in front, only looks out upon one side; the part designed for the feet necessarily comes tapering down, almost to a point, between two of the wheels. The three travellers are thus compelled to put their toes and heels, all close together down into a common foot-bath, and so they jog along, side-foremost, looking out disconsolately upon one half the world, and presenting a sort of culprit, gallows spectacle, which you are in doubt whether to pity, or laugh at. The idea of such mode of conveyance, could certainly have never been conceived by a man accustomed to walk straight forward through the world, or who had more than one eye.

I had no sooner entered the engaged char-à-banc, than I sprang out again. A visit to Alpine scenery in

such a box, seemed not unlike witnessing the play of Hamlet, wherein the part of the prince of Denmark is, by particular request, omitted. I moved swiftly away, on foot, notwithstanding certain sorry ejaculations of the driver, who still in hope, drove his vehicle for some distance by my side, occasionally tapping his horse with his whip, and informing me by way of bait, that the *English* preferred this mode of conveyance to any other.

We walked on through Interlaken, now alas, no more a village of the Swiss, but crowded with hotels and English; a village in which the original natives have merged half their simple, captivating manners, and half their costume, in English surliness, and attempts at English fashionable dress. We pass along the banks of the stream Lutschinen, through a pleasant vale. Upon our right are seen the ruins of the château of Unsprunnen. A warrior of that name once lived here, famed for vast possessions, and wide influence in the canton of Berne. His castle, one of the many relics of the stern and chivalrous age of Switzerland, is half-crumbled. The ivy hangs thick around it. Crossing the little brook of Saxeten, we enter the valley of Lauterbrunnen. The valley is beautiful. The green gardens and pasturages, are overlooked by ice-capped mountains. Flowers and snows in strange proximity,—winter and summer joined hand in hand. My guide pointed out to me a rock, wherefrom I translated the following inscription: 'Here, by his brother, was slain the Baron de Rothenfluh. The murderer, obliged to

fly, ended his life in exile and despair. He was the last of a once wealthy and powerful family.' For the legend attached to it, I am indebted to the research of Alexander Dumas. Near it was formerly a château, the residence of two brothers, named Ulric and Rudolph. They chanced to fall in love with the same lady. Ulric was preferred. For some time, the rejected concealed his grief and hate. At length, on the morning of the day on which the nuptials were to be celebrated, he invited his brother to join him in a chase upon the mountains. The invitation was, without suspicion, accepted. Having arrived at the above-named rock, where all was solitude, Rudolph drew a dagger and plunged it into the bosom of his brother. Ulric fell. The murderer buried his victim, and in the Lutschinen washed from his hands the blood with which they were crimsoned. Having removed all stain, he rose and looked once more towards the scene of his wickedness. The body of his brother was visible upon the grave! Not knowing what to make of this, Rudolph dug a new grave, and once more interred the body. When the interment was completed, he found himself covered with blood from head to foot. To the stream again he went, and once more washing his person, he once more looked towards the last dug grave. A scream was heard; the body still unquiet, had once more risen to his view. The story goes, that by Ulric's retainers was his body secured, and decently interred in the castle. Rudolph perished with hunger among the mountains.

We continued our course up the Lutschinen, which like all the streams among the Alps, plunges, and roars and shoots about to this side and that, as if possessed of mountain-demons. The Alps ascended thousands of feet on every side. Each moment I expected to be stopped in our course by the elevation before us, when a little further advance revealed the path still continued amidst ever-varying scenery. At length, we arrived at a hotel, and having taken lunch, moved forward to the central curiosity of the valley—the cascade of Staubach. Its waters are precipitated perpendicularly *nine hundred* feet. Falling that far height, they are in part converted to light mist, and may be seen re-ascending ere they have touched the earth. When beheld in sun light, the fall is beautiful; under any other circumstances it is nothing more than a very ordinary, common-place affair. The rock, adown which is made the plunge, presents a dreary and barren sight, but below, you have fresh verdure, with spring-like beauty, and thousands of flowers there alone growing, daughters of the cataract, their frail forms contrasting impressively with the roar and majesty, amidst which they live. I recall many images made use of, to give others an idea of this waterfall. In the last description I read, it is likened to the white tail of some giant charger. That image is expressive, though it certainly elevates the tail, at the expense of the cataract. That body of water, solid and thick at the top, soon separates, and growing lighter and still more light, terminates in a dim vapor. Looking at it

long, I seemed to see the continual falling of innumerable snow-white, exploded sky-rockets. This is one of the most boasted cataracts in Switzerland, and in point of beauty, may deserve its reputation. As for sublimity, *that* is an emotion it was never designed to awaken. Departing from the sound of water, the sound of voices approached. They came from damsels, who while knitting together in a little group, with great assiduity, were trying to make an impression upon our purses, through one of their wild mountain songs. After their music had been despatched, an old woman presented me a basket. 'What's here?' inquired I. 'Beautiful mountain crystals,' responded she. 'Every traveller buys some.' Having despatched the crystals, another woman held at my breast something like an ancient pistol. 'What's this?' asked I. 'Surely the gentleman wishes to hear the fine echoes among the mountains,' was the reply. The pistol having been discharged, and the long reverberations heard, we departed, and after three hours' walk, were at the inn of the valley of Grindelwald. I had hardly finished my dinner at the inn, when the garçon entered to inform me, that the band of singers belonging to the valley, desired permission to enter and give me a specimen of their art. So reasonable a request could not well be refused. They sang well, though three of them had enormous goitres, and only one could be called even passably beautiful.

After the songs, I accompanied my guide to the glaciers of Grindelwald. To one, has been given the

epithet 'Grand.' It is the largest I have seen, but cannot be compared in beauty with many others, It came on to rain, and I was compelled to take refuge in my chamber. The storm increased and soon raged. Opening my window, I enjoyed what I had often longed for, a thunder-storm among the Alps. Certainly a grand spectacle!—Clouds flying, as if affrighted, from the storm; the lightning flashing through them, and loud thunder pouring its volleys, a thousand times re-echoed along vales and mountains. I flung myself back into my arm-chair, and contemplated the scene. What is it to be a traveller, but to forget the past, and think not on the future; to enjoy intensely the present; to call every thing your own; to mingle with the mountains and the storms; to imagine all smiling on you in kindness; to laugh at every vexation; and to be content with every form of your wandering life? Surely it is no more difficult thus to feel and act, than to eternally growl at garçons; grumble every night at lodgings; to be vexed at shifting climates; to imagine all civilities extended, merely for the purpose of getting your money; to be indifferent to the sight or sound before you, because forsooth, it is not quite so fine as some sight or sound you may have previously enjoyed. Sudden is the coming on, and going off of an Alpine tempest. I had hardly concluded thoughts, into which every traveller must now and then fall, when the clouds partially disappeared, the moon shone full upon the glacier surpassingly brilliant in its beams, and, what somewhat startled me, the sound of Swiss songs arose from be-

neath my window. Surely this is a land of music and romance, thought I. The voices of nature, and the voices of man intermingle in harmony. The grand and beautiful of one, the simple, and affectionate in the other, are in close brotherhood. The world's jars and discords do seldom enter here. Religious rancor, political strife, all those hoarse things that unstring the heart, and make mortal 'life unsweet,' are far removed.

The storm and music had now both ceased. Looking from my window upon the clear silent night, I heard suddenly, a loud, far-distant moaning sound. I was at a loss what to make of it. It grew fainter and more faint. At length it ceased, and all again was still. I heard a whisper from one of the singers below ; 'it is the avalanche.'

I retired to slumbers and refreshment, for the morrow was to be a day of toil, in crossing the Grand Scheideck.

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I left the inn, still attended by my guide, at six o'clock in the morning. The ascent of the grand Scheideck is not very difficult. You forget the labor, thinking of the objects which attend your path. What for scenery, and picturesque costume, the eye is continually upon the lookout. I was greeted at every moment, by groups of peasantry. Seeing the traveller's approach from a distance, three or four young Swiss perch themselves upon a convenient point, and as he is passing they commence a song, and extend to him, with a pleasant face, bunches of

flowers, plucked from amidst the snows. On reaching the top of this mountain, which lies between the valley of Rosenlaui and the valley of Grindelwald, I looked back upon the latter for the last time. Were it not rather irregular, it might be likened in form to a tunnel. On every side, the Alps slant up from it, clad one half in green, and the other in snowy white. All over the inhabitable parts, are scattered hundreds of wooden huts, of a reddish brown color, where in winter dwell the peasantry, and higher up are the little *chalets*, or manufactories of cheese, used only in mid-summer. The herds are seen grazing near them, and often will the green carpet on which they stand, be variegated by streams, all foaming white, which shoot at random through it. Those huts are tenanted by hard working men and women, and by blooming youth. Their serious moments are given to the Protestant faith, their merry ones to the dance and the song. Their thoughts seldom go beyond those hills, and their bodies still seldomer. They are born here; they grow up here; they love here; they marry here; they die here, and here are they buried. They pass from their cradles to their graves, not hurriedly, in whirls of passionate excitement, but calmly, humbly, contentedly. I know nothing more delightful than the images of peace and simplicity, which the contemplation of a vale like this, is calculated to bring into the heart.

The descent of the Scheideck was more difficult, than the ascent. The snow crossed our path frequently, and often were we half buried in its depths.

We descend into the sweet vale of Rosenlaui. We come amidst fir trees and flowers. The splash of cascades greets again the ear. We are in the vicinity of a glacier. Arriving at the inn, we made preparations for visiting the latter, situated at a distance of three quarters of a mile. We happened by chance to meet a party of English here, bent at this moment on the same little excursion. Some one, I think it is Bulwer, says, that English travellers, by reason of certain manners, easily described as well as conceived, are universally abominated on the continent. They have funds, and of course are endured. They are endured and disliked. What they are at home, we pretty well know. Abroad, they centre about them no affectionate interest. At Rome, I heard an Englishman, himself a curiosity, remark, that 'two things in the world he much abhorred, an English flirt, and an English puppy, and'—after a pause he added,—'particularly an English puppy in Italy.' Whether his abhorrence might with propriety be extended to English among the Alps, I shall not now say. It certainly might embrace an English *Buck* in those regions. There was one in this party. He had not left at home even the trim fashion of Regent street. Before him chanced to stand, a Bernoise damsel in her native costume. The personifications of affectation and simplicity within three feet of each other! The one, though not confused, is not at ease. She stands with hands folded upon her breast. She looks at random, now on the mountain top, now at the glacier, and now at the dog

by her side. What is the cause of this little embarrassment? The tall London loon has been staring at her some ten minutes. He surveys her from head to foot, through a little round glass suspended from between his eyelid and his eyebrow. He is bobbing a switch complacently against his snub of a nose, and finally after a long impertinent scrutiny, he walks off with the single remark drawled out, 'Well, she *is* pretty.' What has such a specimen to do among Alpine scenes? He wishes to say to his friends in Lunnun, that he has seen a glacier.

The glacier of Rosenlaui is reputed the most beautiful of any in Switzerland. In a region containing more than four hundred, this is some ground for celebrity. After all, it is but a small *part* of a glacier. Each mass of ice, to which that name has been applied, is reckoned to be from one to seven leagues in length, half a league at least in breadth, and from one to six hundred feet deep. The mass before me does not extend half a mile in length; it is about three hundred feet wide, and perhaps one hundred deep; so that, as I have hinted, it is but a little end, or overhanging corner, of the great mass of ice above. It comes down towards the plain, from between two high mountains. Imagine a sea above to have broken its boundaries, and while plunging a part of its waters into the valley, to have in an eye's-twinkling, been congealed by chillest powers of the arctic zone. You will have something like the glacier of Rosenlaui. Within, are some small caverns. I entered several of them.

I have seen no colors more beautiful, than the blue and green there combined. The continual action of water has wrought upon the roofs and sides, so as to give them the smooth polished beauty, and graceful curves of the sea shell. Far below, we heard the roar of waters. A river was commencing its course at its fountain. Indeed, the glaciers are springs to some of the principal rivers in Europe.

We left this scene and moved along the vale. On every side, cascades were streaming down in profusion most dazzling. Arriving at a platform which overlooks the valley and village of Meyringen, we counted *nine* within the eye's embrace, each falling at least a thousand feet. And never surely was there a vale of more surpassing loveliness, than that into which they descend. The traveller rests his eye upon it long, as on a scene of sweetest repose. What a refreshing pause in his toilsome pilgrimage! Wherever his eye turns, a new beauty starts forth to meet and gratify it. And from the famed cascade of Reichenbach, down the vale towards Brienz, upon the banks of the Aar new and impressive views are continually unfolding themselves. They are not for the pen, but the pencil. They are not for the mere scribbling tourist, but in their never-ending variety, for the Brills, the Claudes, and the Salvator Rosas.

Brienz is situated at the head of a little lake of the same name. It is a purely Swiss village. It stands right under a hill. The houses are of the simple Swiss make. They seem to skulk away under their

immense, overhanging roofs. When distantly seen, they remind one of those large buildings, in which are constructed ships of war. Then again, they look like huge tortoises slyly couched under their shell. That part which is not roof, is crowded with windows composed of numerous little round panes of glass. Sometimes, at the end looking streetward, will be puffed forth through a little pipe, the interior smoke; and often may you read thereon in large German letters, the name of its builder, some pious verse from the Bible, or a prayer that it may be saved from thunder and lightning. There can be nothing more serious than this aspect. You are reminded of Dutch parsons under broad rimmed hats, soberly smoking Sunday pipes. If you enter, you find the building parcelled off into little rooms, destined each for some peculiar ends. Those which are not filled with pans and children, are appropriated to the pigs, cows, and horses, that with their masters, here live in a state of hand-in-hand equality, with which the most radical leveller of the age, could not for an instant possibly find a jot of fault. At the other end, upon the outside, will you see some dozen or twenty bee-hives, and in a sort of portico, five or six leathern buckets to serve in case of fire. Around such buildings, at evening stroll the men silently smoking their pipes, the old women knitting and exclaiming '*ja*, *ja*,'—and the young, in groups of four and six, walking arm in arm, and as they laughingly chant portions of their native songs, affording another illustration of that abounding happi-

ness, which meets you wherever you go among these mountains.

I had no sooner descended from a lofty point commanding some fine evening prospects, and made my jaunt through the village, when the garçon announced that the singers were ready. I was somewhat startled at the abruptness of the announcement. I afterwards found, that here was one of the finest musical corps in the Oberland, and that its members made it a point to wait upon all travellers, and entertain them, with or without remuneration. I'll hear their music, by all means, thought I. It is a part of Switzerland. The song is the literature of this people. It is their theatre, the expression and reflection of their character. I look upon it as an intellectual and moral type, worthy of some attention. 'I am ready for the song,' said I. Six damsels entered a boat. I was desired to enter another. We were rowed beyond the noises of the village. The shadows of evening prevented any knowledge of the age, or comeliness of my entertainers. Here, as every where else, these songs were very impressive. They were the genuine Swiss mountain songs, free and fresh as the air which bore them over the lake. And I do believe that nowhere, save among these mountains, were they ever heard in their pure simple beauty. Pieces are sung at Paris, London, and New York, in a style pretending to be the true national style. Never was there greater deception. That style has been created by some music-master, and invariably smells of the theatre. The

style of singing among these mountains and on these lakes, is the result of an education by the Swiss themselves. It is the child of their own taste. The same song is often sung differently, in different parts of the same canton, because the taste determining it is different. But however they may differ, they are invariably pleasing. Their harmonies are generally very perfect. Seldom is your ear offended by false notes. But let a false note now and then appear, and a harmony be now and then imperfect; what care you, if you can but get therewith the song in its own natural home, in its pure mountain freshness and vigor, from hearts and voices whereunto it seems native as their speech? I heard this evening some twenty, and of them all, how expressive and beautiful were the Ranz de Vaches of Oberland, and the Ranz de Vaches of Schwytz. The Ranz de Vaches—the chime for the cows—is the song sung by peasants when driving their herds to and fro the *Alpage*, or summer pasturage among the Alps. Each canton, nay, each valley, has its Ranz de Vaches. In this little excursion, I have heard at least thirty. The sentiment is in praise of the spring, the happiness of a herdsman's life, or in encouragement to virtuous industry. The Ranz de Vaches of Oberland is to my taste the finest. It is a most sweetly modulated succession of most musical echoes.

It is, however, the moral association about these melodies, which has ever kept most fresh my interest in them. They are the fine poetical inheritance of this people. The strains embodied by the young

voices before me, were the strains known to their fathers. They extend back through many ages, and in their airy bonds, hold together many a sweet and affectionate recollection. They are interwoven with their earliest infancy. They grow up with them as necessarily as their language or their costume. They are various, and thus adapted to many occasions. They are sung in the laboring fields, at the tranquil fireside, at the festive dance, at moments of departure for distant shores, in hours of sadness, and at the graves of the dead. These circumstances have, for me, invested them with an interest and significancy, which otherwise they might not have possessed. One of the *adieus*, or parting songs, I heard on the subsequent day, at Giessbach. It was performed by an old man and his five children. On inquiry, I learned that the parent had witnessed the departure of one of his sons, for the other side of the Atlantic. The strain was full of pathos, and of pathos in very good taste too. I had seen upon those distant shores, many sons and daughters of Switzerland, whom that music had sounded from their homes. I had seen them, neglecting their costume, forgetting their characteristics, and melting themselves away into the mighty mass of the western world. I reflected upon the pain of parting. I saw them leaving these valleys, and mountains, and streams—scenes into which even I, a stranger, wandering but briefly through them, had become attached, and strongly linked, as to a friend. I saw their houses deserted—these vales no longer visited by their voice—

their faces saddened and turned towards an unknown shore. I saw these pictures, for they were embodied in the song to which I was listening.

The cascade of Giessbach, notwithstanding the numerous waterfalls I had seen in Oberland, seemed well to repay a visit. Like all the cascades in this region, it is made up of a small quantity of water, falling from a great height. After five or six leaps, it plunges into lake Brienz. It rushes among yawning crevices, and often may its white foaming waters be seen, by glimpses, through green foliage which here and there overhangs it. Other cascades fall directly into the lake. Seen from a distance, they are graceful ornaments, streaming like ribands from the mountain tops. We sailed through the lake in a little, half-covered boat, impelled by three oarsmen. A few hours sufficed to bring us safely to Interlaken, having performed a circuit of some twenty-five leagues, in the fairest part of Switzerland.

Thus ends my excursion through Oberland,—an excursion to be remembered, through many coming years, with a peculiar pleasure,—an excursion, whose events may well be chronicled as a pastoral chapter in my life's volume. If haply any one should glance his eye over these Passages, whom real or fancied wrongs have made weary of his fellow-beings and of the world, I could for him perform no kindlier office than to advise a tour through Oberland. Let him for a few days pass from strife, and toil and passion. Let him enter these scenes. Let him strive to mingle

with the mountains and streams,—themselves, like him, a part of universal nature. Let him contemplate the calm and passionless forms, which that benignant parent here assumes. Certainly some calm, sympathy-awakening emotions will be breathed into his heart. Let him, moreover, look at the forms of peasantry life here existing,—their simplicity ; their affectionateness ; their uncomplaining contentment. Nowhere in the world can friendships be created so quickly, and at so little cost. His kind words will always be returned with like kindness. His smile will be warmly reflected in every face. Wherever he goes he will be greeted with respect, not distant but near like a friend's, and when he bids an adieu, voices will follow him, wishing that his journey be happy, and his path of life sweet. Surely influences like these may move him to kindlier regards for his race, and to better resolutions for the future. If he do not return into society, with stronger attachments to life and to duty, he must at least feel, that there are some regions of the world where human nature is not altogether to be loathed, and some objects of grandeur and of beauty, for enjoying which life is not altogether in vain.

THE END.

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